H. Gravelot Sculps

Shakespeare (W.)
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THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEAR.

IN

SIX VOLUMES.

Carefully REVISED and CORRECTED by the former EDITIONS, and ADORNED with SCULPTURES designed and executed by the beſt hands.

— Nil ortum tale. — Hor.

OXFORD: Printed at the THEATRE, MDCCXLIV.

Imprimatur.

GUALT. HODGES,

VICE-CAN. *OXON.*

Mar. 26. 1744.

THE

PREFACE.

WHAT the Publick is here to expect is a true and correct Edition of Shakeſpear's *works cleared from the corruptions with which they have hitherto abounded. One of the great Admirers of this incomparable Author hath made it the amuſement of his leiſure hours for many years paſt to look over his writings with a careful eye, to note the obſcurities and abſurdities introduced into the text, and according to the beſt of his judgment to reſtore the genuine ſenſe and purity of it. In this he propoſed nothing to himſelf but his private ſatisfaction in making his own copy as perfect as he could: but as the emendations multiplied upon his hands, other Gentlemen equally fond of the Author deſired to ſee them, and ſome were ſo kind as to give their aſſiſtance by communicating their obſervations and conjectures upon difficult paſſages which had occurred to*

them. Thus by degrees the work growing more conſiderable than was at firſt expected, they who had the opportunity of looking into it, too partial perhaps in their judgment, thought it worth being made publick; and he, who hath with difficulty yielded to their perſwaſions, is far from deſiring to reflect upon the late Editors for the omiſſions and defects which they left to be ſupplied by others who ſhould follow them in the ſame province. On the contrary, he thinks the world much obliged to them for the progreſs they made in weeding out ſo great a number of blunders and miſtakes as they have done, and probably he who hath carried on the work might never have thought of ſuch an undertaking if he had not found a conſiderable part ſo done to his hands.

From what cauſes it proceeded that the works of this Author in the firſt publication of them were more injured and abuſed than perhaps any that ever paſs'd the Preſs, hath been ſufficiently explained in the Preface to Mr. Pope's *Edition which is here ſubjoined, and there needs no more to be ſaid upon that ſubject. This only the Reader is deſired to bear in mind, that as the corruptions are more numerous and of a groſſer kind than can well be conceived but by thoſe who have looked nearly into them;*

them; ſo in the correcting them this rule hath been moſt ſtrictly obſerved, not to give a looſe to fancy, or indulge a licentious ſpirit of criticiſm, as if it were fit for any one to preſume to judge what Shakeſpear *ought to have written, inſtead of endeavouring to diſcover truly and retrieve what he did write: and ſo great caution hath been uſed in this reſpect, that no alterations have been made but what the ſenſe neceſſarily required, what the meaſure of the verſe often helped to point out, and what the ſimilitude of words in the falſe reading and in the true, generally ſpeaking, appeared very well to juſtify.*

Moſt of thoſe paſſages are here thrown to the bottom of the page and rejected as ſpurious, which were ſtigmatized as ſuch in Mr. Pope's *Edition; and it were to be wiſhed that more had then undergone the ſame ſentence. The promoter of the preſent Edition hath ventured to diſcard but few more upon his own judgment, the moſt conſiderable of which is that wretched piece of ribaldry in King* Henry V. *put into the mouths of the* French *Princeſs and an old Gentlewoman, improper enough as it is all in* French *and not intelligible to an* Engliſh *audience, and yet that perhaps is the beſt thing that can be ſaid of it. There can be no doubt but a great deal more of that low*

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ſtuff which diſgraces the works of this great Author, was foiſted in by the Players after his death, to pleaſe the vulgar audiences by which they ſubſiſted: and though ſome of the poor witticiſms and conceits muſt be ſuppoſed to have fallen from his pen, yet as he hath put them generally into the mouths of low and ignorant people, ſo it is to be remember'd that he wrote for the Stage, rude and unpoliſhed as it then was; and the vicious taſte of the age muſt ſtand condemned for them, ſince he hath left upon record a ſignal proof how much he deſpiſed them. In his Play of The Merchant of VENICE *a Clown is introduced quibbling in a miſerable manner, upon which one who bears the character of a man of ſenſe makes the following reflection*; How every fool can play upon a word! I think the beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turn into ſilence, and diſcourſe grow commendable in none but parrots. *He could hardly have found ſtronger words to expreſs his indignation at thoſe falſe pretences to wit then in vogue; and therefore though ſuch traſh is frequently interſperſed in his writings, it would be unjuſt to caſt it as an imputation upon his taſte and judgment and character as a Writer.*

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There being many words in Shakeſpear *which are grown out of uſe and obſolete, and many borrowed from other languages which are not enough naturalized or known among us, a Gloſſary is added at the end of the work, for the explanation of all thoſe terms which have hitherto been ſo many ſtumbling-blocks to the generality of Readers; and where there is any obſcurity in the text not ariſing from the words but from a reference to ſome antiquated cuſtoms now forgotten, or other cauſes of that kind, a note is put at the bottom of the page to clear up the difficulty.*

With theſe ſeveral helps if that rich vein of ſenſe which runs through the works of this Author can be retrieved in every part and brought to appear in its true light, and if it may be hoped without preſumption that this is here effected; they who love and admire him will receive a new pleaſure, and all probably will be more ready to join in doing him juſtice, who does great honour to his country as a rare and perhaps a ſingular Genius: one who hath attained an high degree of perfection in thoſe two great branches of Poetry, Tragedy and Comedy, different as they are in their natures from each other; and who may be ſaid without partiality to have equalled,

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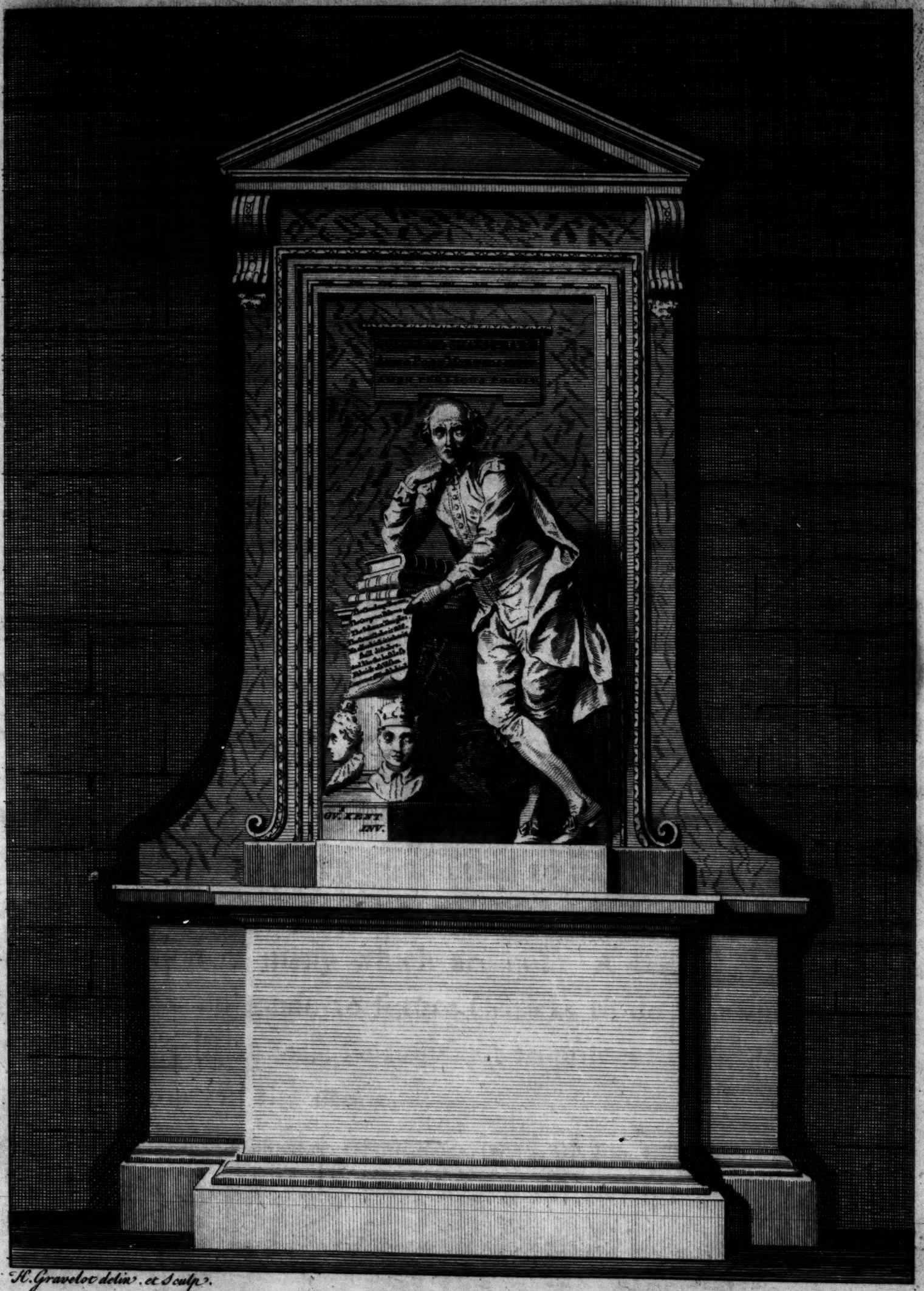
if not excelled, in both kinds, the beſt writers of any age or country who have thought it glory enough to diſtinguiſh themſelves in either.

Since therefore other nations have taken care to dignify the works of their moſt celebrated Poets with the faireſt impreſſions beautified with the ornaments of ſculpture, well may our Shakeſpear *be thought to deſerve no leſs conſideration: and as a freſh acknowledgment hath lately been paid to his merit, and a high regard to his name and memory, by erecting his Statue at a publick expence; ſo it is deſired that this new Edition of his works, which hath coſt ſome attention and care, may be looked upon as another ſmall monument deſigned and dedicated to his honour.*

Mr.



H. Gravelot delin. et Sculp.

To be placed next after the Preface.

BREVE

MR *POPE*'S
PREFACE.

IT is not my deſign to enter into a Criticiſm upon this Author; tho' to do it effectually and not ſuperficially, would be the beſt occaſion that any juſt Writer could take, to form the judgment and taſte of our nation. For of all *Engliſh* Poets *Shakeſpear* muſt be confeſſed to be the faireſt and fulleſt ſubject for Criticiſm, and to afford the moſt numerous, as well as moſt conſpicuous inſtances, both of Beauties and Faults of all ſorts. But this far exceeds the bounds of a Preface, the buſineſs of which is only to give an account of the fate of his Works, and the diſadvantages under which they have been tranſmitted to us. We ſhall hereby extenuate many faults which are his, and clear him from the imputation of many which are not: A deſign, which tho' it can be no guide to future Criticks to do him juſtice in one way, will at leaſt be ſufficient to prevent their doing him an injuſtice in the other.

I cannot however but mention ſome of his principal and characteriſtic Excellencies, for which (notwithſtanding his defects) he is juſtly and univerſally elevated above all other Dramatick Writers. Not that this is the proper place of

praiſing him, but becauſe I would not omit any occaſion of doing it.

If ever any Author deſerved the name of an *Original*, it was *Shakeſpear*. *Homer* himſelf drew not his art ſo immediately from the fountains of Nature, it proceeded thro' *Ægyptian* ſtrainers and channels, and came to him not without ſome tincture of the learning, or ſome caſt of the models, of thoſe before him. The Poetry of *Shakeſpear* was Inſpiration indeed: he is not ſo much an Imitator, as an Inſtrument, of Nature; and 'tis not ſo juſt to ſay that he ſpeaks from her, as that ſhe ſpeaks thro' him.

His *Characters* are ſo much Nature her ſelf, that 'tis a ſort of injury to call them by ſo diſtant a name as Copies of her. Thoſe of other Poets have a conſtant reſemblance, which ſhews that they receiv'd them from one another, and were but multiplyers of the ſame image: each picture like a mock-rainbow is but the reflexion of a reflexion. But every ſingle character in *Shakeſpear* is as much an Individual, as thoſe in Life it ſelf; it is as impoſſible to find any two alike; and ſuch as from their relation or affinity in any reſpect appear moſt to be Twins, will upon compariſon be found remarkably diſtinct. To this life and variety of Character, we muſt add the wonderful Preſervation of it; which is ſuch throughout his plays, that had all the Speeches been printed without the very names of the Perſons, I believe one might have apply'd them with certainty to every ſpeaker.

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The *Power* over our *Paſſions* was never poſſeſs'd in a more eminent degree, or diſplay'd in ſo different inſtances. Yet all along, there is ſeen no labour, no pains to raiſe them; no preparation to guide our gueſs to the effect, or be perceiv'd to lead toward it: But the heart ſwells, and the tears burſt out, juſt at the proper places: We are ſurpriz'd, the moment we weep; and yet upon reflection find the paſſion ſo juſt, that we ſhou'd be ſurpriz'd if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.

How aſtoniſhing is it again, that the Paſſions directly oppoſite to theſe, Laughter and Spleen, are no leſs at his command! that he is not more a maſter of the *Great*, than of the *Ridiculous* in human nature; of our nobleſt tenderneſſes, than of our vaineſt foibles; of our ſtrongeſt emotions, than of our idleſt ſenſations!

Nor does he only excel in the Paſſions: In the coolneſs of Reflection and Reaſoning he is full as admirable. His *Sentiments* are not only in general the moſt pertinent and judicious upon every ſubject; but by a talent very peculiar, ſomething between Penetration and Felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a man of no education or experience in thoſe great and publick ſcenes of life which are uſually the ſubject of his thoughts: So that he ſeems to have known the world by Intuition, to have look'd thro' human nature at one glance, and to be the only Author that gives ground

for a very new opinion, That the Philoſopher and even the Man of the world, may be *Born*, as well as the Poet.

It muſt be own'd that with all theſe great excellencies, he has almoſt as great defects; and that as he has certainly written better, ſo he has perhaps written worſe, than any other. But I think I can in ſome meaſure account for theſe defects, from ſeveral cauſes and accidents; without which it is hard to imagine that ſo large and ſo enlighten'd a mind could ever have been ſuſceptible of them. That all theſe Contingencies ſhould unite to his diſadvantage ſeems to me almoſt as ſingularly unlucky, as that ſo many various (nay contrary) Talents ſhould meet in one man, was happy and extraordinary.

It muſt be allowed that Stage-Poetry of all other, is more particularly levell'd to pleaſe the *Populace*, and its ſucceſs more immediately depending upon the *Common Suffrage*. One cannot therefore wonder, if *Shakeſpear* having at his firſt appearance no other aim in his writings than to procure a ſubſiſtence, directed his endeavours ſolely to hit the taſte and humour that then prevailed. The Audience was generally compoſed of the meaner ſort of people; and therefore the Images of Life were to be drawn from thoſe of their own rank: accordingly we find, that not our Author's only but almoſt all the old Comedies have their Scene among *Tradeſmen* and *Mechanicks*: And even their Hiſtorical Plays ſtrictly follow the common *Old Stories* or *Vulgar Traditions* of that kind of people. In Tragedy, nothing was ſo ſure to

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Surprize and cauſe *Admiration*, as the moſt ſtrange, unexpected, and conſequently moſt unnatural, Events and Incidents; the moſt exaggerated Thoughts; the moſt verboſe and bombaſt Expreſſion; the moſt pompous Rhymes, and thundering Verſification. In Comedy, nothing was ſo ſure to *Pleaſe*, as mean buffoonry, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jeſts of fools and clowns. Yet even in theſe, our Author's Wit buoys up, and is born above his ſubject: his Genius in thoſe low parts is like ſome Prince of a Romance in the diſguiſe of a Shepherd or Peaſant; a certain Greatneſs and Spirit now and then break out, which manifeſt his higher extraction and qualities.

It may be added, that not only the common Audience had no notion of the rules of writing, but few even of the better ſort piqu'd themſelves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way; 'till *Ben Johnſon* getting poſſeſſion of the Stage, brought critical learning into vogue: And that this was not done without difficulty, may appear from thoſe frequent leſſons (and indeed almoſt Declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his firſt plays, and put into the mouth of his Actors, the *Grex*, *Chorus*, &c. to remove the prejudices, and inform the judgment of his hearers. 'Till then, our Authors had no thoughts of writing on the model of the Ancients: their Tragedies were only Hiſtories in Dialogue; and their Comedies followed the thread of any Novel as they found it, no leſs implicitly than if it had been true Hiſtory.

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To judge therefore of *Shakeſpear* by *Ariſtotle*'s rules, is like trying a man by the Laws of one Country, who acted under thoſe of another. He writ to the *People*; and writ at firſt without patronage from the better ſort, and therefore without aims of pleaſing them: without aſſiſtance or advice from the Learned, as without the advantage of education or acquaintance among them: without that knowledge of the beſt models, the Ancients, to inſpire him with an emulation of them; in a word, without any views of Reputation, and of what Poets are pleas'd to call Immortality: Some or all of which have encourag'd the vanity, or animated the ambition, of other writers.

Yet it muſt be obſerv'd, that when his performances had merited the protection of his Prince, and when the encouragement of the Court had ſucceeded to that of the Town; the works of his riper years are manifeſtly raiſed above thoſe of his former. The Dates of his plays ſufficiently evidence that his productions improved, in proportion to the reſpect he had for his auditors. And I make no doubt this obſervation would be found true in every inſtance, were but Editions extant from which we might learn the exact time when every piece was compoſed, and whether writ for the Town, or the Court.

Another Cauſe (and no leſs ſtrong than the former) may be deduced from our Author's being a *Player*, and forming himſelf firſt upon the judgments of that body of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a Standard to them-

themſelves, upon other principles than thoſe of *Ariſtotle*. As they live by the Majority, they know no rule but that of pleaſing the preſent humour, and complying with the wit in faſhion; a conſideration which brings all their judgment to a ſhort point. Players are juſt ſuch judges of what is *right*, as Taylors are of what is *graceful*. And in this view it will be but fair to allow, that moſt of our Author's faults are leſs to be aſcribed to his wrong judgment as a Poet, than to his right judgment as a Player.

By theſe men it was thought a praiſe to *Shakeſpear*, that he ſcarce ever *blotted a line*. This they induſtriouſly propagated, as appears from what we are told by *Ben Johnſon* in his *Diſcoveries*, and from the preface of *Heminges* and *Condell* to the firſt folio Edition. But in reality (however it has prevailed) there never was a more groundleſs report, or to the contrary of which there are more undeniable evidences. As, the Comedy of the *Merry Wives* of *Windſor*, which he entirely new writ; the *Hiſtory of* Henry *the 6th*, which was firſt publiſhed under the title of the *Contention of* York *and* Lancaſter; and that *of* Henry *the 5th*, extreamly improved; that of *Hamlet* enlarged to almoſt as much again as at firſt, and many others. I believe the common opinion of his want of Learning proceeded from no better ground. This too might be thought a Praiſe by ſome; and to this his Errors have as injudiciouſly been aſcribed by others. For 'tis certain, were it true, it could concern but a ſmall part of them; the moſt are ſuch as are not properly Defects, but Superfœtations:

tations: and ariſe not from want of learning or reading, but from want of thinking or judging: or rather (to be more juſt to our Author) from a compliance to thoſe wants in others. As to a wrong choice of the ſubject, a wrong conduct of the incidents, falſe thoughts, forc'd expreſſions, *&c.* if theſe are not to be aſcrib'd to the foreſaid accidental reaſons, they muſt be charg'd upon the Poet himſelf, and there is no help for it. But I think the two Diſadvantages which I have mention'd (to be obliged to pleaſe the loweſt of people, and to keep the worſt of company) if the conſideration be extended as far as it reaſonably may, will appear ſufficient to miſ-lead and depreſs the greateſt Genius upon earth. Nay the more modeſty with which ſuch a one is endued, the more he is in danger of ſubmitting and conforming to others, againſt his own better judgment.

But as to his *Want of Learning*, it may be neceſſary to ſay ſomething more: There is certainly a vaſt difference between *Learning* and *Languages*. How far he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine; but 'tis plain he had much Reading at leaſt, if they will not call it Learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has Knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another. Nothing is more evident than that he had a taſte of natural Philoſophy, Mechanicks, ancient and modern Hiſtory, Poetical learning and Mythology: We find him very knowing in the cuſtoms, rites, and manners of Antiquity. In *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæſar*, not only the Spirit, but Manners, of the

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mans are exactly drawn; and ſtill a nicer diſtinction is ſhown, between the manners of the *Romans* in the time of the former, and of the latter. His reading in the ancient Hiſtorians is no leſs conſpicuous, in many references to particular paſſages: and the ſpeeches copy'd from *Plutarch* in *Coriolanus* may, I think, as well be made an inſtance of his learning, as thoſe copy'd from *Cicero* in *Catiline*, of *Ben Johnſon*'s. The manners of other nations in general, the *Egyptians*, *Venetians*, *French*, &c. are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever object of nature, or branch of ſcience, he either ſpeaks of or deſcribes; it is always with competent, if not extenſive knowledge: his deſcriptions are ſtill exact; all his metaphors appropriated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities of each ſubject. When he treats of Ethic or Politic, we may conſtantly obſerve a wonderful juſtneſs of diſtinction, as well as extent of comprehenſion. No one is more a maſter of the Poetical ſtory, or has more frequent alluſions to the various parts of it: Mr. *Waller* (who has been celebrated for this laſt particular) has not ſhewn more learning this way than *Shakeſpear*. We have Tranſlations from *Ovid* publiſhed in his name, among thoſe Poems which paſs for his, and for ſome of which we have undoubted authority, (being publiſhed by himſelf, and dedicated to his noble Patron the Earl of *Southampton*:) He appears alſo to have been converſant in *Plautus*, from whom he has taken the plot of one of his plays: he follows the *Greek* Authors, and particularly *Dares Phrygius*, in another:

(altho' I will not pretend to ſay in what language he read them.) The modern *Italian* writers of Novels he was manifeſtly acquainted with; and we may conclude him to be no leſs converſant with the Ancients of his own country, from the uſe he has made of *Chaucer* in *Troilus* and *Creſſida*, and in the *Two Noble Kinſmen*, if that Play be his, as there goes a Tradition it was, (and indeed it has little reſemblance of *Fletcher*, and more of our Author than ſome of thoſe which have been received as genuine.)

I am inclined to think, this opinion proceeded originally from the zeal of the Partizans of our Author and *Ben Johnſon*; as they endeavoured to exalt the one at the expence of the other. It is ever the nature of Parties to be in extremes; and nothing is ſo probable, as that becauſe *Ben Johnſon* had much the moſt learning, it was ſaid on the one hand that *Shakeſpear* had none at all; and becauſe *Shakeſpear* had much the moſt wit and fancy, it was retorted on the other, that *Johnſon* wanted both. Becauſe *Shakeſpear* borrowed nothing, it was ſaid that *Ben Johnſon* borrowed every thing. Becauſe *Johnſon* did not write extempore, he was reproached with being a year about every piece; and becauſe *Shakeſpear* wrote with eaſe and rapidity, they cry'd, he never once made a blot. Nay the ſpirit of oppoſition ran ſo high, that whatever thoſe of the one ſide objected to the other, was taken at the rebound, and turned into Praiſes; as injudiciouſly, as their antagoniſts before had made them Objections.

Poets

Poets are always afraid of Envy; but ſure they have as much reaſon to be afraid of Admiration. They are the *Scylla* and *Charybdis* of Authors; thoſe who eſcape one, often fall by the other. *Peſſimum genus inimicorum Laudantes*, ſays *Tacitus*: and *Virgil* deſires to wear a charm againſt thoſe who praiſe a Poet without rule or reaſon.

——— *Si ultra placitum laudârit, baccare frontem*
Cingito, ne Vati noceat ———

But however this contention might be carried on by the Partizans on either ſide, I cannot help thinking theſe two great Poets were good friends, and lived on amicable terms and in offices of ſociety with each other. It is an acknowledged fact, that *Ben Johnſon* was introduced upon the Stage, and his firſt works encouraged, by *Shakeſpear*. And after his death, that Author writes *To the memory of his beloved Mr.* William Shakeſpear, which ſhows as if the friendſhip had continued thro' life. I cannot for my own part find any thing *Invidious* or *Sparing* in thoſe verſes, but wonder Mr. *Dryden* was of that opinion. He exalts him not only above all his Contemporaries, but above *Chaucer* and *Spenſer*, whom he will not allow to be great enough to be rank'd with him; and challenges the names of *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, and *Æſchylus*, nay all *Greece* and *Rome* at once, to equal him; and (which is very particular) expreſly vindicates him from the imputation of wanting *Art*, not enduring that all his excellencies ſhou'd be attributed to *Nature*. It is remarkable too, that the praiſe he gives him in his *Diſcoveries* ſeems to proceed

from a *perſonal kindneſs*; he tells us that he lov'd the man, as well as honoured his memory; celebrates the honeſty, openneſs, and frankneſs of his temper, and only diſtinguiſhes, as he reaſonably ought, between the real merit of the Author, and the ſilly and derogatory applauſes of the Players. *Ben Johnſon* might indeed be ſparing in his Commendations (tho' certainly he is not ſo in this inſtance) partly from his own nature, and partly from judgment. For men of judgment think they do any man more ſervice in praiſing him juſtly, than laviſhly. I ſay, I would fain believe they were Friends, tho' the violence and ill-breeding of their Followers and Flatterers were enough to give riſe to the contrary report. I would hope that it may be with *Parties*, both in Wit and State, as with thoſe Monſters deſcribed by the Poets; and that their *Heads* at leaſt may have ſomething human, tho' their *Bodies* and *Tails* are wild beaſts and ſerpents.

As I believe that what I have mentioned gave riſe to the opinion of *Shakeſpear*'s want of learning; ſo what has continued it down to us may have been the many blunders and illiteracies of the firſt Publiſhers of his works. In theſe Editions their ignorance ſhines almoſt in every page; nothing is more common than *Actus tertia*. *Exit omnes*. *Enter three Witches ſolus*. Their *French* is as bad as their *Latin*, both in conſtruction and ſpelling: Their very *Welſh* is falſe. Nothing is more likely than that thoſe palpable blunders of *Hector*'s quoting *Ariſtotle*, with others of that groſs kind, ſprung from the ſame root: it not being at all credible that theſe

could

could be the errors of any man who had the least tincture of a School, or the least converſation with ſuch as had. *Ben Johnſon* (whom they will not think partial to him) allows him at leaſt to have had *ſome Latin*; which is utterly inconſiſtent with miſtakes like theſe. Nay the conſtant blunders in proper names of perſons and places, are ſuch as muſt have proceeded from a man, who had not ſo much as read any hiſtory, in any language: ſo could not be *Shakeſpear*'s.

I ſhall now lay before the reader ſome of thoſe almoſt innumerable Errors, which have riſen from one ſource, the ignorance of the Players, both as his actors, and as his Editors. When the nature and kinds of theſe are enumerated and conſidered, I dare to ſay that not *Shakeſpear* only, but *Ariſtotle* or *Cicero*, had their works undergone the ſame fate, might have appear'd to want ſenſe as well as learning.

It is not certain that any one of his Plays was publiſhed by himſelf. During the time of his employment in the Theatre, ſeveral of his pieces were printed ſeparately in Quarto. What makes me think that moſt of theſe were not publiſhed by him, is the exceſſive careleſsneſs of the preſs: every page is ſo ſcandalouſly falſe ſpelled, and almoſt all the learned or unuſual words ſo intolerably mangled, that it's plain there either was no Corrector to the preſs at all, or one totally illiterate. If any were ſupervis'd by himſelf, I ſhould fancy the two parts of *Henry the 4th*, and *Midſummer-Night's Dream* might have been ſo: becauſe I find no other

printed

printed with any exactneſs; and (contrary to the reſt) there is very little variation in all the ſubſequent editions of them. There are extant two Prefaces, to the firſt quarto edition of *Troilus* and *Creſſida* in 1609, and to that of *Othello*; by which it appears, that the firſt was publiſh'd without his knowledge or conſent, and even before it was acted, ſo late as ſeven or eight years before he died: and that the latter was not printed 'till after his death. The whole number of genuine plays which we have been able to find printed in his life-time, amounts but to eleven. And of ſome of theſe, we meet with two or more editions by different printers, each of which has whole heaps of traſh different from the other: which I ſhould fancy was occaſion'd by their being taken from different copies, belonging to different Play-houſes.

The folio edition (in which all the plays we now receive as his, were firſt collected) was publiſhed by two Players, *Heminges* and *Condell*, in 1623, ſeven years after his deceaſe. They declare, that all the other editions were ſtolen and ſurreptitious, and affirm theirs to be purged from the errors of the former. This is true as to the literal errors, and no other; for in all reſpects elſe it is far worſe than the Quarto's:

Firſt, becauſe the additions of trifling and bombaſt paſſages are in this edition far more numerous. For whatever had been added, ſince thoſe Quarto's, by the actors, or had ſtolen from their mouths into the written parts, were from

thence

thence conveyed into the printed text, and all ſtand charged upon the Author. He himſelf complained of this uſage in *Hamlet*, where he wiſhes that *thoſe who play the Clowns wou'd ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them.* (Act. 3. Sc. 4.) But as a proof that he could not eſcape it, in the old editions of *Romeo* and *Juliet* there is no hint of a great number of the mean conceits and ribaldries now to be found there. In others, the low ſcenes of Mobs, Plebeians and Clowns, are vaſtly ſhorter than at preſent: And I have ſeen one in particular (which ſeems to have belonged to the playhouſe, by having the parts divided with lines, and the Actors names in the margin) where ſeveral of thoſe very paſſages were added in a written hand, which are ſince to be found in the folio.

In the next place, a number of beautiful paſſages which are extant in the firſt ſingle editions, are omitted in this: as it ſeems, without any other reaſon, than their willingneſs to ſhorten ſome ſcenes: Theſe men (as it was ſaid of *Procruſtes*) either lopping, or ſtretching an Author, to make him juſt fit for their Stage.

This edition is ſaid to be printed from the *Original Copies*; I believe they meant thoſe which had lain ever ſince the Author's days in the playhouſe, and had from time to time been cut, or added to, arbitrarily. It appears that this edition, as well as the Quarto's, was printed (at leaſt partly) from no better copies than the *Prompter*'s *Book*, or *Piecemeal Parts* written out for the uſe of the actors: For in ſome

places

places their very [a] names are thro' careleſsneſs ſet down inſtead of the *Perſonæ Dramatis:* And in others the notes of direction to the *Property-men* for their *Moveables*, and to the *Players* for their *Entries*, are inſerted into the Text, thro' the ignorance of the Tranſcribers.

The Plays not having been before ſo much as diſtinguiſh'd by *Acts* and *Scenes*, they are in this edition divided according as they play'd them; often where there is no pauſe in the action, or where they thought fit to make a breach in it, for the ſake of Muſick, Maſques, or Monſters.

Sometimes the ſcenes are tranſpoſed and ſhuffled backward and forward; a thing which could no otherwiſe happen, but by their being taken from ſeparate and piece-meal-written parts.

Many verſes are omitted entirely, and others tranſpoſed; from whence invincible obſcurities have ariſen, paſt the gueſs of any Commentator to clear up, but juſt where the accidental glympſe of an old edition enlightens us.

Some Characters were confounded and mix'd, or two put into one, for want of a competent number of actors. Thus in the Quarto edition of *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Act. 5. *Shakeſpear* introduces a kind of Maſter of the Revels called *Philoſtrate:* all whoſe part is given to another character (that of *Egeus*) in the ſubſequent editions: So alſo in *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. This too makes it probable that

(a) Much ado about nothing. *Act.* 2. *Enter Prince* Leonato, Claudio, *and* Jack Wilſon, *inſtead of* Balthaſar. *And in Act.* 4. Cowley, *and* Kemp, *conſtantly thro' a whole Scene.* Edit. Fol. of 1623, and 1632.

the Prompter's Books were what they call'd the Original Copies.

From liberties of this kind, many ſpeeches alſo were put into the mouths of wrong perſons, where the Author now ſeems chargeable with making them ſpeak out of character: Or ſometimes perhaps for no better reaſon, than that a governing Player, to have the mouthing of ſome favourite ſpeech himſelf, would ſnatch it from the unworthy lips of an Underling.

Proſe from verſe they did not know, and they accordingly printed one for the other throughout the volume.

Having been forced to ſay ſo much of the Players, I think I ought in juſtice to remark, that the Judgment, as well as Condition, of that claſs of people was then far inferior to what it is in our days. As then the beſt Playhouſes were Inns and Taverns (the *Globe*, the *Hope*, the *Red Bull*, the *Fortune*, &c.) ſo the top of the profeſſion were then meer Players, not Gentlemen of the ſtage: They were led into the Buttery by the Steward, not plac'd at the Lord's table, or Lady's toilette: and conſequently were intirely depriv'd of thoſe advantages they now enjoy, in the familiar converſation of our Nobility, and an intimacy (not to ſay dearneſs) with people of the firſt condition.

From what has been ſaid, there can be no queſtion but had *Shakeſpear* publiſhed his works himſelf (eſpecially in his latter time, and after his retreat from the ſtage) we ſhould not only be certain which are genuine; but ſhould find in

those that are, the errors leſſened by ſome thouſands. If I may judge from all the diſtinguiſhing marks of his ſtyle, and his manner of thinking and writing, I make no doubt to declare that thoſe wretched plays, *Pericles*, *Locrine*, *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, *Yorkſhire Tragedy*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The Puritan*, and *London Prodigal*, cannot be admitted as his. And I ſhould conjecture of ſome of the others, (particularly *Love's Labour's Loſt*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Titus Andronicus*) that only ſome characters, ſingle ſcenes, or perhaps a few particular paſſages, were of his hand. It is very probable what occaſion'd ſome Plays to be ſuppoſed *Shakeſpear*'s was only this; that they were pieces produced by unknown authors, or fitted up for the Theatre while it was under his adminiſtration: and no owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him, as they give Strays to the Lord of the Manor: A miſtake, which (one may alſo obſerve) it was not for the intereſt of the Houſe to remove. Yet the Players themſelves, *Heminges* and *Condell*, afterwards did *Shakeſpear* the juſtice to reject thoſe eight plays in their edition; tho' they were then printed in his name, in every body's hands, and acted with ſome applauſe; (as we learn from what *Ben Johnſon* ſays of *Pericles* in his Ode on the *New Inn*.) That *Titus Andronicus* is one of this claſs I am the rather induced to believe, by finding the ſame Author openly expreſs his contempt of it in the *Induction* to *Bartholomew-Fair*, in the year 1614, when *Shakeſpear* was

yet living. And there is no better authority for theſe latter ſort, than for the former, which were equally publiſhed in his life-time.

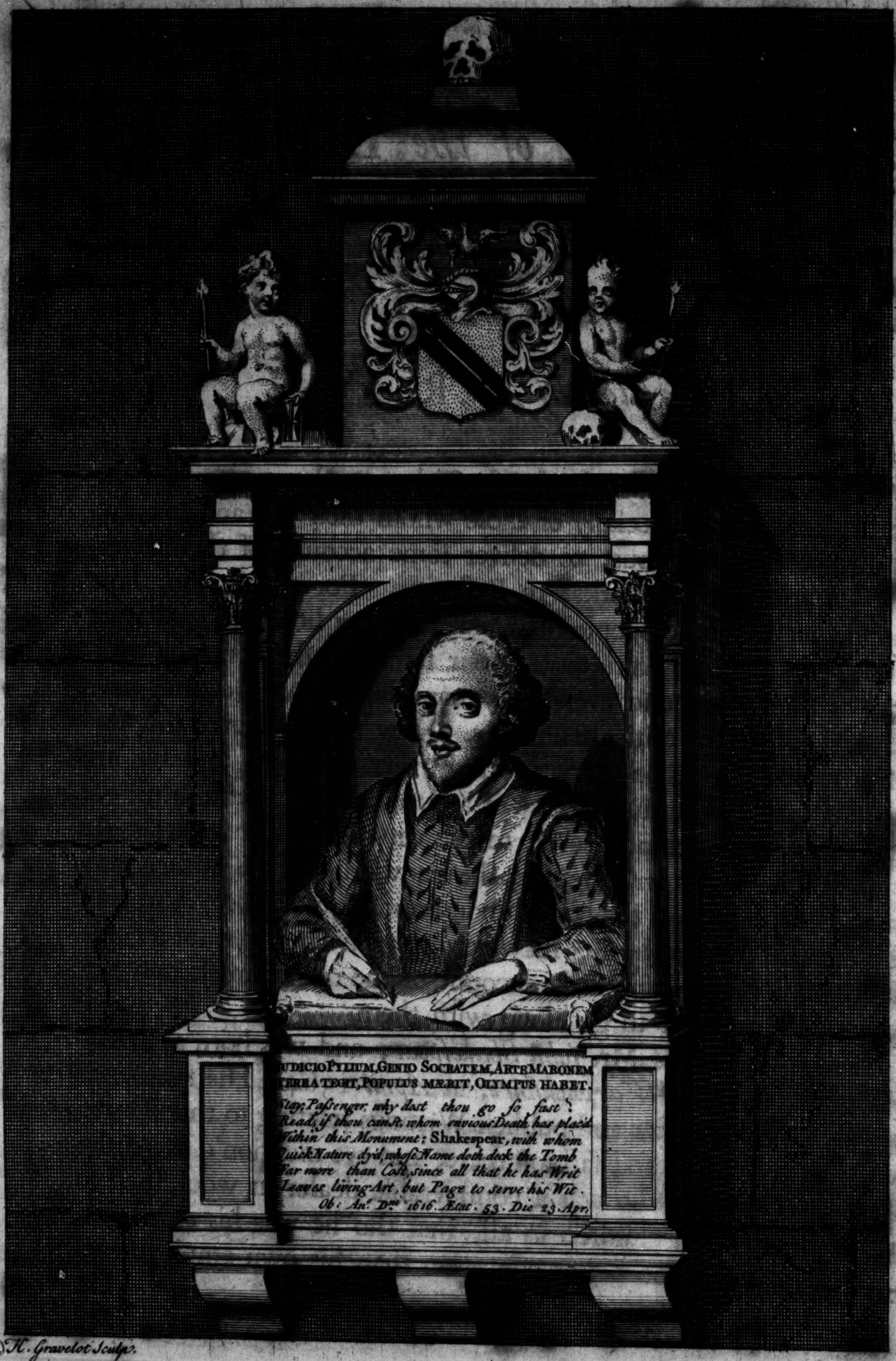
If we give into this opinion, how many low and vicious parts and paſſages might no longer reflect upon this great Genius, but appear unworthily charged upon him? And even in thoſe which are really his, how many faults may have been unjuſtly laid to his account from arbitrary Additions, Expunctions, Tranpoſitions of ſcenes and lines, confuſion of Characters and Perſons, wrong application of Speeches, corruptions of innumerable Paſſages by the Ignorance, and wrong Corrections of 'em again by the Impertinence, of his firſt Editors? From one or other of theſe conſiderations, I am verily perſwaded, that the greateſt and the groſſeſt part of what are thought his errors would vaniſh, and leave his character in a light very different from that diſadvantageous one, in which it now appears to us.

I will conclude by ſaying of *Shakeſpear*, that with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his *Drama*, one may look upon his works, in compariſon of thoſe that are more finiſh'd and regular, as upon an ancient majeſtick piece of *Gothick* Architecture, compar'd with a neat Modern building: The latter is more elegant and glaring, but the former is more ſtrong and more ſolemn. It muſt be allow'd, that in one of theſe there are materials enough to make many of the other. It has much the greater variety, and much the

nobler apartments; tho' we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncouth paſſages. Nor does the Whole fail to ſtrike us with greater reverence, tho' many of the Parts are childiſh, ill-plac'd, and unequal to its grandeur.

Note that one paragraph of this preface is omitted as containing matters particular to Mr. Pope's *Edition, and which no ways relate to This.*

SOME



H. Gravelot Sculpt.

SOME
ACCOUNT *of the* LIFE, *&c.*
OF
MR *WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.*

Written by Mr. ROWE.

IT ſeems to be a kind of reſpect due to the memory of excellent men, eſpecially of thoſe whom their wit and learning have made famous, to deliver ſome account of themſelves, as well as their works, to Poſterity. For this reaſon, how fond do we ſee ſome people of diſcovering any little perſonal ſtory of the great men of Antiquity! their families, the common accidents of their lives, and even their ſhape, make, and features have been the ſubject of critical enquiries. How trifling ſoever this Curioſity may ſeem to be, it is certainly very natural; and we are hardly ſatisfy'd with an account of any remarkable perſon, 'till we have heard him deſcrib'd even to the very cloaths he wears. As for what relates to men of letters, the knowledge of an Author may ſometimes conduce to the better underſtanding his book: And tho' the Works of Mr. *Shakeſpear* may ſeem to many not to want a comment, yet I fancy ſome little account of the man himſelf may not be thought improper to go along with them.

He was the ſon of Mr. *John Shakeſpear*, and was born at *Stratford* upon *Avon*, in *Warwickſhire*, in *April* 1564. His family, as appears by the Regiſter and publick Writings relating to that Town, were of good figure and faſhion there, and are mention'd as gentlemen. His father, who was a conſiderable dealer in wool, had ſo large a family, ten children in all, that tho' he was his eldeſt ſon, he could give him no better education than his own employment.

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He had bred him, 'tis true, for ſome time at a Free-ſchool, where 'tis probable he acquired what *Latin* he was maſter of: But the narrowneſs of his circumſtances, and the want of his aſſiſtance at home, forc'd his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language. It is without controverſy, that in his works we ſcarce find any traces of any thing that looks like an imitation of the Ancients. The delicacy of his taſte, and the natural bent of his own great *Genius*, (equal, if not ſuperior to ſome of the beſt of theirs) would certainly have led him to read and ſtudy 'em with ſo much pleaſure, that ſome of their fine images would naturally have inſinuated themſelves into, and been mix'd with his own writings; ſo that his not copying at leaſt ſomething from them, may be an argument of his never having read 'em. Whether his ignorance of the Ancients were a diſadvantage to him or no, may admit of a diſpute: For tho' the knowledge of 'em might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable but that the regularity and deference for them, which would have attended that correctneſs, might have reſtrain'd ſome of that fire, impetuoſity, and even beautiful extravagance which we admire in *Shakeſpear*: And I believe we are better pleas'd with thoſe thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which his own imagination ſupply'd him ſo abundantly with, than if he had given us the moſt beautiful paſſages out of the *Greek* and *Latin* poets, and that in the moſt agreeable manner that it was poſſible for a maſter of the *Engliſh* language to deliver 'em.

Upon his leaving ſchool, he ſeems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father propos'd to him; and in order to ſettle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one *Hathaway*, ſaid to have been a ſubſtantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of *Stratford*. In this kind of ſettlement he continu'd for ſome time, 'till an extravagance that he was guilty of forc'd him both out of his country and that way of living which he had taken up; and tho' it ſeem'd at firſt to be a blemiſh upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily prov'd the occaſion of exerting one of the greateſt *Genius's* that ever was known

in

in dramatick Poetry. He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and amongſt them, ſome that made a frequent practice of Deer-ſtealing, engag'd him with them more than once in robbing a Park that belong'd to Sir *Thomas Lucy* of *Cherlecot*, near *Stratford*. For this he was proſecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, ſomewhat too ſeverely; and in order to revenge that ill uſage, he made a ballad upon him. And tho' this, probably the firſt eſſay of his Poetry, be loſt, yet it is ſaid to have been ſo very bitter, that it redoubled the proſecution againſt him to that degree, that he was oblig'd to leave his buſineſs and family in *Warwickſhire*, for ſome time, and ſhelter himſelf in *London*.

It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is ſaid to have made his firſt acquaintance in the Play-houſe. He was receiv'd into the company then in being, at firſt in a very mean rank; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the ſtage, ſoon diſtinguiſh'd him, if not as an extraordinary Actor, yet as an excellent Writer. His name is printed, as the cuſtom was in thoſe times, amongſt thoſe of the other Players, before ſome old Plays, but without any particular account of what ſort of parts he us'd to play; and tho' I have enquir'd, I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his Performance was the ghoſt in his own *Hamlet*. I ſhould have been much more pleas'd, to have learn'd from ſome certain authority, which was the firſt Play he wrote [a]; it would be without doubt a pleaſure to any man, curious in things of this kind, to ſee and know what was the firſt eſſay of a fancy like *Shakeſpear*'s. Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like thoſe of other authors, among their leaſt perfect writings; art had ſo little, and nature ſo large a ſhare in what he did, that, for ought I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the moſt vigorous, and had the moſt fire and ſtrength of imagination in 'em, were the beſt. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his fancy was ſo looſe and extravagant, as to be independent on the rule and government of judgment; but that

(a) *The higheſt date of any I can yet find, is* Romeo *and* Juliet *in* 1597, *when the Author was* 33 *years old; and* Richard the 2d, *and* 3d, *in the next year, viz. the* 34*th of his age.*

what

what he thought, was commonly ſo great, ſo juſtly and rightly conceiv'd in it ſelf, that it wanted little or no correction, and was immediately approv'd by an impartial judgment at the firſt ſight. But tho' the order of time in which the ſeveral pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are paſſages in ſome few of them which ſeem to fix their dates. So the *Chorus* at the end of the fourth Act of *Henry* V. by a compliment very handſomely turn'd to the Earl of *Eſſex*, ſhews the Play to have been written when that Lord was General for the Queen in *Ireland*: And his Elogy upon Queen *Elizabeth*, and her ſucceſſor King *James*, in the latter end of his *Henry* VIII. is a proof of that Play's being written after the acceſſion of the latter of thoſe two Princes to the crown of *England*. Whatever the particular times of his writing were, the people of his age, who began to grow wonderfully fond of diverſions of this kind, could not but be highly pleas'd to ſee a *Genius* ariſe amongſt 'em of ſo pleaſurable, ſo rich a vein, and ſo plentifully capable of furniſhing their favourite entertainments. Beſides the advantages of his wit, he was in himſelf a good-natur'd man, of great ſweetneſs in his manners, and a moſt agreeable companion; ſo that it is no wonder if with ſo many good qualities he made himſelf acquainted with the beſt converſations of thoſe times. Queen *Elizabeth* had ſeveral of his Plays acted before her, and without doubt gave him many gracious marks of her favour: It is that maiden Princeſs plainly, whom he intends by

—— A fair Veſtal, Throned by the Weſt.

Midſummer Night's Dream.

And that whole paſſage is a compliment very properly brought in, and very handſomely apply'd to her. She was ſo well pleas'd with that admirable character of *Falſtaff*, in the two parts of *Henry* the fourth, that ſhe commanded him to continue it for one Play more, and to ſhew him in love. This is ſaid to be the occaſion of his writing *The Merry Wives of* Windſor. How well ſhe was obey'd, the play it ſelf is an admirable proof. Upon this occaſion it may not be improper to obſerve, that this part of *Falſtaff* is ſaid to have been written originally under the name of [a] *Oldcaſtle*; ſome of that

(a) *See the Epilogue to* Henry 4th.

family

family being then remaining, the Queen was pleas'd to command him to alter it; upon which he made uſe of *Falſtaff*. The preſent offence was indeed avoided; but I don't know whether the Author may not have been ſomewhat to blame in his ſecond choice, ſince it is certain that Sir *John Falſtaff*, who was a Knight of the garter, and a Lieutenant-general, was a name of diſtinguiſh'd merit in the wars in *France* in *Henry* the fifth's and *Henry* the ſixth's times. What grace ſoever the Queen confer'd upon him, it was not to her only he ow'd the fortune which the reputation of his wit made. He had the honour to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendſhip from the Earl of *Southampton*, famous in the hiſtories of that time for his friendſhip to the unfortunate Earl of *Eſſex*. It was to that noble Lord that he dedicated his Poem of *Venus* and *Adonis*. There is one inſtance ſo ſingular in the magnificence of this Patron of *Shakeſpear*'s, that if I had not been aſſur'd that the ſtory was handed down by Sir *William D' Avenant*, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I ſhould not have ventur'd to have inſerted, that my Lord *Southampton* at one time gave him a thouſand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchaſe which he heard he had a mind to. A bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almoſt equal to that profuſe generoſity the preſent age has ſhewn to *French* Dancers and *Italian* Singers.

What particular habitude or friendſhips he contracted with private men, I have not been able to learn, more than that every one who had a true taſte of merit, and could diſtinguiſh men, had generally a juſt value and eſteem for him. His exceeding candor and good-nature muſt certainly have inclin'd all the gentler part of the world to love him, as the power of his wit oblig'd the men of the moſt delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him.

His acquaintance with *Ben Johnſon* began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good-nature; Mr. *Johnſon*, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offer'd one of his Plays to the Players, in order to have it acted; and the perſons into whoſe hands it was put, after having turn'd it careleſly and ſuperciliouſly over, were juſt upon returning it to him with an ill-natur'd

anſwer, that it would be of no ſervice to their Company; when *Shakeſpear* luckily caſt his eye upon it, and found ſomething ſo well in it as to engage him firſt to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. *Johnſon* and his writings to the publick. *Johnſon* was certainly a very good ſcholar, and in that had the advantage of *Shakeſpear*; tho' at the ſame time I believe it muſt be allow'd, that what Nature gave the latter, was more than a balance for what Books had given the former; and the judgment of a great man upon this occaſion was, I think, very juſt and proper. In a converſation between Sir *John Suckling*, Sir *William D'Avenant*, *Endymion Porter*, Mr. *Hales* of *Eaton*, and *Ben Johnſon*; Sir *John Suckling*, who was a profeſs'd admirer of *Shakeſpear*, had undertaken his defence againſt *Ben Johnſon* with ſome warmth; Mr. *Hales*, who had ſat ſtill for ſome time, told 'em, *That if Mr.* Shakeſpear *had not read the Ancients, he had likewiſe not ſtolen any thing from 'em; and that if he would produce any one Topick finely treated by any of them, he would undertake to ſhew ſomething upon the ſame ſubject at leaſt as well written by* Shakeſpear.

The latter part of his life was ſpent, as all men of good ſenſe will wiſh theirs may be, in eaſe, retirement, and the converſation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an eſtate equal to his occaſion, and, in that, to his wiſh; and is ſaid to have ſpent ſome years before his death at his native *Stratford*. His pleaſurable wit, and good-nature, engag'd him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendſhip of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongſt them, it is a ſtory almoſt ſtill remember'd in that country, that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. *Combe*, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and uſury: It happen'd, that in a pleaſant converſation amongſt their common friends, Mr. *Combe* told *Shakeſpear* in a laughing manner, that he fancy'd he intended to write his Epitaph, if he happen'd to out-live him; and ſince he could not know what might be ſaid of him when he was dead, he deſir'd it might be done immediately: Upon which *Shakeſpear* gave him theſe four verſes.

Ten

Ten in the hundred lyes here ingrav'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten his ſoul is not ſav'd:
If any man aſk, Who lyes in this tomb?
Oh! ho! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.

But the ſharpneſs of the Satire is ſaid to have ſtung the man ſo ſeverely, that he never forgave it.

He dy'd in the 53d year of his age, and was bury'd on the north ſide of the chancel, in the great Church at *Stratford*, where a monument, as engrav'd in the plate, is plac'd in the wall. On his Grave-ſtone underneath is,

Good friend, for Jeſus' *ſake, forbear*
To dig the duſt incloſed here.
Bleſt be the man that ſpares theſe ſtones,
And curſt be he that moves my bones.

He had three daughters, of which two liv'd to be marry'd; *Judith*, the elder, to one Mr. *Thomas Quiney*, by whom ſhe had three Sons, who all dy'd without children; and *Suſannah*, who was his favourite, to Dr. *John Hall*, a phyſician of good reputation in that country. She left one child only, a daughter, who was marry'd firſt to *Thomas Naſh*, Eſq; and afterwards to Sir *John Bernard* of *Abbington*, but dy'd likewiſe without iſſue.

This is what I could learn of any note, either relating to himſelf or family: The character of the man is beſt ſeen in his writings. But ſince *Ben Johnſon* has made a ſort of an eſſay towards it in his *Diſcoveries*, I will give it in his words.

"I remember the Players have often mention'd it as an honour "to *Shakeſpear*, that in writing (whatſoever he penn'd) he never "blotted out a line. My anſwer hath been, *Would he had blotted* "*a thouſand!* which they thought a malevolent ſpeech. I had not "told poſterity this, but for their ignorance, who choſe that cir- "cumſtance to commend their friend by, wherein he moſt faulted: "and to juſtifie mine own candor, (for I lov'd the man, and do "honour his memory, on this ſide idolatry, as much as any.) He "was, indeed, honeſt, and of an open and free nature, had an ex-

"cellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expreſſions; wherein he "flow'd with that facility, that ſometimes it was neceſſary he ſhould "be ſtopp'd: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as *Auguſtus* ſaid of *Haterius*. "His wit was in his own power, would the rule of it had been "ſo too. Many times he fell into thoſe things which could not "eſcape laughter; as when he ſaid in the perſon of *Cæſar*, one "ſpeaking to him,

"Cæſar *thou doſt me wrong.*

"He reply'd:

"Cæſar *did never wrong, but with juſt cauſe,*

"and ſuch like, which were ridiculous. But he redeem'd his vices "with his virtues: There was ever more in him to be prais'd than "to be pardon'd.

As for the paſſage which he mentions out of *Shakeſpear*, there is ſomewhat like it in *Julius Cæſar*, but without the abſurdity; nor did I ever meet with it in any edition that I have ſeen, as quoted by Mr. *Johnſon*. Beſides his plays in this edition, there are two or three aſcrib'd to him by Mr. *Langbain*, which I have never ſeen, and know nothing of. He writ likewiſe *Venus* and *Adonis*, and *Tarquin* and *Lucrece*, in ſtanza's, which have been printed in a late collection of Poems. As to the character given of him by *Ben Johnſon*, there is a good deal true in it: But I believe it may be as well expreſs'd by what *Horace* ſays of the firſt *Romans*, who wrote Tragedy upon the *Greek* models, (or indeed tranſlated 'em) in his epiſtle to *Auguſtus*.

—— Naturâ ſublimis & acer,
Nam ſpirat Tragicum ſatis & feliciter Audet,
Sed turpem putat in Chartis metuitque Lituram.

As I have not propos'd to my ſelf to enter into a large and compleat collection upon *Shakeſpear*'s Works, ſo I will only take the liberty, with all due ſubmiſſion to the judgments of others, to obſerve ſome of thoſe things I have been pleas'd with in looking him over.

His

His Plays are properly to be diſtinguiſh'd only into Comedies and Tragedies. Thoſe which are called Hiſtories, and even ſome of his Comedies, are really Tragedies, with a run or mixture of Comedy amongſt 'em. That way of Tragi-comedy was the common miſtake of that age, and is indeed become ſo agreeable to the *Engliſh* taſte, that tho' the ſeverer Critics among us cannot bear it, yet the generality of our audiences ſeem to be better pleas'd with it than with an exact Tragedy. The *Merry Wives of* Windſor, the *Comedy of Errors*, and the *Taming of the Shrew*, are all pure Comedy; the reſt, however they are call'd, have ſomething of both kinds. 'Tis not very eaſy to determine which way of writing he was moſt excellent in. There is certainly a great deal of entertainment in his comical humours; and tho' they did not then ſtrike at all ranks of people, as the Satire of the preſent age has taken the liberty to do, yet there is a pleaſing and a well-diſtinguiſh'd variety in thoſe characters which he thought fit to meddle with. *Falſtaff* is allow'd by every body to be a maſter-piece; the Character is always well-ſuſtain'd, tho' drawn out into the length of three Plays; and even the account of his death, given by his old landlady Mrs. *Quickly*, in the firſt act of *Henry* V. tho' it be extremely natural, is yet as diverting as any part of his life. If there be any fault in the draught he has made of this lewd old fellow, it is, that tho' he has made him a thief, lying, cowardly, vain-glorious, and in ſhort every way vicious, yet he has given him ſo much wit as to make him almoſt too agreeable; and I don't know whether ſome people have not, in remembrance of the diverſion he had formerly afforded 'em, been ſorry to ſee his friend *Hal* uſe him ſo ſcurvily, when he comes to the crown in the end of the ſecond part of *Henry* the fourth. Amongſt other extravagancies, in the *Merry Wives of* Windſor, he has made him a Deer-ſtealer, that he might at the ſame time remember his *Warwickſhire* proſecutor, under the name of Juſtice *Shallow*; he has given him very near the ſame coat of arms which *Dugdale*, in his antiquities of that county, deſcribes for a family there, and makes the *Welſh* parſon deſcant very pleaſantly upon 'em. That whole play is admirable; the humours are various and well oppos'd; the main deſign, which is to cure *Ford* of his unreaſonable

ſonable jealouſy, is extremely well conducted. In *Twelfth-Night* there is ſomething ſingularly ridiculous and pleaſant in the fantaſtical ſteward *Malvolio*. The paraſite and the vain-glorious in *Parolles*, in *All's Well that Ends well*, is as good as any thing of that kind in *Plautus* or *Terence*. *Petruchio*, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is an uncommon piece of humour. The converſation of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and of *Roſalind* in *As you like it*, have much wit and ſprightlineſs all along. His clowns, without which character there was hardly any play writ in that time, are all very entertaining: And, I believe, *Therſites* in *Troilus* and *Creſſida*, and *Apemantus* in *Timon*, will be allow'd to be maſter-pieces of ill-nature, and ſatyrical ſnarling. To theſe I might add, that incomparable character of *Shylock* the *Jew*, in the *Merchant of* Venice; but tho' we have ſeen that play receiv'd and acted as a Comedy, and the part of the *Jew* perform'd by an excellent Comedian, yet I cannot but think it was deſigned tragically by the Author. There appears in it ſuch a deadly ſpirit of revenge, ſuch a ſavage fierceneſs and fellneſs, and ſuch a bloody deſignation of cruelty and miſchief, as cannot agree either with the ſtyle or characters of Comedy. The Play it ſelf, take it altogether, ſeems to me to be one of the moſt finiſh'd of any of *Shakeſpear*'s. The tale indeed, in that part relating to the caſkets, and the extravagant and unuſual kind of bond given by *Antonio*, is too much remov'd from the rules of probability: But taking the fact for granted, we muſt allow it to be very beautifully written. There is ſomething in the friendſhip of *Antonio* to *Baſſanio* very great, generous and tender. The whole fourth act (ſuppoſing, as I ſaid, the fact to be probable) is extremely fine. But there are two paſſages that deſerve a particular notice. The firſt is, what *Portia* ſays in praiſe of mercy, and the other on the power of muſick. The melancholy of *Jaques*, in *As you like it*, is as ſingular and odd as it is diverting. And if, what *Horace* ſays,

Difficile eſt proprie communia dicere,

'twill be a hard taſk for any one to go beyond him in the deſcription of the ſeveral degrees and ages of man's life, tho' the thought be old, and common enough.

---- *All*

—— All the world is a Stage,
And all the men and women meerly Players;
They have their Exits and their Entrances,
And one man in his time plays many Parts,
His Acts being ſeven ages. Firſt the Infant
Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms:
And then, the whining School-boy with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning-face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool. And then the Lover
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his Miſtreſs' eye-brow. Then a Soldier
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Ev'n in the cannon's mouth. And then the Juſtice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances;
And ſo he plays his part. The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd Pantaloon,
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe, well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhanks; and his big manly voice,
Turning again tow'rd childiſh treble, pipes
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt Scene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful Hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs and meer oblivion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans ev'ry thing.

Vol. 2. p. 200.

His Images are indeed every where ſo lively, that the thing he would repreſent ſtands full before you, and you poſſeſs every part of it. I will venture to point out one more, which is, I think, as ſtrong and as uncommon as any thing I ever ſaw; 'tis an image of Patience. Speaking of a maid in love, he ſays,

—— She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damaſk cheek: She pin'd in thought,
And ſat like Patience *on a monument,*
Smiling at Grief.

What an Image is here given! and what a taſk would it have been for the greateſt maſters of *Greece* and *Rome* to have expreſs'd the paſſions deſign'd by this ſketch of Statuary! The ſtyle of his Comedy is, in general, natural to the characters, and eaſy in it ſelf; and the wit moſt commonly ſprightly and pleaſing, except in thoſe places where he runs into dogrel rhymes, as in *The Comedy of Errors*, and ſome other plays. As for his jingling ſometimes, and playing upon words, it was the common vice of the age he liv'd in: And if we find it in the pulpit, made uſe of as an ornament to the Sermons of ſome of the graveſt Divines of thoſe times; perhaps it may not be thought too light for the Stage.

But certainly the greatneſs of this Author's genius do's no where ſo much appear, as where he gives his imagination an entire looſe, and raiſes his fancy to a flight above mankind and the limits of the viſible world. Such are his attempts in *The Tempeſt*, *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*. Of theſe, *The Tempeſt*, however it comes to be plac'd the firſt by the Publiſhers of his works, can never have been the firſt written by him: It ſeems to me as perfect in its kind, as almoſt any thing we have of his. One may obſerve, that the Unities are kept here, with an exactneſs uncommon to the liberties of his writing: tho' that was what, I ſuppoſe, he valu'd himſelf leaſt upon, ſince his excellencies were all of another kind. I am very ſenſible that he do's, in this play, depart too much from that likeneſs to truth which ought to be obſerv'd in theſe ſort of writings; yet he do's it ſo very finely, that one is eaſily drawn in to have more faith for his ſake, than reaſon does well allow of. His Magick has ſomething in it very ſolemn and very poetical: And that extravagant character of *Caliban* is mighty well ſuſtain'd, ſhews a wonderful invention in the Author, who could ſtrike out ſuch a particular wild image, and is certainly one

of

of the fineſt and moſt uncommon Groteſques that was ever ſeen. The obſervation, which I have been inform'd [a] three very great men concurr'd in making upon this part, was extremely juſt; *That* Shakeſpear *had not only found out a new Character in his* Caliban, *but had alſo devis'd and adapted a new manner of Language for that Character.*

It is the ſame magick that raiſes the Fairies in *Midſummer Night's Dream*, the Witches in *Macbeth*, and the Ghoſt in *Hamlet*, with thoughts and language ſo proper to the parts they ſuſtain, and ſo peculiar to the talent of this Writer. But of the two laſt of theſe Plays I ſhall have occaſion to take notice, among the Tragedies of Mr. *Shakeſpear*. If one undertook to examine the greateſt part of theſe by thoſe rules which are eſtabliſh'd by *Ariſtotle*, and taken from the model of the *Grecian* Stage, it would be no very hard taſk to find a great many faults: But as *Shakeſpear* liv'd under a kind of mere light of nature, and had never been made acquainted with the regularity of thoſe written precepts, ſo it would be hard to judge him by a law he knew nothing of. We are to conſider him as a man that liv'd in a ſtate of almoſt univerſal licenſe and ignorance: there was no eſtabliſh'd judge, but every one took the liberty to write according to the dictates of his own fancy. When one conſiders, that there is not one play before him of a reputation good enough to entitle it to an appearance on the preſent Stage, it cannot but be a matter of great wonder that he ſhould advance dramatick Poetry ſo far as he did. The Fable is what is generally plac'd the firſt, among thoſe that are reckon'd the conſtituent parts of a Tragick or Heroick Poem; not, perhaps, as it is the moſt difficult or beautiful, but as it is the firſt properly to be thought of in the contrivance and courſe of the whole; and with the Fable ought to be conſider'd, the fit Diſpoſition, Order and Conduct of its ſeveral parts. As it is not in this province of the *Drama* that the ſtrength and maſtery of *Shakeſpear* lay, ſo I ſhall not undertake the tedious and ill-natur'd trouble to point out the ſeveral faults he was guilty of in it. His Tales were ſeldom invented, but rather taken either from true Hiſtory, or Novels and Romances:

(a) *Lord* Falkland, *Lord C. J.* Vaughan, *and Mr.* Selden.

And he commonly made uſe of 'em in that order, with thoſe incidents, and that extent of time in which he found 'em in the Authors from whence he borrow'd them. Almoſt all his hiſtorical Plays comprehend a great length of time, and very different and diſtinct places: And in his *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, the Scene travels over the greateſt part of the *Roman* Empire. But in recompence for his careleſsneſs in this point, when he comes to another part of the *Drama*, *The Manners of his Characters, in acting or ſpeaking what is proper for them, and fit to be ſhown by the Poet*, he may be generally juſtify'd, and in very many places greatly commended. For thoſe Plays which he has taken from the *Engliſh* or *Roman* hiſtory, let any man compare 'em, and he will find the character as exact in the Poet as the Hiſtorian. He ſeems indeed ſo far from propoſing to himſelf any one action for a Subject, that the Title very often tells you, 'tis *The Life of King* John, *King* Richard, *&c.* What can be more agreeable to the idea our hiſtorians give of *Henry* the ſixth, than the picture *Shakeſpear* has drawn of him! His Manners are every where exactly the ſame with the ſtory; one finds him ſtill deſcrib'd with ſimplicity, paſſive ſanctity, want of courage, weakneſs of mind, and eaſie ſubmiſſion to the governance of an imperious Wife, or prevailing Faction: Tho' at the ſame time the Poet does juſtice to his good qualities, and moves the pity of his audience for him, by ſhewing him pious, diſintereſted, a contemner of the things of this world, and wholly reſign'd to the ſevereſt diſpenſations of God's providence. There is a ſhort Scene in the ſecond part of *Henry* VI. which I cannot but think admirable in its kind. Cardinal *Beaufort*, who had murder'd the Duke of *Glouceſter*, is ſhewn in the laſt agonies on his death-bed, with the good King praying over him. There is ſo much terror in one, ſo much tenderneſs and moving piety in the other, as muſt touch any one who is capable either of fear or pity. In his *Henry* VIII, that Prince is drawn with that greatneſs of mind, and all thoſe good qualities which are attributed to him in any account of his reign. If his faults are not ſhewn in an equal degree, and the ſhades in this picture do not bear a juſt proportion to the lights, it is not that the Artiſt wanted either colours or ſkill in the diſpoſition

ſition of 'em; but the truth, I believe, might be, that he forbore doing it out of regard to Queen *Elizabeth*, ſince it could have been no very great reſpect to the memory of his Miſtreſs, to have expos'd ſome certain parts of her father's life upon the ſtage. He has dealt much more freely with the Miniſter of that great King, and certainly nothing was ever more juſtly written, than the character of Cardinal *Wolſey*. He has ſhewn him inſolent in his proſperity; and yet, by a wonderful addreſs, he makes his fall and ruin the ſubject of general compaſſion. The whole man, with his vices and virtues, is finely and exactly deſcrib'd in the ſecond ſcene of the fourth act. The diſtreſſes likewiſe of Queen *Catharine*, in this Play, are very movingly touch'd; and tho' the art of the Poet has ſcreen'd King *Henry* from any groſs imputation of injuſtice, yet one is inclin'd to wiſh, the Queen had met with a fortune more worthy of her birth and virtue. Nor are the Manners, proper to the perſons repreſented, leſs juſtly obſerv'd, in thoſe characters taken from the *Roman* Hiſtory; and of this, the fierceneſs and impatience of *Coriolanus*, his courage and diſdain of the common people, the virtue and philoſophical temper of *Brutus*, and the irregular greatneſs of mind in *M. Antony*, are beautiful proofs. For the two laſt eſpecially, you find 'em exactly as they are deſcrib'd by *Plutarch*, from whom certainly *Shakeſpear* copy'd 'em. He has indeed follow'd his original pretty cloſe, and taken in ſeveral little incidents that might have been ſpar'd in a Play. But, as I hinted before, his deſign ſeems moſt commonly rather to deſcribe thoſe great men in the ſeveral fortunes and accidents of their lives, than to take any ſingle great action, and form his work ſimply upon that. However, there are ſome of his pieces, where the Fable is founded upon one action only. Such are more eſpecially, *Romeo* and *Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. The deſign in *Romeo* and *Juliet*, is plainly the puniſhment of their two families, for the unreaſonable feuds and animoſities that had been ſo long kept up between 'em, and occaſion'd the effuſion of ſo much blood. In the management of this ſtory, he has ſhewn ſomething wonderfully tender and paſſionate in the love-part, and very pitiful in the diſtreſs. *Hamlet* is founded on much the ſame Tale with the *Electra* of *Sophocles*.

In each of 'em a young Prince is engaged to revenge the death of his father, their mothers are equally guilty, are both concern'd in the murder of their huſbands, and are afterwards married to the murderers. There is in the firſt part of the *Greek* Tragedy, ſomething very moving in the grief of *Electra*; but as Mr. *D'Acier* has obſerv'd, there is ſomething very unnatural and ſhocking in the Manners he has given that Princeſs and *Oreſtes* in the latter part. *Oreſtes* embrues his hands in the blood of his own mother; and that barbarous action is perform'd, tho' not immediately upon the ſtage, yet ſo near, that the audience hear *Clytemneſtra* crying out to *Ægyſthus* for help, and to her ſon for mercy: While *Electra*, her daughter, and a Princeſs (both of them characters that ought to have appear'd with more decency) ſtands upon the ſtage and encourages her brother in the Parricide. What horror does this not raiſe! *Clytemneſtra* was a wicked woman, and had deſerv'd to die; nay, in the truth of the ſtory, ſhe was kill'd by her own ſon; but to repreſent an action of this kind on the ſtage, is certainly an offence againſt thoſe rules of manners proper to the perſons, that ought to be obſerv'd there. On the contrary, let us only look a little on the conduct of *Shakeſpear*. *Hamlet* is repreſented with the ſame piety towards his father, and reſolution to revenge his death, as *Oreſtes*; he has the ſame abhorrence for his mother's guilt, which, to provoke him the more, is heighten'd by inceſt: But 'tis with wonderful art and juſtneſs of judgment, that the Poet reſtrains him from doing violence to his mother. To prevent any thing of that kind, he makes his father's Ghoſt forbid that part of his vengeance.

But howſoever thou purſu'ſt this Act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy ſoul contrive
Againſt thy mother ought; leave her to heav'n,
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her.

This is to diſtinguiſh rightly between *Horror* and *Terror*. The latter is a proper paſſion of Tragedy, but the former ought always to be carefully avoided. And certainly no dramatick Writer ever ſucceeded better in raiſing *Terror* in the minds of an audience than *Shake-*

Shakeſpear has done. The whole Tragedy of *Macbeth*, but more eſpecially the ſcene where the King is murder'd, in the ſecond act, as well as this Play, is a noble proof of that manly ſpirit with which he writ; and both ſhew how powerful he was, in giving the ſtrongeſt motions to our ſouls that they are capable of. I cannot leave *Hamlet*, without taking notice of the advantage with which we have ſeen this Maſter-piece of *Shakeſpear* diſtinguiſh it ſelf upon the ſtage, by Mr. *Betterton*'s fine performance of that part. A man, who tho' he had no other good qualities, as he has a great many, muſt have made his way into the eſteem of all men of letters, by this only excellency. No man is better acquainted with *Shakeſpear*'s manner of expreſſion, and indeed he has ſtudy'd him ſo well, and is ſo much a maſter of him, that whatever part of his he performs, he does it as if it had been written on purpoſe for him, and that the Author had exactly conceiv'd it as he plays it. I muſt own a particular obligation to him, for the moſt conſiderable part of the paſſages relating to this life, which I have here tranſmitted to the publick; his veneration for the memory of *Shakeſpear* having engaged him to make a journey into *Warwickſhire*, on purpoſe to gather up what remains he could, of a name for which he had ſo great a veneration.

The

The following Inſtrument was tranſmitted to us by John Anſtis, *Eſq*; Garter *King at Arms*: *It is mark'd*, G. 13. p. 349.

[*There is alſo a Manuſcript in the Herald's Office, marked* W. 2. p. 276; *where notice is taken of this Coat, and that the Perſon to whom it was granted, had born Magiſtracy at* Stratford *upon* Avon.]

TO all and ſingular Noble and Gentlemen of all Eſtates and Degrees, bearing Arms, to whom theſe Preſents ſhall come: *William Dethick*, Garter Principal King of Arms of *England*, and *William Camden*, alias *Clarencieulx*, King of Arms for the South, Eaſt, and Weſt Parts of this Realm, ſend Greetings. Know ye, that in all Nations and Kingdoms the Record and Remembrance of the valiant Facts and virtuous Diſpoſitions of worthy Men have been made known and divulged by certain Shields of Arms and Tokens of Chivalrie; the Grant or Teſtimony whereof apperteineth unto us, by virtue of our offices from the Queen's moſt Excellent Majeſty, and her Highneſs's moſt noble and victorious Progenitors: Wherefore being ſollicited, and by credible Report informed, that *John Shakeſpere*, now of *Stratford* upon *Avon* in the County of *Warwick*, Gentleman, whoſe Great Grandfather for his faithful and approved Service to the late moſt prudent Prince, King *Henry* VII of famous Memory, was advanced and rewarded with Lands and Tenements, given to him in thoſe Parts of *Warwickſhire*, where they have continued by ſome Deſcents in good Reputation and Credit; And for that the ſaid *John Shakeſpere* having married the Daughter and one of the Heirs of *Robert Arden* of *Wellingcote* in the ſaid County, and alſo produced this his ancient Coat of Arms, heretofore aſſigned to him whilſt he was her Majeſty's Officer and Bailiff of that Town. In conſideration of the Premiſes, and for the Encouragement of his Poſterity, unto whom ſuch Blazon of Arms and Atchievements of Inheritance from their ſaid Mother, by the

ancient

ancient Cuſtom and Laws of Arms, may lawfully deſcend; We the ſaid *Garter* and *Clarencieulx* have aſſigned, granted, and confirmed, and by theſe Preſents exemplified unto the ſaid *John Shakeſpere*, and to his Poſterity, that Shield and Coat of Arms, *viz. In a Field of Gold upon a Bend Sables a Spear of the firſt, the Point upward, headed, Argent*; and for his Creſt or Cogniſance, *A Falcon, Or, with his Wings diſplayed, ſtanding on a Wreathe of his Colours, ſupporting a Spear armed headed, or ſteeled Silver*, fixed upon an Helmet with Mantles and Taſſels, as more plainly may appear depicted in this Margent; And we have likewiſe impaled the ſame with the ancient Arms of the ſaid *Arden* of *Wellingcote*; ſignifying thereby, that it may and ſhall be lawful for the ſaid *John Shakeſpere*, Gent. to bear and uſe the ſame Shield of Arms, ſingle or impaled, as aforeſaid, during his natural Life; and that it ſhall be lawful for his Children, Iſſue, and Poſterity, lawfully begotten, to bear, uſe, and quarter, and ſhew forth the ſame, with their due Differences, in all lawful warlike Feats and civil Uſe or Exerciſes, according to the Laws of Arms, and Cuſtom that to Gentlemen belongeth, without Let or Interruption of any Perſon or Perſons, for uſe or bearing the ſame. In Witneſs and Teſtimony whereof we have ſubſcribed our Names, and faſtned the Seals of our Offices. Given at the Office of Arms, *London*, the Day of in the Forty Second Year of the Reign of our moſt Gracious Sovereign Lady *Elizabeth*, by the Grace of God, Queen of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, *&c.* 1599.

TO

TO THE

MEMORY of my beloved the AUTHOR,

MR *WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR*;

And what he hath left us.

TO draw no envy (Shakeſpear) *on thy* Name,
Am I thus ample to thy Book, *and* Fame:
While I confeſs thy writings *to be ſuch,*
As neither Man, *nor* Muſe *can praiſe too much.*
'Tis true, and all mens ſuffrage. But theſe wayes
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praiſe:
For ſeelieſt Ignorance *on theſe may light,*
Which, when it ſounds at beſt, but ecchoes *right*;
Or blind Affection, *which doth ne're advance*
The truth, *but gropes, and urgeth all by chance*;
Or crafty Malice *might pretend this praiſe,*
And think to ruine, where it ſeem'd to raiſe.
Theſe are, as ſome infamous Baud, or Whore,
Should praiſe a Matron. *What could hurt her more?*
But thou art proof againſt them, and indeed
Above th' ill fortune *of them, or the* need.
I therefore will begin. Soul *of the* Age!
The applauſe! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakeſpear *riſe*; *I will not lodge thee by*
Chaucer, *or* Spenſer, *or bid* Beaumont *lye*
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a Monument *without a* Tomb,
And art alive ſtill, while thy Book *doth live,*
And we have wits to read, and praiſe to give.
That I not mix thee ſo, my brain excuſes;
I mean with great, but diſproportion'd Muſes:

For

For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I ſhould commit thee ſurely with thy Peers,
And tell how far thou didſt our Lily *out-ſhine,*
Or ſporting Kid, *or* Marlow's *mighty Line.*
And though thou hadſt ſmall Latin *and leſs* Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I would not ſeek
For names; but call forth thund'ring Æſchylus,
Euripides, *and* Sophocles *to us,*
Pacuvius, Accius, *him of* Cordova *dead,*
To live again, to hear thy Buſkin *tread,*
And ſhake a Stage: *Or, when thy* Socks *were on,*
Leave thee alone for the compariſon
Of all, that inſolent Greece, *or haughty* Rome
Sent forth, or ſince did from their aſhes come.
Triumph, my Britain, *thou haſt one to ſhow,*
To whom all Scenes *of* Europe *homage owe.*
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muſes, *ſtill were in their prime,*
When like Apollo *he came forth to warm*
Our ears, or like a Mercury *to charm!*
Nature *her ſelf was proud of his* deſignes,
And joy'd to wear the dreſſing of his Lines!
Which were ſo richly ſpun, and woven ſo fit,
As, ſince, ſhe will vouchſafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, *tart* Ariſtophanes,
Neat Terence, *witty* Plautus, *now not pleaſe;*
But antiquated, and deſerted lye,
As they were not of Nature's *family.*
Yet muſt I not give Nature *all: Thy* Art,
My gentle Shakeſpear, *muſt enjoy a part.*
For though the Poet's *matter* Nature *be,*
His Art *doth give the* Faſhion. *And, that he*
Who caſts to write a living line, *muſt ſweat,*
(Such as thine are) and ſtrike the ſecond heat
Upon the Muſes *Anvile; turn the ſame,*
(And himſelf with it) that he thinks to frame;

Or for the Lawrel, he may gain a ſcorn,
For a good Poet's *made, as well as* born.
And ſuch wert thou. Look how the Father's face
Lives in his Iſſue, even ſo the race
Of Shakeſpear's *mind and manners brightly ſhines*
In his well torned, and true filed lines:
In each of which he ſeems to ſhake a Lance,
As brandiſh'd at the eyes of Ignorance.
Sweet Swan *of* Avon! *what a ſight it were*
To ſee thee in our water yet appear,
And make thoſe flights upon the Banks of Thames,
That ſo did take Eliza, *and our* James!
But ſtay, I ſee thee in the Hemiſphere
Advanc'd, and made a Conſtellation *there!*
Shine forth, thou Starre *of* Poets, *and with rage,*
Or influence, chide, or chear the drooping Stage,
Which, ſince thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And deſpairs day, but for thy Volume's *light.*

BEN. JOHNSON.

THE

GR III
BRITISH MUSEUM

F. Hayman inv. *H. Gravelot Sculps*

THE TEMPEST. Act. 1. Sc. 6.

THE

WORKS

OF

Mr *WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.*

VOLUME the FIRST.

CONSISTING OF

COMEDIES.

OXFORD:

PRINTED AT THE THEATRE.

MDCCXLIII.

PLAYS *contain'd in this Volume.*

The *TEMPEST.*

A *MIDSUMMER NIGHT's DREAM.*

The *TWO GENTLEMEN* of VERONA.

The *MERRY WIVES* of WINDSOR.

MEASURE for *MEASURE.*

The *COMEDY* of *ERRORS.*

MUCH ADO about *NOTHING.*

THE

TEMPEST.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

ALONSO, *King of* Naples.
Sebaſtian, *his Brother.*
Proſpero, *the right Duke of* Milan.
Anthonio, *his Brother, the uſurping Duke of* Milan.
Ferdinand, *Son to the King of* Naples.
Gonzalo, *an honeſt old Counſellor to the King of* Naples.
Adrian, *and* Franciſco, *Lords.*
Caliban, *a Salvage, and deformed Slave.*
Trinculo, *a Jeſter.*
Stephano, *a drunken Butler.*
Maſter of a Ship, Boatſwain, and Mariners.
Miranda, *Daughter to* Proſpero.
Ariel, *an aiery Spirit.*
Iris, Ceres, Juno, *Nymphs*, *Reapers*, } *Spirits in the Maſque.*
Other Spirits attending on Proſpero.

SCENE, *an uninhabited Iſland.*

THE

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

On a Ship at Sea.

A tempeſtuous noiſe of thunder and lightning heard: Enter a Ship-maſter, and a Boatſwain.

MASTER.

BOatſwain.

Boatſ. Here maſter: what cheer?

Maſt. Good, ſpeak to th' mariners: fall to't, yarely, or we run our ſelves a-ground; beſtir, beſtir.

Enter Mariners.

Boatſ. Hey my hearts, cheerly my hearts; yare, yare; take in the top-ſail; tend to th' maſter's whiſtle; ---- blow 'till thou burſt thy wind, if room enough.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, *and others.*

Alon. Good Boatſwain have care: where's the maſter? play the men.

Boatſ. I pray now keep below.

Ant. Where is the maſter, boatſwain?

Boatſ. Do you not hear him? you mar our labour; keep your cabins; you aſſiſt the ſtorm.

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Boatſ. When the ſea is. Hence. what care theſe Roarers for the name of King? to cabin; ſilence; trouble us not.

Gonz. Good: yet remember whom thou haſt aboard.

Boatſ. None that I love more than my ſelf. You are a counſellor; if you can command theſe elements to ſilence, and work the peace of the preſent, we will not hand a rope more; uſe your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd ſo long, and make your ſelf ready in your cabin for the miſchance of the hour, if it ſo hap. Cheerly good hearts: out of our way, I ſay. [*Exit.*

Gonz. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand faſt, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his deſtiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage: if he be not born to be hang'd, our caſe is miſerable. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Boatſwain.

Boatſ. Down with the top-maſt: yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main-courſe. A plague upon this howling ----

A cry within. Enter Sebaſtian, Anthonio and Gonzalo.

they are louder than the weather, or our office. Yet again? what do you here? ſhall we give o'er and drown? have you a mind to ſink?

Sebaſ. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blaſphemous, uncharitable dog.

Boatſ. Work you then.

Ant. Hang cur, hang, you whoreſon inſolent noiſe-maker; we are leſs afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gonz. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ſhip were no ſtronger than a nut-ſhell, and as leaky as an unſtanch'd wench.

Boatſ. Lay her a hold, a hold; ſet her two courſes off to ſea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All loſt! to prayers, to prayers! all loſt!

Boatſ.

Boatſ. What, muſt our mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King and Prince at pray'rs? let us aſſiſt 'em.
For our caſe is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We're meerly cheated of our lives by drunkards.
This wide-chopt raſcal —— would thou might'ſt lye drowning
The waſhing of ten tides!

Gonz. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water ſwear againſt it,
And gape at wid'ſt to glut him.

Seb. Mercy on us! [*A confuſed noiſe within.*
We ſplit, we ſplit! farewell my wife and children,
Brother farewel: we ſplit, we ſplit, we ſplit!

Ant. Let's all ſink with the King.

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gonz. Now would I give a thouſand furlongs of ſea for an acre of barren ground: ling, heath, broom, furze, any thing; —— the wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Inchanted Iſland.

Enter Proſpero *and* Miranda.

Mira. IF by your art (my deareſt father) you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The ſky it ſeems would pour down ſtinking pitch,
But that the ſea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
Daſhes the fire out. O! I have ſuffer'd
With thoſe that I ſaw ſuffer: a brave veſſel
(Who had, no doubt, ſome noble creatures in her)
Daſh'd all to pieces. Oh! the cry did knock
Againſt my very heart: poor ſouls, they periſh'd:
Had I been any God of pow'r, I would

Have

Have ſunk the ſea within the earth or e're
It ſhould the good ſhip ſo have ſwallow'd, and
The fraighted ſouls within her.
Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement; tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.
Mira. O wo the day!
Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee
(Of thee my dear one, thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I'm more, or better
Than *Proſpero*, maſter of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.
Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.
Pro. 'Tis time
I ſhould inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magick garment from me: ſo!
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lye there my Art. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort.
The direful ſpectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compaſſion in thee,
I have with ſuch proviſion in mine art
So ſafely order'd, that there's no ſoul loſt;
No not ſo much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the veſſel
Which thou heard'ſt cry, which thou ſaw'ſt ſink: ſit down,
For thou muſt now know farther.
Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but ſtopt,
And left me to the bootleſs inquiſition;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*
Pro. The hour's now come,
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear,
Obey, and be attentive. Canſt remember

A time

A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canſt, for then thou waſt not
Out three years old.

Mira. Certainly, Sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other houſe, or perſon?
Of any thing the image, tell me, that
Hath kept in thy remembrance?

Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an aſſurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadſt, and more, *Miranda*: but how is it
That this lives in thy mind? what ſeeſt thou elſe
In the dark back-ward and abyſme of time?
If thou remember'ſt ought e're thou cam'ſt here,
How thou cam'ſt here thou may'ſt.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. 'Tis twelve years ſince, *Miranda*; twelve years ſince
Thy father was the Duke of *Milan*, and
A Prince of Pow'r.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She ſaid thou waſt my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of *Milan*, thou his only heir
A Princeſs, no worſe iſſu'd.

Mira. O the heav'ns!
What foul play had we that we came from thence?
Or bleſſed was't we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play (as thou ſay'ſt) were we heav'd thence,
But bleſſedly help'd hither.

Mira. My heart bleeds
To think o'th' teene that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Pleaſe you, farther.

Pro. My brother and thy uncle, call'd *Anthonio* ——
I pray thee mark me, (that a brother ſhould

Be ſo perfidious!) he whom next thy ſelf
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my ſtate; as at that time
Through all the ſignories it was the firſt
And *Proſpero* the prime Duke, being ſo reputed
In dignity; and for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; thoſe being all my ſtudy:
The government I caſt upon my brother,
And to my ſtate grew ſtranger, being tranſported
And rapt in ſecret ſtudies. Thy falſe uncle ----
(Doſt thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, moſt heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant ſuits,
How to deny them; whom t'advance, and whom
To plaſh for over-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine; I ſay or chang'd 'em
Or elſe new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, ſet all hearts
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And ſuckt my verdure out on't. ---- Thou attend'ſt not.

Mira. Good Sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee mark me then.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To cloſeneſs, and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being ſo retired,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my falſe brother
Awak'd an evil nature; and my truſt,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falſhood, in its contrary as great
As my truſt was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence *ſans* bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might elſe exact; like one
Who loving an untruth, and telling't oft',
Makes ſuch a ſinner of his memory

To credit his own lie; he did believe
He was indeed the Duke, from ſubſtitution
And executing th' outward face of royalty
With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing——
Doſt thou hear, child?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafneſs.

Pro. To have no ſcreen between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needs will be
Abſolute *Milan*. Me, poor man! — my library
Was Dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates
(So dry he was for ſway) wi' th' King of *Naples*
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The Dukedom yet unbow'd (alas poor *Milan!*)
To much ignoble ſtooping.

Mira. O the heav'ns!

Pro. Mark the condition, and th' event, then tell me
If this might be a Brother?

Mira. I ſhould ſin,
To think not nobly of my grand-mother.

Pro. Good wombs have born bad ſons. Now the condition:
This King of *Naples* being an enemy
To me inveterate, hears my brother's ſuit;
Which was, that he in lieu o' th' premiſes,
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
Should preſently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedom, and confer fair *Milan*,
With all the honours, on my brother. Whereon
A treacherous army levy'd, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpoſe, did *Anthonio* open
The gates of *Milan*, and i' th' dead of darkneſs
The miniſters for th' purpoſe hurry'd thence
Me and thy crying ſelf.

Mira. Alack for pity!
I not remembring how I cry'd out then,

Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't.
Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the preſent buſineſs
Which now's upon's, without the which this ſtory
Were moſt impertinent.
Mira. Why did they not
That hour deſtroy us?
Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that queſtion. They durſt not,
So dear the love my people bore me, ſet
A mark ſo bloody on the buſineſs; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurry'd us aboard a bark,
Bore us ſome leagues to ſea, where they prepar'd
A rotten carcaſs of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, nor ſail, nor maſt; the very rats
Inſtinctively had quit it: there they hoiſt us
To cry to th' ſea that roar'd to us; to ſigh
To winds, whoſe pity ſighing back again
Did us but loving wrong.
Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you?
Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou waſt that did preſerve me: Thou didſt ſmile
Infuſed with a fortitude from heav'n;
(When I have brack'd the ſea with drops full ſalt,
Under my burthen groan'd) which rais'd in me
An undergoing ſtomach, to bear up
Againſt what ſhould enſue.
Mira. How came we a-ſhore?
Pro. By providence divine.
Some food we had, and ſome freſh water, that
A noble *Neapolitan Gonzalo*,
Out of his charity (being then appointed
Maſter of this deſign) did give us, with

Rich

Rich garments, linnens, ſtuffs, and neceſſaries
Which ſince have ſteeded much. So of his gentleneſs,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furniſh'd me
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my Dukedom.
Mira. Would I might
But ever ſee that man!
Pro. Now I ariſe:
Sit ſtill, and hear the laſt of our ſea-ſorrow.
Here in this iſland we arriv'd, and here
Have I, thy ſchool-maſter, made thee more profit
Than other Princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not ſo careful.
Mira. Heav'ns thank you for't! And now I pray you, Sir,
(For ſtill 'tis beating in my mind) your reaſon
For raiſing this ſea-ſtorm?
Pro. Know thus far forth;
By accident moſt ſtrange bountiful fortune
(Now my dear lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this ſhore: and by my preſcience
I find my *Zenith* doth depend upon
A moſt auſpicious ſtar, whoſe influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. ---- Here ceaſe more queſtions,
Thou art inclin'd to ſleep. 'Tis a good dulneſs,
And give it way; I know thou canſt not chuſe.
Come away, ſervant, come; I'm ready now:
Approach, my *Ariel*. Come.

SCENE III.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great maſter! grave Sir, hail! I come
To anſwer thy beſt pleaſure. Be't to fly;
To ſwim; to dive into the fire; to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy ſtrong bidding taſk

Ariel

Ariel and all his qualities.

Pro. Haſt thou, ſpirit,
Perform'd to point the tempeſt that I bad thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the King's ſhip: now on the beak,
Now in the waſte, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement. Sometimes I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-maſt
The yards and bolt-ſprit would I flame diſtinctly,
Then meet and join. *Jove*'s lightnings, the precurſers
Of dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And ſight out-running were not; the fire and cracks
Of ſulphurous roaring the moſt mighty *Neptune*
Seem'd to beſiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident ſhake.

Pro. That's my brave Spirit!
Who was ſo firm, ſo conſtant, that this coyl
Would not infect his reaſon?

Ari. Not a ſoul
But felt a feaver of the mind, and plaid
Some tricks of deſperation: all but mariners
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the veſſel,
Then all a-fire with me: the King's ſon *Ferdinand*
With hair up-ſtaring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the firſt man that leap'd; cry'd hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.

Pro. Why that's my ſpirit!
But was not this nigh ſhore?

Ari. Cloſe by, my maſter.

Pro. But are they, *Ariel*, ſafe?

Ari. Not a hair periſh'd:
On their ſuſtaining garments not a blemiſh,
But freſher than before. And as thou badſt me,
In troops I have diſpers'd them 'bout the Iſle:
The King's ſon have I landed by himſelf,
Whom I left cooling of the air with ſighs

In an odd angle of the Iſle, and ſitting,
His arms in this ſad knot.
Pro. Of the King's ſhip
The mariners, ſay how thou haſt diſpos'd,
And all the reſt o'th' fleet?
Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the King's ſhip; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dſt me up at midnight, to fetch dew
From the ſtill-vext *Bermoothes* [a], there ſhe's hid:
The mariners all under hatches ſtow'd,
Whom with a charm join'd to their ſuffered labour,
I've left aſleep; and for the reſt o'th' fleet
(Which I diſpers'd) they all have met again,
And are upon the *Mediterranean* flote,
Bound ſadly home for *Naples*,
Suppoſing that they ſaw the King's ſhip wreck'd,
And his great perſon periſh.
Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o'th' day?
Ari. Paſt the mid ſeaſon.
Pro. At leaſt two glaſſes: the time 'twixt ſix and now
Muſt by us both be ſpent moſt preciouſly.
Ari. Is there more toil? ſince thou doſt give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou haſt promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou canſt demand?
Ari. My liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more.
Ari. I pr'ythee
Remember I have done thee worthy ſervice,

(a) *This is the Spaniſh pronunciation of* Bermudas: *the account of which Iſland in Purchas's Pilgrimage is, that it was call'd* the Iſland of Devils *and* the inchanted Iſland, theſe names being given it from the monſtrous tempeſts which there have been often ſuſtain'd. *And again ſpeaking of the whole cluſter of Iſlands with which the great one is ſurrounded, he ſaith,* The Iſlands ſeem rent with tempeſts of thunder, lightning and rain, which threaten in time to devour them all.

Told

Told thee no lies, made no miſtakings, ſerv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings; thou didſt promiſe
To bate me a full year.
Pro. Doſt thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pro. Thou doſt; and think'ſt it much to tread the ooze
Of the ſalt deep;
To run upon the ſharp wind of the North,
To do me buſineſs in the veins o'th' earth,
When it is bak'd with froſt.
Ari. I do not, Sir.
Pro. Thou ly'ſt, malignant thing: haſt thou forgot
The foul witch *Sycorax*, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? haſt thou forgot her?
Ari. No, Sir.
Pro. Thou haſt: where was ſhe born? ſpeak; tell me, ſay.
Ari. Sir, in *Argier*.
Pro. Oh, was ſhe ſo? I muſt
Once in a month recount what thou haſt been,
Which thou forget'ſt. This damn'd witch *Sycorax*,
For miſchiefs manifold, ſorceries too terrible
To enter human hearing, from *Argier*
Thou know'ſt was baniſh'd: for one thing ſhe did
They would not take her life. Is this not true?
Ari. Ay, Sir.
Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by th' ſailors; thou my ſlave,
As thou report'ſt thy ſelf, waſt then her ſervant.
And, for thou waſt a ſpirit too delicate
To act her earthly and abhorr'd commands,
Refuſing her grand hefts, ſhe did confine thee,
By help of her more potent miniſters
And in her moſt unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Impriſon'd, thou didſt painfully remain

A dozen years, within which ſpace ſhe dy'd,
And left thee there: where thou didſt vent thy groans
As faſt as mill-wheels ſtrike. Then was this Iſland
(Save for the ſon that ſhe did litter here,
A freckl'd whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human ſhape.

Ari. Yes; *Caliban* her ſon.

Pro. Dull thing, I ſay ſo: he, that *Caliban*
Whom now I keep in ſervice. Thou beſt know'ſt
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breaſts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, maſter.

Pro. If thou more murmur'ſt, I will rend an oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, 'till
Thou'ſt howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, maſter.
I will be correſpondent to command,
And do my ſp'riting gently.

Pro. Do ſo: and after two days I'll diſcharge thee.

Ari. Oh! That's my noble maſter:
What ſhall I do? ſay what? what ſhall I do?

Pro. Go make thy ſelf like to a nymph o' th' ſea.
Be ſubject to no ſight but mine: inviſible
To every eye-ball elſe. Go take this ſhape,
And hither come in't: hence with diligence. [*Exit* Ari.
Awake, dear heart awake, thou haſt ſlept well,
Awake.

Mira. The ſtrangeneſs of your ſtory put
Heavineſs in me.

Pro. Shake it off: come on,
We'll viſit *Caliban* my ſlave, who never

Yields us kind anſwer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, Sir,
I do not love to look on ——

Pro. But as 'tis
We cannot miſs him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and ſerves in offices
That profit us. What hoa! ſlave! *Caliban!*
Thou earth thou! ſpeak.

Cal. (within.) There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I ſay, there's other buſineſs for thee.

Enter Ariel *like a Water-Nymph.*

Fine apparition! my quaint *Ariel,*
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it ſhall be done. [*Exit.*

Pro. Thou poiſonous ſlave, got by the devil himſelf
Upon thy wicked dam; come forth, thou tortoiſe.

SCENE IV.

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother bruſh'd
With raven's feather from unwholſome fen,
Drop on you both! a ſouth-weſt blow on ye,
And bliſter you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be ſure, to-night thou ſhalt have cramps,
Side-ſtitches that ſhall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vaſt of night that they may work,
All exerciſe on thee: thou ſhalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more ſtinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I muſt eat my dinner.
This Iſland's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'ſt from me. When thou cameſt firſt
Thou ſtroak'dſt me and mad'ſt much of me; would'ſt give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how

To name the bigger light, and how the leſs,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And ſhew'd thee all the qualities o' th' Iſle,
The freſh ſprings, brine-pits; barren place and fertile.
Curs'd be I that I did ſo! all the charms
Of *Sycorax*, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the ſubjects that you have,
Who firſt was mine own King: and here you ſty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The reſt of th' Iſland.

Pro. Thou moſt lying ſlave,
Whom ſtripes may move, not kindneſs; I have us'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with human care, and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, 'till thou didſt ſeek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, I wou'd it had been done!
Thou didſt prevent me, I had peopled elſe
This Iſle with *Calibans*.

Pro. Abhorred ſlave;
Who any print of goodneſs will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other. When thou could'ſt not, ſavage,
Shew thine own meaning, but didſt gabble like
A thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race
(Tho' thou didſt learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore waſt thou
Deſervedly confin'd into this rock.

Cal. You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curſe: the red-plague rid you
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-ſeed, hence!
Fetch us in fewel, and be quick (thou 'wert beſt)
To anſwer other buſineſs. Shrug'ſt thou, malice?
If thou neglect'ſt, or doſt unwillingly

What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beaſts ſhall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee.
I muſt obey, his art is of ſuch pow'r
It would controul my dam's god *Setebos*,
And make a vaſſal of him.

Pro. So, ſlave, hence! [*Exit* Caliban.

SCENE V.

Enter Ferdinand, *and* Ariel *inviſible, playing and ſinging.*

ARIEL's SONG.

Come unto theſe yellow ſands,
And then take hands:
Curt'ſied when you have and kiſt;
The wild waves whiſt;
Foot it featly here and there,
And ſweet ſprites the burthen bear. [Burthen diſperſedly.
Hark, hark, bough-wawgh: the watch-dogs bark,
Bough-wawgh.
Ari. *Hark, hark, I hear*
The ſtrain of ſtrutting chanticlere,
Cry Cock-a-doodle-do.

Fer. Where ſhould this muſick be? in air, or earth?
It ſounds no more: and ſure it waits upon
Some God o' th' Iſland. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping againſt the King my father's wreck,
This muſick crept by me upon the waters
Allaying both their fury and my paſſion,
With it's ſweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather ---- but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL's

ARIEL's SONG.

Full fathom five thy father lyes,
Of his bones are coral made:
Thoſe are pearls that were his eyes,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth ſuffer a ſea-change,
Into ſomething rich and ſtrange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong bell.
[Burthen: ding-dong.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father;
This is no mortal buſineſs, nor no ſound
That the earth owns: I hear it now above me.

SCENE VI.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And ſay what thou ſeeſt yond.
Mira. What is't, a ſpirit?
Lord, how it looks about! believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a ſpirit.
Pro. No, wench, it eats, and ſleeps, and hath ſuch ſenſes
As we have, ſuch. This gallant which thou ſeeſt
Was in the wreck: and but he's ſomething ſtain'd
With grief (that's beauty's canker) thou might'ſt call him
A goodly perſon. He hath loſt his fellows,
And ſtrays about to find 'em.
Mira. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever ſaw ſo noble.
Pro. It goes on, [*Aſide.*
I ſee, as my ſoul prompts it. Spirit, I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
Fer. Moſt ſure the Goddeſs
On whom theſe ayres attend! vouchſafe my pray'r

May

May know if you remain upon this Iſland,
And that you will ſome good inſtruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime requeſt
(Which I do laſt pronounce) is, O you wonder!
If you be made or no?

Mira. No wonder, Sir,
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heav'ns!
I am the beſt of them that ſpeak this ſpeech,
Were I but where 'tis ſpoken.

Pro. How? the beſt?
What wert thou if the King of *Naples* heard thee?

Fer. A ſingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee ſpeak of *Naples*. He does hear me;
And that he does, I weep: my ſelf am *Naples*,
Who, with mine eyes (ne'er ſince at ebb) beheld
The King my father wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes faith, and all his lords; the Duke of *Milan*
And his brave ſon, being twain.

Pro. The Duke of *Milan*
And his more braver daughter could controll thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't: ---- At the firſt ſight
They have chang'd eyes: (delicate *Ariel*,
I'll ſet thee free for this.) A word, good Sir,
I fear you've done your ſelf ſome wrong: a word.

Mira. Why ſpeaks my father ſo ungently? this
Is the third man that e'er I ſaw; the firſt
That e'er I ſigh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of *Naples*.

Pro. Soft Sir, one word more. ----
They're both in either's pow'r: but this ſwift buſineſs
I muſt uneaſie make, leſt too light winning

Make

Make the prize light. Sir, one word more; *I charge thee* [*To* Ariel.
That thou attend me, thou doſt here uſurp
The name thou ow'ſt not, and haſt put thy ſelf
Upon this iſland, as a ſpy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I'm a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in ſuch a temple:
If the ill ſpirit have ſo fair an houſe,
Good things will ſtrive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.
Speak you not for him: he's a traitor. Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water ſhalt thou drink, thy food ſhall be
The freſh-brook muſcles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No,
I will reſiſt ſuch entertainment, 'till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too raſh a tryal of him; for
He's gentle, tho' not fearful.

Pro. What, I ſay,
My foot my tutor? put thy ſword up, traitor,
Who mak'ſt a ſhew, but dar'ſt not ſtrike; thy conſcience
Is all poſſeſt with guilt: come from thy ward,
For I can here diſarm thee with this ſtick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beſeech you, father.

Pro. Hence: hang not on my garment.

Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his ſurety.

Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impoſtor? huſh!
Thou think'ſt there are no more ſuch ſhapes as he,

(Having

(Having ſeen but him and *Caliban*) fooliſh wench,
To th' moſt of men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are angels.
Mira. My affections
Are then moſt humble: I have no ambition
To ſee a goodlier man.
Pro. Come on, obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My ſpirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loſs, the weakneſs which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, and this man's threats,
To whom I am ſubdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my priſon once a day
Behold this maid: all corners elſe o' th' earth
Let liberty make uſe of; ſpace enough
Have I, in ſuch a priſon.
Pro. It works: come on.
Thou haſt done well, fine *Ariel:* follow me.
Hark what thou elſe ſhalt do me.
Mira. Be of comfort,
My father's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by ſpeech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.
Pro. Thou ſhalt be as free [*To* Ariel.
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ari. To th' ſyllable.
Pro. Come follow: ſpeak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another Part of the Iſland.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, *and others.*

GONZALO.

BEſeech you Sir, be merry: you have cauſe
(So have we all) of joy; for our eſcape
Is much beyond our loſs; our hint of woe
Is common; every day, ſome ſailor's wife,
The maſters of ſome merchant, and the merchant
Have juſt our theam of woe: but for the miracle,
(I mean our preſervation) few in millions
Can ſpeak like us: then wiſely, good Sir, weigh
Our ſorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The adviſer will not give o'er ſo.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit, by and by it will ſtrike.

Gon. Sir.

Seb. On: tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd; comes to the entertainer ----

Seb. A dollor.

Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you have ſpoken truer than you propos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiſelier than I meant you ſhould.

Gon. Therefore, my lord.

Ant. Fie, what a ſpend-thrift is he of his tongue?

Alon. I pr'ythee ſpare.

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet ----

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or *Adrian*, for a good wager, firſt begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrell.

Seb. Done: the wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this Iſland ſeem to be deſart ----

Seb. Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. So: you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almoſt inacceſſible ----

Seb. Yet, ----

Adr. Yet ----

Ant. He could not miſs't.

Adr. It muſt needs be of ſubtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. *Temperance* was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a ſubtle, as he moſt learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here moſt ſweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True, ſave means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none or little.

Gon. How luſh and luſty the graſs looks? how green?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He miſſes not much.

Seb. No: he does but miſtake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almoſt beyond credit ----

Seb. As many voucht rarities are.

Gon. That our garments being (as they were) drench'd in the ſea, hold notwithſtanding their freſhneſs and gloſſes, being rather new dy'd than ſtain'd with ſalt water.

Ant.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could ſpeak, would it not ſay he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falſely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as freſh as when we put them on firſt in *Africk*, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter *Claribel* to the King of *Tunis*.

Seb. 'Twas a ſweet marriage, and we proſper well in our return.

Adr. *Tunis* was never graced before with ſuch a paragon to their Queen.

Gon. Not ſince widow *Dido*'s time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that: how came that widow in? widow *Dido!*

Seb. What if he had ſaid widower *Æneas* too? Good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow *Dido*, ſaid you? you make me ſtudy of that: ſhe was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

Gon. This *Tunis*, Sir, was *Carthage*.

Adr. *Carthage?*

Gon. I aſſure you *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houſes too.

Ant. What impoſſible matter will he make eaſie next?

Seb. I think he will carry this Iſland home in his pocket, and give it his ſon for an apple.

Ant. And ſowing the kernels of it in the ſea, bring forth more Iſlands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments ſeem now as freſh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queen.

Ant. And the rareſt that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beſeech you, widow *Dido*.

Ant. O, widow *Dido!* ay, widow *Dido!*

Gon. Is not my doublet, Sir, as freſh as the firſt day I wore it? I mean in a ſort.

Ant. That ſort was well fiſh'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage.

Alon. You cram theſe words into mine ears againſt
The ſtomach of my ſenſe. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for coming thence
My ſon is loſt, and, in my rate, ſhe too,
Who is ſo far from *Italy* remov'd,
I ne'er again ſhall ſee her: O thou mine heir
Of *Naples* and of *Milan*, what ſtrange fiſh
Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live.
I ſaw him beat the ſurges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whoſe enmity he flung aſide; and breaſted
The ſurge moſt ſwoll'n that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himſelf with his good arms in luſty ſtrokes
To th' ſhore; that o'er his wave-worn baſis bow'd
As ſtooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank your ſelf for this great loſs,
That would not bleſs our *Europe* with your daughter,
But rather loſe her to an *African*;
Where ſhe, at leaſt, is baniſh'd from your eye,
Who hath cauſe to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwiſe
By all of us: and the fair ſoul her ſelf
Weigh'd between loathneſs and obedience, at
Which end the beam ſhould bow. We've loſt your ſon
I fear for ever: *Milan* and *Naples* have
More widows in them of this buſineſs' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's

Your own.

Alon. So is the deareſt of the loſs.

Gon. My lord *Sebaſtian*,
The truth you ſpeak doth lack ſome gentleneſs
And th' time you ſpeak it in: you rub the ſore
When you ſhould bring the plaiſter.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And moſt chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I the planting of this iſle, my lord——

Ant. He'd ſow't with nettle-ſeed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the King of it, what would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I' th' commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffick
Would I admit; no name of magiſtrate;
Letters ſhould not be known; wealth, poverty,
And uſe of ſervice, none; contract, ſucceſſion,
Borne, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, olives, none;
No uſe of metal, corn, or wine, or oyl;
No occupation, all men idle, all,
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No Sov'reignty.

Seb. And yet he would be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature ſhould produce
Without ſweat or endeavour. Treaſon, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine
Would I not have; but nature ſhould bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foyzon, all abundance
To feed my innocent people.

Seb.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his ſubjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with ſuch perfection govern, Sir,
T' excell the golden age.

Seb. Save his Majeſty!

Ant. Long live *Gonzalo!*

Gon. And do you mark me, Sir?

Alon. Pr'ythee no more; thou doſt talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your Highneſs, and did it to miniſter occaſion to theſe gentlemen, who are of ſuch ſenſible and nimble lungs, that they always uſe to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: ſo you may continue, and laugh at nothing ſtill.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave metal; you would lift the moon out of her ſphere, if ſhe would continue in it five weeks without changing. [*Enter* Ariel *playing ſolemn muſick.*

Seb. We would ſo, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord be not angry.

Gon. No I warrant you, I will not adventure my diſcretion ſo weakly: will you laugh me aſleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go ſleep, and hear us.

Alon. What all ſo ſoon aſleep? I wiſh mine eyes
Would with themſelves ſhut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclin'd to do ſo.

Seb. Pleaſe you, Sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It ſeldom viſits ſorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your perſon, while you take your reſt,
And watch your ſafety.

Alon. Thank you: wond'rous heavy.

[*All ſleep but* Seb. *and* Ant.

Seb.

Seb. What a ſtrange drowſineſs poſſeſſes them?
Ant. It is the quality o' th' climate.
Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids ſink? I find not
My ſelf diſpos'd to ſleep.
Ant. Nor I, my ſpirits are nimble:
They fell together all as by conſent,
They dropt as by a thunder-ſtroke. What might?
Worthy *Sebaſtian* —— O, what might? —— no more.
And yet methinks I ſee it in thy face,
What thou ſhould'ſt be: th' occaſion ſpeaks thee, and
My ſtrong imagination ſees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What, art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me ſpeak?
Seb. I do; and ſurely
It is a ſleepy language, and thou ſpeak'ſt
Out of thy ſleep: what is it thou didſt ſay?
This is a ſtrange repoſe, to be aſleep
With eyes wide open: ſtanding, ſpeaking, moving;
And yet ſo faſt aſleep.
Ant. Noble *Sebaſtian*,
Thou let'ſt thy fortune ſleep, die rather: wink'ſt
Whilſt thou art waking.
Seb. Thou doſt ſnore diſtinctly;
There's meaning in thy ſnores.
Ant. I am more ſerious than my cuſtom. You
Muſt be ſo, if you heed me; which to do,
Troubles thee not.
Seb. Well: I am ſtanding water.
Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do ſo: to ebb
Hereditary ſloth inſtructs me.
Ant. O!
If you but knew how you the purpoſe cheriſh,
Whilſt thus you mock it; how in ſtripping it

You

You more inveſt it! ebbing men, indeed,
Moſt often do ſo near the bottom run,
By their own fear or ſloth.
Seb. Pr'ythee ſay on,
The ſetting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.
Ant. Why then thus Sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance; this
Who ſhall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almoſt perſuaded
(For he'as a ſpirit of perſuaſion, only
Profeſſes to perſuade) the King his ſon's alive;
'Tis as impoſſible that he's undrown'd,
As he that ſleeps here, ſwims.
Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you? no hope that way, is
Another way ſo high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But drops diſcovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd?
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then tell me
Who's the next heir of *Naples*?
Seb. Claribel.
Ant. She that is Queen of *Tunis*; ſhe that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; ſhe that from *Naples*
Can have no [a] Note, unleſs the ſun were poſt,
(The man i'th' moon's too ſlow) 'till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; ſhe from whom
We were ſea-ſwallow'd; tho' ſome, caſt again,
May by that deſtiny perform an act
Whereof what's paſt is prologue, what to come

(a) *No advices by letter.*

Is

Is yours and my diſcharge ——
Seb. What ſtuff is this? how ſay you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of *Tunis*,
So is ſhe heir of *Naples*, 'twixt which regions
There is ſome ſpace.
Ant. A ſpace whoſe ev'ry cubit
Seems to cry out, how ſhalt thou, *Claribel*,
Meaſure it back to *Naples*? Keep in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebaſtian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath ſeiz'd them, why they were no worſe
Than now they are: there be that can rule *Naples*
As well as he that ſleeps; lords that can prate
As amply, and unneceſſarily,
As this *Gonzalo*; I my ſelf could make
A Chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do; what a ſleep were this
For your advancement! do you underſtand me?
Seb. Methinks I do.
Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
Seb. I remember
You did ſupplant your brother *Proſp'ro*.
Ant. True:
And look how well my garments ſit upon me,
Much feater than before. My brother's ſervants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Seb. But for your conſcience.
Ant. Ay, Sir; where lyes that?
If 'twere a kybe, 'twould put me to my ſlipper:
But I feel not this deity in my boſom.
Ten conſciences that ſtood 'twixt me and *Milan*,
Candy'd were they, wou'd melt ere they moleſted.
Here lyes your brother ——
No better than the earth he lyes upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I with this obedient ſteel, three inches of it,

Can lay to bed for ever; you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for ay might put
This ancient Morſel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our courſe. For all the reſt,
They'll take ſuggeſtion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any buſineſs that
We ſay befits the hour.

Seb. Thy caſe, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'ſt *Milan*,
I'll come by *Naples*. Draw thy ſword, one ſtroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'ſt,
And I the King ſhall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo*.

Seb. But one word.

Enter Ariel *with Muſick and Song.*

Ari. My maſter through his art foreſees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and ſends me forth
(For elſe his project dies) to keep you living.
[*Sings in* Gonzalo's *Ear.*

While you here do ſnoaring lye,
Open-ey'd conſpiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off ſlumber, and beware.
Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be ſudden.

Gon. Now, good angels preſerve the King! [*They wake.*

Alon. Why how now ho? awake! why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghaſtly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. While we ſtood here ſecuring your repoſe,
Ev'n now we heard a hollow burſt of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did't not wake you?

It ſtrook mine ear moſt terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monſter's ear;
To make an earthquake: ſure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this?

Gon. Upon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
And that a ſtrange one too, which did awake me.
I ſhak'd you, Sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I ſaw their weapons drawn: there was a noiſe,
That's verity. 'Tis beſt we ſtand on guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground, and let's make further ſearch
For my poor ſon.

Gon. Heav'ns keep him from theſe beaſts!
For he is ſure i' th' iſland.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. *Proſp'ro* my lord ſhall know what I have done.
So, King, go ſafely on to ſeek thy ſon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to another part of the Iſland.

Enter Caliban *with a burden of wood*; *a noiſe of thunder heard.*

Cal. ALL the infections that the ſun ſucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on *Proſper* fall, and make him
By inch-meal a diſeaſe! his ſpirits hear me,
And yet I needs muſt curſe. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin ſhews, pitch me i' th' mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unleſs he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they ſet upon me.
Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which

Lye tumbling in my bare-foot-way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; ſometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiſs me into madneſs. Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a ſp'rit of his now to torment me,
For bringing wood in ſlowly. I'll fall flat,
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither buſh nor ſhrub to bear off any weather at all, and another ſtorm brewing; I hear it ſing i'th' wind: yond ſame black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would ſhed his liquor. If it ſhould thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond ſame cloud cannot chuſe but fall by pailfuls —— What have we here, a man or a fiſh? dead or alive? a fiſh; he ſmells like a fiſh: a very ancient and fiſh-like ſmell. A kind of, not of the neweſt, *Poor John*: a ſtrange fiſh! Were I in *England* now, as once I was, and had but this fiſh painted, not an holyday-fool there but would give a piece of ſilver. There would this monſter make a man; any ſtrange beaſt there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to ſee a dead *Indian*. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! warm o' my troth! I do now let looſe my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fiſh, but an Iſlander that hath lately ſuffer'd by a thunder-bolt. Alas! the ſtorm is come again. My beſt way is to creep under his gabar-dine: there is no other ſhelter hereabout; miſery acquaints a man with ſtrange bed-fellows: I will here ſhrowd 'till the dregs of the ſtorm be paſt.

SCENE III.

Enter Stephano *ſinging*.

Ste. *I ſhall no more to ſea, to ſea, here ſhall I die a-ſhore.*
This is a very ſcurvy tune to ſing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Sings.

Sings. *The maſter, the ſwabber, the boatſwain and I,*
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, Marrian *and* Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For ſhe had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a ſailor, go hang:
She lov'd not the ſavour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a taylor might ſcratch her where-e'er ſhe did itch.
Then to ſea, boys, and let her go hang.
This is a ſcurvy tune too: but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me: oh!

Ste. What's the matter? have we devils here? do you put tricks upon's with ſalvages, and men of *Inde?* ha? I have not 'ſcap'd drowning to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been ſaid, as proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it ſhall be ſaid ſo again, while *Stephano* breaths at his noſtrils.

Cal. The ſpirit torments me: oh!

Ste. This is ſome monſter of the Iſle with four legs; who has got, as I take it, an ague: where the devil ſhould he learn our language? I will give him ſome relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a preſent for any Emperor that ever trod on neats-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee; I'll bring my wood home faſter.

Ste. He's in a fit now; and does not talk after the wiſeſt: he ſhall taſte of my bottle. If he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I can not ask too much for him; he ſhall pay for him, that hath him, and that ſoundly.

Cal. Thou doſt me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon; I know it by my trembling: now *Proſper* works upon me.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to a Cat; open your mouth; this will ſhake your ſhaking, I can tell you, and that ſoundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin.

Trin. I ſhould know that voice: it ſhould be —— but he is drown'd; and theſe are devils; O! defend me.

Ste. Four legs and two voices; a moſt delicate monſter! his forward voice now is to ſpeak of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul ſpeeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: come! *Amen*! I will pour ſome in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? mercy! mercy! this is a devil, and no monſter: I will leave him; I have no long ſpoon.

Trin. Stephano! If thou beeſt *Stephano*, touch me, and ſpeak to me; for I am *Trinculo*; be not afraid, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

Ste. If thou beeſt *Trinculo*, come forth, I'll pull thee by the leſſer legs: if any be *Trinculo*'s legs, theſe are they. Thou art very *Trinculo* indeed: how cam'ſt thou to be the ſiege of this moon-calf? can he vent *Trinculo*'s?

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-ſtroke: but art thou not drown'd, *Stephano?* I hope now thou art not drown'd: is the ſtorm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gabardine, for fear of the ſtorm: and art thou living, *Stephano?* O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitans* 'ſcap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee do not turn me about, my ſtomach is not conſtant.

Cal. Theſe be fine things, an if they be not ſprights: that's a brave god, and bears celeſtial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didſt thou 'ſcape? how cam'ſt thou hither? ſwear by this bottle how thou cam'ſt hither: I eſcap'd upon a butt of ſack, which the ſailors heav'd o'er-board; by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, ſince I was caſt a-ſhore.

Cal. I'll ſwear, upon that bottle, to be thy true ſubject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here: ſwear then: how eſcap'dſt thou?

Trin. Swom a-ſhore, man, like a duck; I can ſwim like a duck, I'll be ſworn.

Ste. Here, kiſs the book. Though thou canſt ſwim like a duck, thou

thou art made like a gooſe.

Trin. O *Stephano*, haſt any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by th' ſea-ſide, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf, how does thine ague?

Cal. Haſt thou not dropt from heav'n?

Ste. Out o'th' moon, I do aſſure thee. I was the man in th' moon when time was.

Cal. I have ſeen thee in her; and I do adore thee: my miſtreſs ſhew'd me thee, and thy dog and thy buſh.

Ste. Come ſwear to that; kiſs the book: I will furniſh it anon with new contents: ſwear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very ſhallow monſter: I afraid of him? a very ſhallow monſter: the man i'th' moon? a moſt poor credulous monſter: well drawn, monſter, in good ſooth.

Cal. I'll ſhew thee every fertile inch o' th' Iſle, and I will kiſs thy foot: I pr'ythee be my god.

Trin. By this light, a moſt perfidious and drunken monſter; when his god's aſleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiſs thy foot. I'll ſwear my ſelf thy ſubject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and ſwear.

Trin. I ſhall laugh my ſelf to death at this puppy-headed monſter: a moſt ſcurvy monſter! I could find in my heart to beat him ----

Ste. Come, kiſs.

Trin. ---- But that the poor monſter's in drink: an abominable monſter!

Cal. I'll ſhew thee the beſt ſprings; I'll pluck thee berries,
I'll fiſh for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I ſerve!
I'll bear him no more ſticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man.

Trin. A moſt ridiculous monſter, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee let me bring thee where crabs grow,
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;

Shew

Shew thee a jay's neſt, and inſtruct thee how
To ſnare the nimble marmazet; I'll bring thee
To cluſt'ring filberds, and ſometimes I'll get thee
Young ſea-malls from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King and all our company elſe being drown'd, we will inherit here. Here, bear my bottle; fellow *Trinculo*, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] *Farewel, maſter; farewel, farewel.*

Trin. A howling monſter; a drunken monſter!

Cal. *No more dams I'll make for fiſh,*
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
Nor ſcrape trencher, nor waſh diſh.
Ban', Ban', Cacalyban
Has a new maſter, get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day, hey-day, freedom, freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monſter, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Proſpero's *Cave.*

Enter Ferdinand, *bearing a log.*

FERDINAND.

THere be ſome ſports are painful, but their labour
Delight in them ſets off: ſome kinds of baſeneſs
Are nobly undergone, and moſt poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task wou'd be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious, but
The miſtreſs which I ſerve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleaſures: O, ſhe is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harſhneſs. I muſt move

Some

Some thouſands of theſe logs, and pile them up,
Upon a ſore injunction. My ſweet miſtreſs
Weeps when ſhe ſees me work, and ſays, ſuch baſeneſs
Had never like executor; I forget;
Nay, theſe ſweet thoughts do ev'n refreſh my labour,
Leaſt buſie when I do it.

Enter Miranda, *and* Proſpero *at a diſtance unſeen.*

Mira. Alas! now, pray you,
Work not ſo hard; I would the lightning had
Burnt up thoſe logs that you' re enjoin'd to pile:
Pray, ſet it down, and reſt you; when this burns,
'Twill weep for having weary'd you: my father
Is hard at ſtudy, pray now, reſt your ſelf,
He's ſafe for theſe three hours.

Fer. O moſt dear miſtreſs,
The ſun will ſet before I ſhall diſcharge
What I muſt ſtrive to do.

Mira. If you'll ſit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that,
I'll carry't to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature,
I'ad rather crack my ſinews, break my back,
Than you ſhould ſuch diſhonour undergo,
While I ſit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you; and I ſhould do it
With much more eaſe; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is againſt.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art
Infected, and this viſitation ſhews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble miſtreſs, 'tis freſh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beſeech you,
(Chiefly that I might ſet it in my prayers)
What is your name?

Mira. Miranda. O my father,
I've broke your heſt, to ſay ſo.
Fer. Admir'd *Miranda!*
Indeed the top of admiration, worth
What's deareſt to the world; full many a lady
I've ey'd with beſt regard, and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for ſev'ral virtues
Have I lik'd ſev'ral women, never any
With ſo full ſoul, but ſome defect in her
Did quarrel with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,
So perfect, and ſo peerleſs, are created
Of every creature's beſt.
Mira. I do not know
One of my ſex; no woman's face remember,
Save from my glaſs mine own; nor have I ſeen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father; how features are abroad
I'm skilleſs of; but, by my modeſty,
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wiſh
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a ſhape,
Beſides your ſelf, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I do forget.
Fer. I am, in my condition,
A Prince, *Miranda*; I do think, a King;
(I would not ſo!) and would no more endure
This wooden ſlavery, than I would ſuffer
The fleſh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my ſoul ſpeak;
The very inſtant that I ſaw you, did
My heart fly to your ſervice, there reſides
To make me ſlave to it, and for your ſake
Am I this patient log-man.
Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heav'n, O earth, bear witneſs to this ſound,
And crown what I profeſs with kind event,
If I ſpeak true; if hollowly, invert
What beſt is boaded me, to miſchief! I,
Beyond all limit of aught elſe i'th' world,
Do love, prize, honour you.
Mira. I am a fool
To weep at what I'm glad of.
Pro. Fair encounter
Of two moſt rare affections! heav'ns rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!
Fer. Wherefore weep you?
Mira. At mine unworthineſs, that dare not offer
What I deſire to give, and much leſs take
What I ſhall die to want: but this is trifling;
And all the more it ſeeks to hide it ſelf,
The bigger bulk it ſhews. Hence, baſhful cunning;
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your ſervant,
Whether you will or no.
Fer. My miſtreſs, deareſt,
And I thus humble ever.
Mira. My husband then?
Fer. Ay, with a heart ſo willing
As bondage e'er of freedom; here's my hand.
Mira. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewel
'Till half an hour hence.
Fer. A thouſand, thouſand. [*Exeunt.*
Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are ſurpriz'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet ere ſupper-time muſt I perform
Much buſineſs appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the Iſland.

Enter Caliban, Stephano *and* Trinculo.

Ste. TEll not me; when the butt is out, we will drink water, not a drop before; therefore bear up, and board 'em; ſervant monſter, drink to me.

Trin. Servant monſter! the folly of this Iſland! they ſay there's but five upon this Iſle; we are three of them, if the other two be brain'd like us, the ſtate totters.

Ste. Drink, ſervant monſter, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almoſt ſet in thy head.

Trin. Where ſhould they be ſet elſe? he were a brave monſter indeed if they were ſet in his tail.

Ste. My man-monſter hath drown'd his tongue in ſack; for my part, the ſea cannot drown me. I ſwam, ere I could recover the ſhore, five and thirty leagues, off and on; by this light thou ſhalt be my lieutenant, monſter, or my ſtandard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you liſt; he's no ſtandard.

Ste. We'll not run, monſieur monſter.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you'll lye like dogs, and yet ſay nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, ſpeak once in thy life, if thou beeſt a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? let me lick thy ſhoe; I'll not ſerve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou lieſt, moſt ignorant monſter, I am in caſe to juſtle a conſtable; why, thou deboſh'd fiſh thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk ſo much ſack as I to-day? wilt thou tell me a monſtrous lie, being but half a fiſh and half a monſter?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me: wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he! that a monſter ſhould be ſuch a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again; bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree —— the poor monſter's my ſubject, and he ſhall not ſuffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the ſuit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I; kneel and repeat it; I will ſtand, and ſo ſhall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariel *inviſible*.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am ſubject to a tyrant, a ſorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the Iſland.

Ari. Thou lieſt.

Cal. Thou lieſt, thou jeſting monkey, thou;
I would my valiant maſter would deſtroy thee;
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand I will ſupplant ſome of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I ſaid nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more; proceed.

Cal. I ſay, by ſorcery he got this Iſle,
From me he got it. If thy greatneſs will
Revenge it on him, for I know thou dar'ſt,
But this thing dares not;

Ste. That's moſt certain.

Cal. Thou ſhalt be lord of it, and I'll ſerve *thee*.

Ste. How ſhall this be compaſt? canſt thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord, I'll yield him thee aſleep,
Where thou may'ſt knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou lieſt, thou canſt not.

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this? thou ſcurvy patch!
I do beſeech thy greatneſs, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him; when that's gone,
He ſhall drink nought but brine, for I'll not ſhew him
Where the quick freſhes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monſter

fter one word further, and by this hand I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a ſtock-fiſh of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Ste. Didſt thou not ſay he ly'd?

Ari. Thou lieſt.

Ste. Do I ſo? take thou that. [*Beats him.*
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lie; out o'your wits and hearing too? A pox o'your bottle! this can ſack and drinking do: a murrain on your monſter, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your tale; pr'ythee ſtand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough; after a little time
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a cuſtom with him
I'th' afternoon to ſleep; there thou may'ſt brain him,
Having firſt ſeiz'd his books: or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a ſtake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
Firſt to poſſeſs his books; for without them
He's but a ſot, as I am; and hath not
One ſpirit to command. They all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;
He has brave utenſils, for ſo he calls them,
Which, when he has an houſe, he'll deck't withal.
And that moſt deeply to conſider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himſelf
Calls her a non-pareil: I ne'er ſaw woman
But only *Sycorax* my dam, and her;
But ſhe as far ſurpaſſes *Sycorax*
As greateſt does the leaſt.

Ste. Is it ſo brave a laſs?

Cal. Ay, lord; ſhe will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monſter, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be

King

King and Queen, ſave our Graces: and *Trinculo* and thy ſelf ſhall be Vice-Roys. Doſt thou like the plot, *Trinculo*?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am ſorry I beat thee: but while thou liv'ſt, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be aſleep;
Wilt thou deſtroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on my honour.

Ari. This will I tell my maſter.

Cal. Thou mak'ſt me merry; I am full of pleaſure;
Let us be jocund. Will you troul the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy requeſt, monſter, I will do reaſon, any reaſon: come on, *Trinculo*, let us ſing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and ſkout 'em; and ſkout 'em, and flout 'em; thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[Ariel *plays the Tune on a Tabor and Pipe.*

Ste. What is this ſame?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, plaid by the picture of no-body.

Ste. If thou be'ſt a man, ſhew thy ſelf in thy likeneſs; if thou be'ſt a devil, take't as thou liſt.

Trin. O forgive me my ſins!

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defie thee. Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Ste. No, monſter, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid; the iſle is full of noiſes,
Sounds, and ſweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thouſand twanging inſtruments
Will hum about mine ears; and ſometimes voices,
That if I then had wak'd after long ſleep,
Will make me ſleep again; and then in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and ſhew riches
Ready to drop upon me; when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I ſhall have my muſick for nothing.

Cal. When *Proſpero* is deſtroy'd.

Ste. That ſhall be by and by: I remember the ſtory.

Trin. The ſound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monſter; we'll follow. I would I could ſee this taborer. He lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, *Stephano.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes again.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, *&c.*

Gon. BY'R lakin, I can go no further, Sir,
My old bones ake: here's a maze trod indeed
Through forth-rights and meanders: by your patience,
I needs muſt reſt me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am my ſelf attach'd with wearineſs
To th' dulling of my ſpirits: ſit down and reſt.
Ev'n here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatt'rer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we ſtray to find, and the ſea mocks
Our fruſtrate ſearch on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's ſo out of hope. [*Aſide to* Seb.
Do not, for one repulſe, forego the purpoſe
That you reſolv'd t'effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppreſs'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, uſe ſuch Vigilance

As

As when they're freſh.

Seb. I ſay to-night: no more.

Solemn and ſtrange Muſick, and Proſpero *on the top inviſible. Enter ſeveral ſtrange ſhapes, bringing in a banquet; and dance about it with gentle actions of ſalutation, and inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous ſweet muſick!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heaven! what are theſe?

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in *Arabia*
There is one tree the phœnix' throne, one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both:
And what does elſe want credit, come to me,
And I'll be ſworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er lied,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in *Naples*
I ſhould report this now, would they believe me?
If I ſhould ſay I ſaw ſuch iſlanders:
(For certes theſe are people of the iſland)
Who tho' they are of monſtrous ſhape, yet note
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you ſhall find
Many; nay, almoſt any.

Pro. Honeſt lord,
Thou haſt ſaid well; for ſome of you there preſent
Are worſe than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muſe,
Such ſhapes, ſuch geſture, and ſuch ſound, expreſſing
(Although they want the uſe of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb diſcourſe.

Pro. Praiſe in departing.

Fran. They vaniſh'd ſtrangely.

Seb. 'Tis no matter, ſince

They've left their viands behind; for we have ſtomachs.
Will't pleaſe you taſte of what is here?

Ant. Not I.

Gon. Faith, Sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapt like bulls, whoſe throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of fleſh? or that there were ſuch men,
Whoſe heads ſtood in their breaſts? which now we find
Each [a] putter out on five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will ſtand to, and feed,
Although my laſt; no matter, ſince I feel
The beſt is paſt. Brother, my lord the Duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

SCENE IV.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel *like a harpy, claps his wings upon the table, and with a queint device the banquet vaniſhes.*

Ari. You are three men of ſin, whom deſtiny
(That hath to inſtrument this lower world,
And what is in't) the never-ſurfeited ſea
Hath cauſed to belch up; and on this Iſland,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongſt men
Being moſt unfit to live: I have made you mad;
And ev'n with ſuch like valour men hang and drown
Their proper ſelves. You fools, I and my fellows
[*They draw their ſwords.*
Are miniſters of fate; the elements
Of which your ſwords are temper'd, may as well

(a) *It was a cuſtom heretofore for people upon their going forth to travel to put out ſums of money upon contracts to receive the ſame back with increaſe upon their return: which increaſe bore a proportion to the length and danger of the voyages they undertook; and upon thoſe which were very long and very hazardous it ſometimes roſe to* 500 *per cent.*
See Ben. Johnſon. *Every man out of his humour. Act.* 2. *Sc.* 3.
See alſo Moriſon's *Itinerary. Part* 1. *p.* 198.

Wound

Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at ſtabs
Kill the ſtill-cloſing waters, as diminiſh
One down that's in my plume: my fellow-miniſters
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your ſwords are now too maſſie for your ſtrengths,
And will not be up-lifted. But remember,
(For that's my buſineſs to you) that you three
From *Milan* did ſupplant good *Proſpero*:
Expos'd unto the ſea, (which hath requit it)
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the ſeas and ſhores, yea, all the creatures,
Againſt your peace: thee of thy ſon, *Alonſo*,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition, worſe than any death
Can be at once, ſhall ſtep by ſtep attend
You and your ways; whoſe wraths to guard you from,
Which here in this moſt deſolate Iſle elſe fall
Upon your heads, there's nothing but heart's ſorrow,
And a clear life enſuing.

He vaniſhes in thunder: then, to ſoft muſick, Enter the ſhapes again, and dance with mocks and mowes, and carrying out the table.

Pro. Bravely the figure of this harpy haſt thou
Perform'd, my *Ariel*; a grace it had devouring:
Of my inſtruction haſt thou nothing 'bated
In what thou hadſt to ſay: ſo with good life,
And obſervation ſtrange, my meaner miniſters
Their ſeveral kinds have done; my high charms work,
And theſe, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their diſtractions: they are in my power;
And in theſe fits I leave them, whilſt I viſit
Young *Ferdinand*, who, they ſuppoſe, is drown'd,
And his and my lov'd darling.

Gon. I' th' name of ſomething holy, Sir, why ſtand you

In this ſtrange ſtare?

Alon. O, it is monſtrous! monſtrous!
Methought the billows ſpoke, and told me of it;
The winds did ſing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of *Proſper*: it did baſe my treſpaſs.
Therefore my ſon i' th' ooze is bedded; and
I'll ſeek him deeper than e'er plummet ſounded,
And with him there lye mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy ſecond. [*Exeunt.*

Gon. All three of them are deſp'rate; their great guilt,
Like poiſon giv'n to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the ſpirits. I beſeech you
That are of ſuppler joints, follow them ſwiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecſtaſie
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Proſpero's *Cave.*

Enter Proſpero, Ferdinand, *and* Miranda.

PROSPERO.

IF I have too auſterely puniſh'd you,
Your compenſation makes amends; for I
Have giv'n you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my tryals of thy love, and thou
Haſt ſtrangely ſtood the teſt. Here afore heav'n

I ra-

I ratifie this my rich gift: *Ferdinand*,
Do not ſmile at me that I boaſt her off;
For thou ſhalt find ſhe will outſtrip all praiſe,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I believe it
Againſt an oracle.

Pro. Then as my gift, and thine own acquiſition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: but
If thou doſt break her virgin-knot before
All ſanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be miniſter'd,
No ſweet aſperſion ſhall the heav'ns let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd diſdain, and diſcord ſhall beſtrew
The union of your bed with weeds ſo loathly,
That you ſhall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As *Hymen*'s lamps ſhall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair iſſue, and long life,
With ſuch love as 'tis now: the murkieſt den,
The moſt opportune place, the ſtrong'ſt ſuggeſtion
Our worſer *Genius* can, ſhall never melt
Mine honour into luſt, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I ſhall think or *Phœbus*' ſteeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Moſt fairly ſpoke.
Sit then, and talk with her, ſhe is thine own.
What, *Ariel*; my induſtrious ſervant, *Ariel*.

SCENE II.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent maſter? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your laſt ſervice
Did worthily perform; and I muſt uſe you

In

In ſuch another trick; go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place;
Incite them to quick motion, for I muſt
Beſtow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promiſe,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Preſently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can ſay, Come and go,
And breathe twice; and cry, ſo, ſo;
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, maſter? no?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate *Ariel*; do not approach
'Till thou doſt hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pro. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the ſtrongeſt oaths are ſtraw
To th' fire i' th' blood: be more abſtemious,
Or elſe good-night your vow.

Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
The white, cold virgin-ſnow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.
Now come, my *Ariel*, bring a corollary,
Rather than want a ſpirit, appear, and pertly.
No tongue; all eyes; be ſilent. [*Soft muſick.*

SCENE III.

A MASQUE. Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, moſt bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, fetches, oats, and peaſe;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibling ſheep,
And flat meads, with thatch'd ſtover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned, and tulip'd brims,

Which

Which ſpungy *April* at thy heſt betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaſte crowns; and thy brown groves,
Whoſe ſhadow the diſmiſſed batchelor loves,
Being laſs-lorn; thy pale-clipt vineyard,
And thy ſea-marge ſteril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thy ſelf do'ſt air; the Queen o' th' ſky,
Whoſe wat'ry arch and meſſenger am I,
Bids thee leave theſe, and with her Sov'reign Grace,
Here on this graſs-plot, in this very place [Juno *deſcends.*
To come and ſport; her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail many-colour'd meſſenger, that ne'er
Do'ſt diſobey the wife of *Jupiter:*
Who, with thy ſaffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffuſeſt honey drops, refreſhing ſhowers;
And with each end of thy blue bow do'ſt crown
My bosky acres, and my unſhrub'd down,
Rich ſcarf to my proud earth; why hath thy Queen
Summon'd me hither, to this ſhort-graſs green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And ſome donation freely to eſtate
On the bleſs'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heav'nly bow,
If *Venus* or her ſon, as thou do'ſt know,
Do now attend the Queen? ſince they did plot
The means, that dusky *Dis* my daughter got;
Her and her blind boy's ſcandal'd company
I have forſworn.

Iris. Of her ſociety
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*, and her ſon
Dove-drawn with her; here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
(Whoſe vows are, that no bed-right ſhall be paid

'Till

'Till *Hymen's* torch be lighted) but in vain:
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waſpiſh-headed ſon has broke his arrows,
Swears he will ſhoot no more, but play with ſparrows,
And be a boy right-out.

Cer. High Queen of ſtate,
Great *Juno* comes, I know her by her gate.

Jun. How does my bounteous ſiſter? go with me
To bleſs this twain, that they may proſp'rous be,
And honour'd in their iſſue. [*They ſing.*

Jun. *Honour, riches, marriage bleſſing,*
Long continuance and encreaſing,
Hourly joys be ſtill upon you,
Juno *ſings her bleſſings on you.*
Cer. *Earth's increaſe, and foyſon-plenty,*
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines, with cluſtring bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing:
Spring come to you at the fartheſt,
In the very end of harveſt:
Scarcity and want ſhall ſhun you,
Ceres' *bleſſing ſo is on you.*

Fer. This is a moſt majeſtick viſion, and
Harmonious charming lay; may I be bold
To think theſe ſpirits?

Pro. Spirits which by mine art
I have from all their confines call'd, t'enact
My preſent fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place paradiſe.

Pro. Now ſilence, ſweet!
There's ſomething elſe to do; huſh, and be mute,
Or elſe our ſpell is marr'd.

Juno *and* Ceres *whiſper, and ſend* Iris *on imployment.*

Iris. You nymphs call'd *Nayads* of the winding brooks,
With your ſedg'd crowns, and ever-harmleſs looks,
Leave your criſp channels, and on this green-land
Anſwer your ſummons, *Juno* does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You ſun-burn'd ſicklemen, of *Auguſt* weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day; your rye-ſtraw hats put on,
And theſe freſh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

SCENE IV.

Enter certain reapers, properly habited; they join with the nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Proſpero *ſtarts ſuddenly, and ſpeaks; after which, to a ſtrange, hollow and confuſed noiſe, they vaniſh.*

Pro. I had forgot that foul conſpiracy
Of the beaſt *Caliban*, and his confed'rates,
Againſt my life; the minute of their plot
Is almoſt come. Well done, avoid; no more.

Fer. This is moſt ſtrange; your father's in ſome paſſion
That works him ſtrongly.

Mira. Never 'till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, ſo diſtemper'd.

Pro. Why, you do look, my ſon, in a mov'd ſort;
As if you were diſmay'd; be chearful, Sir:
Our revels now are ended: theſe our actors,
As I foretold you, were all ſpirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baſeleſs fabrick of their viſion,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,

The ſolemn temples, the great globe it ſelf,
Yea, all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve,
And, like this inſubſtantial pageant faded,
Leave not a track behind. We are ſuch ſtuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a ſleep. Sir, I am vext;
Bear with my weakneſs, my old brain is troubled:
Be not diſturb'd with my infirmity;
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repoſe; a turn or two I'll walk
To ſtill my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wiſh you peace. [*Exeunt.*

Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee, *Ariel*: come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to; what's thy pleaſure?

Pro. Spirit!
We muſt prepare to meet with *Caliban.*

Ari. Ay, my commander; when I preſented *Ceres*,
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Leſt I might anger thee.

Pro. But, ſay again, where didſt thou leave theſe varlets?

Ari. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they ſmote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kiſſing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which like unbackt colts they prickt their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noſes,
As they ſmelt muſick; ſo I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briars, ſharp furzes, pricking goſs and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail ſhins: at laſt I left them
I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake
O'er-ſtunk their feet.

Pro.

Pro. This was well done, my bird;
Thy ſhape inviſible retain thou ſtill;
The trumpery in my houſe, go bring it hither,
For ſtale to catch theſe thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whoſe nature
Nurture can never ſtick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, are all loſt, quite loſt;
And, as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers; I will plague them all,
Even to roaring: come, hang them on this line.

SCENE V.

Enter Ariel *loaden with gliſtering apparel*, &c. *Enter* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread ſoftly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monſter, your *Fairy*, which you ſay is a harmleſs *Fairy*, has done little better than plaid the *Jack* with us.

Trin. Monſter, I do ſmell all horſe-piſs, at which my noſe is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine: do you hear, monſter? if I ſhould take a diſpleaſure againſt you; look you ——

Trin. Thou wert but a loſt monſter.

Cal. Good, good my lord, give me thy favour ſtill:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this miſchance; therefore ſpeak ſoftly;
All's huſht as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to loſe our bottles in the pool ——

Ste. There is not only diſgrace and diſhonour in that, monſter, but an infinite loſs.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmleſs *Fairy*, monſter.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er head and ears for my labour.

Cal. Pry'thee, my King, be quiet: ſeeſt thou here,
This is the mouth o' th' cell; no noiſe, and enter;
Do that good miſchief which may make this Iſland
Thine own for ever; and I, thy *Caliban*,
For ay thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano!* O Peer! O worthy *Stephano!* Look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool, it is but traſh.

Trin. Oh, oh, monſter; we know what belongs to a frippery, O King *Stephano.*

Ste. Put off that gown, *Trinculo*; by this hand I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy Grace ſhall have it.

Cal. The dropſie drown this fool! what do you mean
To doat thus on ſuch luggage? let it alone,
And do the murder firſt: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us ſtrange ſtuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monſter. Miſtreſs line, is not this my jerkin? now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to loſe your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; we ſteal by line and level, and't like your Grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jeſt, here's a garment for't: wit ſhall not go unrewarded while I am King of this country: *ſteal by line and level*, is an excellent paſs of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monſter, come put ſome lime upon your fingers, and away with the reſt.

Cal. I will have none on't; we ſhall loſe our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or apes,
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monſter, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away where my hogſhead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom; go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noiſe of hunters heard. Enter divers ſpirits in ſhape of hounds, hunting them about; Proſpero *and* Ariel *ſetting them on.*

Pro. Hey, *Mountain*, hey!
Ari. Silver; there it goes, *Silver!*
Pro. Fury, *Fury*; there, *Tyrant*, there; hark, hark;
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulſions, ſhorten up their ſinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-ſpotted make them
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.
Ari. Hark, they roar.
Pro. Let them be hunted ſoundly. At this hour
Lye at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly ſhall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom; for a little
Follow, and do me ſervice. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Proſpero *in his magick robes, and* Ariel.

PROSPERO.

NOW does my project gather to a head;
My charms crack not; my ſpirits obey, and time
Goes upright with his carriage: how's the day?
Ari. On the ſixth hour, at which time, my lord,
You ſaid our work ſhould ceaſe.
Pro. I did ſay ſo,
When firſt I rais'd the tempeſt; ſay, my ſpirit,
How fares the King and's followers?
Ari. Confin'd
In the ſame faſhion as you gave in charge,
Juſt as you left them, all your priſoners, Sir,
In the *Lime-Grove* which weather-fends your cell.

They

They cannot budge 'till your releaſe. The King,
His brother, and yours, abide all three diſtracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of ſorrow and diſmay; but chiefly
He that you term'd the good old lord *Gonzalo*,
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds; your charm ſo ſtrongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Do'ſt thou think ſo, ſpirit?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine ſhall.
Haſt thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and ſhall not my ſelf
One of their kind, that reliſh all as ſharply,
Paſſion'd as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Tho' with their high wrongs I am ſtruck to th' quick,
Yet, with my nobler reaſon, 'gainſt my fury
Do I take part; the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,
The ſole drift of my purpoſe doth extend
Not a frown further: go releaſe them, *Ariel*;
My charms I'll break, their ſenſes I'll reſtore,
And they ſhall be themſelves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, Sir. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, ſtanding lakes and groves,
And ye that on the ſands with printleſs foot
Do chaſe the ebbing *Neptune*, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demy-puppets that
By moon-ſhine do the green ſour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whoſe paſtime
Is to make midnight muſhrooms; that rejoice
To hear the ſolemn curfew; by whoſe aid

(Weak

(Weak miniſters tho' ye be) I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide ſun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green ſea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war; to the dread ratling thunder
Have I giv'n fire, and rifted *Jove*'s ſtout oak
With his own bolt: the ſtrong-bas'd promontory
Have I made ſhake, and by the ſpurs pluckt up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have wak'd their ſleepers; op'd, and let 'em forth
By my ſo potent art. But this rough magick
I here abjure; and when I have requir'd
Some heav'nly muſick, which ev'n now I do,
(To work mine end upon their ſenſes that
This airy charm is for) I'll break my ſtaff,
Bury it certain fadoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet ſound
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn muſick.*

SCENE III.

Here enters Ariel *before; then* Alonſo *with a frantick geſture, attended by* Gonzalo. Sebaſtian *and* Anthonio *in like manner, attended by* Adrian *and* Franciſco. *They all enter the circle which* Proſpero *had made, and there ſtand charm'd; which* Proſpero *obſerving, ſpeaks:*

A ſolemn air, and the beſt comforter
To an unſettled fancy, cure thy brains
Now uſeleſs, boil'd within thy ſkull! There ſtand,
For you are ſpell-ſtopt. ----
Holy *Gonzalo*, honourable man,
Mine eyes, ev'n ſociable to th' ſhew of thine,
Fall fellow-drops ---- the charm diſſolves apace,
And as the morning ſteals upon the night,
Melting the darkneſs, ſo their riſing ſenſes
Begin to chaſe the ign'rant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reaſon. O my good *Gonzalo*,

My

My true preſerver, and a loyal Sir
To him thou follow'ſt; I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed. --- Moſt cruelly
Didſt thou, *Alonſo*, uſe me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, *Sebaſtian*. --- Fleſh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorſe and nature; who with *Sebaſtian*
(Whoſe inward pinches therefore are moſt ſtrong)
Would here have kill'd your King; I do forgive thee,
Unnat'ral though thou art. Their underſtanding
Begins to ſwell, and the approaching tide
Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable ſhore,
That now lyes foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me. --- *Ariel*,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
I will diſ-caſe me, and my ſelf preſent,
As I was ſometime *Milan*: quickly, Spirit;
Thou ſhalt ere long be free.

Ariel *ſings, and helps to attire him.*

Where the bee ſucks, there lurk I;
In a cowſlip's bell I lye:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After ſun-ſet merrily.
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live now,
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty *Ariel*; I ſhall miſs thee;
But yet thou ſhalt have freedom. So, ſo, ſo.
To the King's ſhip, inviſible as thou art;
There ſhalt thou find the mariners aſleep
Under the hatches; the maſter and the boatſwain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And preſently, I pr'ythee.

Ari.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulſe twice beat. [*Exit.*
Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement
Inhabits here; ſome heav'nly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!
Pro. Lo, Sir King,
The wronged Duke of *Milan, Proſpero:*
For more aſſurance that a living Prince
Does now ſpeak to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.
Alon. Be'ſt thou he or no,
Or ſome inchanted trifle, to abuſe me
As late I have been, I not know; thy pulſe
Beats as of fleſh and blood, and ſince I ſaw thee
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which
I fear a madneſs held me; this muſt crave
(An if this be at all) a moſt ſtrange ſtory:
Thy Dukedom I reſign, and do intreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs; but how ſhould *Proſpero*
Be living, and be here?
Pro. Firſt, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whoſe honour cannot
Be meaſur'd or confin'd.
Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not ſwear.
Pro. You do yet taſte
Some ſubtilties o'th' Iſle, that will not let you
Believe things certain: welcome, my friends all.
But you, my brace of lords, were I ſo minded,
I here could pluck his Highneſs' frown upon you,
And juſtifie you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.
Seb. The devil ſpeaks in him.
Pro. For you, moſt wicked Sir, whom to call brother
[*To* Anthonio.

Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankeſt faults; all of them; and require
My Dukedom of thee, which perforce I know
Thou muſt reſtore.

Alon. If thou beeſt *Proſpero*,
Give us particulars of thy preſervation,
How thou haſt met us here, who three hours ſince
Were wreck'd upon this ſhore; where I have loſt
(How ſharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear ſon *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I'm wo for't, Sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loſs, and patience
Says, it is paſt her cure.

Pro. I rather think
You have not ſought her help, of whoſe ſoft grace,
For the like loſs, I have her ſov'reign aid,
And reſt my ſelf content.

Alon. You the like loſs?

Pro. As great, to me, as late; and, inſupportable
To make the dear loſs, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have loſt my only daughter.

Alon. Only daughter?
O heav'ns! that they were living both in *Naples*,
The King and Queen there; that they were, I wiſh
My ſelf were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my ſon lyes. When did you loſe your daughter?

Pro. In this laſt tempeſt. I perceive theſe lords
At this encounter do ſo much admire,
That they devour their reaſon, and ſcarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but howſoe'er you have
Been juſtled from your ſenſes, know for certain
That I am *Proſp'ro*, and that very Duke
Which was thruſt forth of *Milan*, who moſt ſtrangely
Upon this ſhore, where you were wreck'd, was landed

To

To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfaſt, nor
Befitting this firſt meeting. Welcome, Sir;
This cell's my court; here have I few attendants,
And ſubjects none abroad; pray you, look in;
My Dukedom ſince you've given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At leaſt bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my Dukedom.

SCENE IV.

Here Proſpero *diſcovers* Ferdinand *and* Miranda *playing at cheſs.*

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me falſe.
Fer. No, my dear love,
I would not for the world.
Mira. Yes, for a ſcore of kingdoms you ſhould wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A viſion of the Iſland, one dear ſon
Shall I twice loſe.
Seb. A moſt high miracle!
Fer. Though the ſeas threaten, they are merciful:
I've curs'd them without cauſe.
Alon. Now all the bleſſings
Of a glad father compaſs thee about!
Ariſe, and ſay how thou cam'ſt here.
Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here?
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has ſuch people in't!
Pro. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou waſt at play?
Your eld'ſt acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is ſhe the goddeſs that hath ſever'd us,

And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, ſhe's mortal;
But by immortal providence ſhe's mine;
I choſe her when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: ſhe
Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Milan*,
Of whom ſo often I have heard renown,
But never ſaw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a ſecond life, and ſecond father
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers;
But oh! how odly will it ſound, that I
Muſt ask my child forgiveneſs?
Pro. There, Sir, ſtop;
Let us not burthen our remembrance with
An heavineſs that's gone.
Gon. I've inly wept,
Or ſhould have ſpoke ere this. Look down, you Gods,
And on this couple drop a bleſſed crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.
Alon. I ſay *Amen*, *Gonzalo*.
Gon. Was *Milan* thruſt from *Milan*, that his iſſue
Should become Kings of *Naples!* O rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and ſet it down
In gold on laſting pillars! in one voyage
Did *Claribel* her husband find at *Tunis*;
And *Ferdinand* her brother found a wife,
Where he himſelf was loſt; *Proſpero* his Dukedom
In a poor Iſle; and all of us, our ſelves,
When no man was his own.
Alon. Give me your hands: [*To* Ferd. *and* Miranda.
Let grief and ſorrow ſtill embrace his heart,
That doth not wiſh you joy!
Gon. Be't ſo, *Amen!*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Ariel, *with the Maſter and Boatſwain amazedly following.*

O look, Sir, look, Sir, here are more of us!
I propheſy'd, if a gallows were on land
This fellow could not drown. Now, blaſphemy!
That ſwar'ſt grace o'er-board, not an oath on ſhore?
Haſt thou no mouth by land? what is the news?

Boatſ. The beſt news is, that we have ſafely found
Our King and company; the next, our ſhip,
Which but three glaſſes ſince we gave out ſplit,
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We firſt put out to ſea.

Ari. Sir, all this ſervice
Have I done ſince I went.

Pro. My trickſey ſpirit!

Alon. Theſe are not natural events; they ſtrengthen
From ſtrange to ſtranger. Say, how came you hither?

Boatſ. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd ſtrive to tell you. We were dead a-ſleep,
And, how we know not, all clapt under hatches,
Where but ev'n now with ſtrange and ſev'ral noiſes
Of roaring, ſhrieking, howling, gingling chains,
And more diverſity of ſounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; ſtraightway at liberty:
Where we in all her trim freſhly beheld
Our royal good and gallant ſhip; our maſter
Cap'ring to eye her; on a trice, ſo pleaſe you,
Ev'n in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my diligence; thou ſhalt be free.

Alon. This is as ſtrange a maze as e'er men trod,
And there is in this buſineſs more than nature
Was ever conduct of; ſome oracle

Muſt

Muſt rectifie our knowledge.
Pro. Sir, my Liege,
Do not infeſt your mind with beating on
The ſtrangeneſs of this buſineſs; at pickt leiſure
(Which ſhall be ſhortly) ſingle I'll reſolve you,
Which to you ſhall ſeem probable, of every
Theſe happen'd accidents; 'till when be chearful,
And think of each thing well. Come hither, ſpirit;
Set *Caliban* and his companions free:
Untie the ſpell. How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet miſſing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

SCENE VI.

Enter Ariel, *driving in* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *in their ſtolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man ſhift for all the reſt, and let no man take care for himſelf; for all is but fortune; *Coragio*, bully-monſter, *Coragio.*

Trin. If theſe be true ſpies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly ſight.

Cal. O *Setebos*, theſe be brave ſpirits indeed!
How fine my maſter is! I am afraid
He will chaſtiſe me.

Seb. Ha, ha; what things are theſe, my lord *Anthonio*?
Will mony buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fiſh, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of theſe men, my lords,
Then ſay if they be true: this miſ-ſhap'd knave,
His mother was a witch, and one ſo ſtrong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power:
Theſe three have robb'd me, and this demy-devil
(For he's a baſtard one) had plotted with them

To

To take my life; two of theſe fellows you
Muſt know and own, this thing of darkneſs I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I ſhall be pincht to death.

Alon. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: but how? where had he wine?

Alon. And *Trinculo* is reeling-ripe; where ſhould they
Find this grand 'lixir that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'ſt thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been
In ſuch a pickle ſince I ſaw you laſt,
That, I fear me, will ne'er out of my bones:
I ſhall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, *Stephano?*

Ste. O, touch me not:
I am not *Stephano*, but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be
King o'th' iſle, Sirrah?

Ste. I ſhould have been a ſore one.

Alon. This is a ſtrange thing as I ever look'd on.

Pro. He is as diſproportion'd in his manners
As in his ſhape: go, Sirrah, to my cell,
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handſomly.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wiſe hereafter,
And ſeek for grace. What a thrice double aſs
Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
And worſhip this dull fool?

Pro. Go to, away!

Alon. Hence, and beſtow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or ſtole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your Highneſs and your train
To my poor cell; where you ſhall take your reſt
For this one night, which (part of it) I'll waſte
With ſuch diſcourſe, as I not doubt ſhall make it
Go quick away; the ſtory of my life,

And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this Iſle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ſhip; and ſo to *Naples*.
Where I have hope to ſee the nuptials
Of theſe our dear-beloved ſolemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my *Milan*, where
Every third thought ſhall be my grave.
Alon. I long
To hear the ſtory of your life, which muſt
Take the ear ſtrangely.
Pro. I'll deliver all,
And promiſe you calm ſeas, auſpicious gales,
And ſail ſo expeditious, it ſhall catch
Your royal fleet far off: My *Ariel*, chick,
That is thy charge: Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Pleaſe you, draw near.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *Proſpero.*

NOW my charms are all o'er-thrown,
And what ſtrength I have's mine own;
Which is moſt faint: and now 'tis true
I muſt be here confin'd by you,
Or ſent to Naples. *Let me not,*
Since I have my Dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare iſland by your ſpell;
But releaſe me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my ſails
Muſt fill, or elſe my project fails,
Which was to pleaſe. For now I want
Spirits t' enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is deſpair,
Unleſs I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces ſo, that it aſſaults
Mercy it ſelf, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence ſet me free.

ACT I

SCENE I

GR III
BRITISH MUSEUM

F. Hayman Inv. H. Gravelot sculp.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM. Act 3. Sc. 2.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT's DREAM.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

THESEUS, *Duke of* Athens.
Egeus, *an* Athenian *Lord.*
Lyſander, *in love with* Hermia.
Demetrius, *in love with* Hermia.
Quince, *the Carpenter.*
Snug, *the Joiner.*
Bottom, *the Weaver.*
Flute, *the Bellows-mender.*
Snowt, *the Tinker.*
Starveling, *the Tailor.*
Philoſtrate, *Maſter of the Revels to* Theſeus.
Hippolita, *Princeſs of the* Amazons, *betrothed to* Theſeus.
Hermia, *Daughter to* Egeus, *in love with* Lyſander.
Helena, *in love with* Demetrius.

Attendants.

Oberon, *King of the Fairies.*
Titania, *Queen of the Fairies.*
Puck, *or* Robin-goodfellow, *a Fairy.*
Peaſebloſſom, Cobweb, Moth, Muſtardſeed, } *Fairies.*

Other Fairies attending on the King and Queen.

SCENE Athens, *and a Wood not far from it.*

A Midſummer-Night's Dream.

ACT I. SCENE I.

ATHENS.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Philoſtrate, *with attendants.*

THESEUS.

NOW, fair *Hippolita*, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but oh, methinks, how ſlow
This old moon wanes! ſhe lingers my deſires
Like to a ſtep-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly ſteep themſelves in nights,
Four nights will quickly dream away the time:
And then the moon, like to a ſilver bow
New bent in heaven, ſhall behold the night
Of our ſolemnities.

The. Go, *Philoſtrate*,
Stir up th' *Athenian* youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble ſpirit of mirth:
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit* Phil.
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my ſword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lyſander, *and* Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be *Theſeus*, our renowned Duke!
The. Thanks, good *Egeus*; what's the news with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation, come I with complaint
Againſt my child, my daughter *Hermia*.
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my conſent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lyſander. And, my gracious Duke,
This hath bewitch'd the boſom of my child:
Thou, thou, *Lyſander*, thou haſt giv'n her rhimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou haſt by moon-light at her window ſung,
With feigning voice, verſes of feigned love,
And ſtol'n th' impreſſion of her fantaſie
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, noſegays, ſweet-meats, (meſſengers
Of ſtrong prevailment in unharden'd youth)
With cunning haſt thou filch'd my daughter's heart,
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To ſtubborn harſhneſs. And, my gracious Duke,
Be't ſo ſhe will not here before your Grace
Conſent to marry with *Demetrius*,
I beg the ancient privilege of *Athens*,
As ſhe is mine, I may diſpoſe of her:
Which ſhall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our law,
Immediately provided in that caſe.
The. What ſay you, *Hermia?* be adviſ'd, fair maid.
To you your father ſhould be as a God;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted; and within his power
To leave the figure, or diſfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
Her. So is *Lyſander*.

The.

The. In himſelf he is;
But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other muſt be held the worthier.
Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eyes muſt with his judgment look.
Her. I do intreat your Grace to pardon me:
I know not by what pow'r I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modeſty
In ſuch a preſence here to plead my thoughts:
But I beſeech your Grace, that I may know
The worſt that may befal me in this caſe,
If I refuſe to wed *Demetrius*.
The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the ſociety of men.
Therefore, fair *Hermia*, queſtion your deſires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, not yielding to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in ſhady cloiſter mew'd,
To live a barren ſiſter all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitleſs moon.
Thrice bleſſed they that maſter ſo their blood,
To undergo ſuch maiden pilgrimage!
But earthlier happy is the roſe diſtill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſs.
Her. So will I grow, ſo live, ſo die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordſhip, to whoſe unwiſh'd yoak
My ſoul conſents not to give Sov'reignty.
The. Take time to pauſe, and by the next new moon,
(The ſealing day betwixt my love and me,
For everlaſting bond of fellowſhip)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For diſobedience to your father's will;
Or elſe to wed *Demetrius*, as he would;

Or

Or on *Diana's* altar to proteſt
For aye auſterity and ſingle life.
Dem. Relent, ſweet *Hermia*, and, *Lyſander*, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.
Lyſ. You have her father's love, *Demetrius*;
Let me have *Hermia*'s; do you marry him.
Ege. Scornful *Lyſander!* true, he hath my love;
And what is mine, my love ſhall render him.
And ſhe is mine, and all my right of her
I do eſtate upon *Demetrius*.
Lyſ. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well poſſeſt: my love is more than his:
My fortunes ev'ry way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as *Demetrius*':
And, which is more than all theſe boaſts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous *Hermia*.
Why ſhould not I then proſecute my right?
Demetrius (I'll avouch it to his head)
Made love to *Nedar*'s daughter, *Helena*,
And won her ſoul; and ſhe, ſweet lady, doats,
Devoutly doats, doats in idolatry,
Upon this ſpotted and inconſtant man.
The. I muſt confeſs that I have heard ſo much,
And with *Demetrius* thought t' have ſpoke thereof;
But being over-full of ſelf-affairs,
My mind did loſe it. But, *Demetrius*, come,
And come, *Egeus*; you ſhall go with me;
I have ſome private ſchooling for you both.
For you, fair *Hermia*, look you arm your ſelf
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or elſe the law of *Athens* yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of ſingle life.
Come, my *Hippolita*; what cheer, my love?
Demetrius, and *Egeus*, go along;
I muſt employ you in ſome buſineſs

Againſt our nuptials, and confer with you
Of ſomething nearly that concerns your ſelves.
Ege. With duty and deſire we follow you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Manent Lyſander *and* Hermia.

Lyſ. How now, my love? why is your cheek ſo pale?
How chance the roſes there do fade ſo faſt?
Her. Belike for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempeſt of mine eyes.
Lyſ. Hermia, for ought that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or hiſtory,
The courſe of true love never did run ſmooth,
But either it was different in blood —
Her. O croſs! too high, to be enthrall'd to love!
Lyſ. Or elſe miſgraffed, in reſpect of years —
Her. O ſpight! too old, to be engag'd to young!
Lyſ. Or elſe it ſtood upon the choice of friends —
Her. O hell! to chuſe love by another's eye!
Lyſ. Or if there were a ſympathy in choice,
War, death, or ſickneſs did lay ſiege to it;
Making it momentary as a ſound,
Swift as a ſhadow, ſhort as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a ſpleen) unfolds both heav'n and earth;
And ere a man hath power to ſay, Behold!
The jaws of darkneſs do devour it up;
So quick bright things come to confuſion.
Her. If then true lovers have been ever croſt,
It ſtands as an edict in deſtiny:
Then let us teach our tryal patience;
Becauſe it is a cuſtomary croſs,
As due to love, as thoughts and dreams and ſighs,
Wiſhes and tears, poor fancy's followers!
Lyſ. A good perſuaſion; therefore hear me, *Hermia:*

I have a widow-aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and ſhe hath no child;
From *Athens* is her houſe remov'd ſeven leagues,
And ſhe reſpects me as her only ſon.
There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee,
And to that place the ſharp *Athenian* law
Cannot purſue us. If thou lov'ſt me then,
Steal forth thy father's houſe to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with *Helena*
To do obſervance to the morn of *May*,
There will I ſtay for thee.

Her. My good *Lyſander*,
I ſwear to thee by *Cupid*'s ſtrongeſt bow,
By his beſt arrow with the golden head,
By the ſimplicity of *Venus*' doves,
By that which knitteth ſouls, and proſpers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the *Carthage* Queen,
When the falſe *Trojan* under ſail was ſeen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women ſpoke;
In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lyſ. Keep promiſe, love. Look, here comes *Helena*.

SCENE III.

Enter Helena.

Her. God ſpeed fair *Helena!* whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unſay,
Demetrius loves you, fair; O happy fair!
Your eyes are load-ſtars, and your tongue's ſweet air
More tuneable than lark to ſhepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when haw-thorn buds appear.
Sickneſs is catching: oh, were favour ſo,
Your's would I catch, fair *Hermia*, ere I go;

My

My ear ſhould catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue ſhould catch your tongue's ſweet melody.
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The reſt I'd give to be to you tranſlated.
O teach me how you look, and with what art
You ſway the motion of *Demetrius'* heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me ſtill.

Hel. Oh that your frowns would teach my ſmiles ſuch skill!

Her. I give him curſes, yet he gives me love.

Hel. Oh that my pray'rs could ſuch affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His fault, oh *Helena*, is none of mine.

Hel. None but your beauty, would that fault were mine!

Her. Take comfort; he no more ſhall ſee my face,
Lyſander and my ſelf will fly this place.
Before the time I did *Lyſander* ſee,
Seem'd *Athens* like a Paradiſe to me.
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell?

Lyſ. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold;
To-morrow night, when *Phœbe* doth behold
Her ſilver viſage in the wat'ry glaſs,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed graſs,
(A time that lovers flights doth ſtill conceal)
Through *Athens'* gate have we deviſ'd to ſteal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primroſe beds were wont to lye,
Emptying our boſoms of their counſels ſweet;
There my *Lyſander* and my ſelf ſhall meet,
And thence from *Athens* turn away our eyes,
To ſeek new friends and ſtranger companies.
Farewel, ſweet play-fellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy *Demetrius!*
Keep word, *Lyſander*, we muſt ſtarve our ſight
From lovers' food, 'till morrow deep midnight. [*Exit* Hermia.

Lyſ. I will, my *Hermia*. *Helena*, adieu;
As you on him, *Demetrius* doat on you! [*Exit* Lyſander.

Hel. How happy ſome, o'er other ſome, can be!
Through *Athens* I am thought as fair as ſhe.
But what of that? *Demetrius* thinks not ſo:
He will not know, what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doating on *Hermia*'s eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things baſe and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can tranſpoſe to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind:
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taſte;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haſte.
And therefore is love ſaid to be a child,
Becauſe in choice he often is beguil'd.
As waggiſh boys themſelves in game forſwear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.
For ere *Demetrius* look'd on *Hermia*'s eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail ſome heat from *Hermia* felt,
So he diſſolv'd, and ſhowers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair *Hermia*'s flight:
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Purſue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence.
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his ſight thither, and back again. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt, *and* Starveling.

Quin. IS all our company here?

Bot. You were beſt to call them generally, man by man, according to the ſcrip.

Quin.

Quin. Here is the ſcrowl of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all *Athens*, to play in our enterlude before the Duke and the Dutcheſs, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. Firſt, good *Peter Quince*, ſay what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and ſo grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is the moſt lamentable comedy and moſt cruel death of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*.

Bot. A very good piece of work I aſſure you, and a merry. Now, good *Peter Quince*, call forth your actors by the ſcrowl. Maſters, ſpread your ſelves.

Quin. Anſwer as I call you. *Nick Bottom* the weaver.

Bot. Ready: name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, *Nick Bottom*, are ſet down for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover that kills himſelf moſt gallantly for love.

Bot. That will aſk ſome tears in the true performing of it; if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move ſtorms; I will condole in ſome meaſure. To the reſt: — yet my chief humour is for a tyrant; I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in. To make all *ſplit the raging rocks, and ſhivering ſhocks ſhall break the locks of priſon-gates* — *and* Phibbus *carr ſhall ſhine from far, and make and mar the fooliſh fates*[a] — This was lofty. Now name the reſt of the players. This is *Ercles'* vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. *Francis Flute* the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, *Peter Quince.*

Quin. You muſt take *Thisby* on you.

Flu. What is *Thisby*, a wand'ring Knight?

Quin. It is the lady that *Pyramus* muſt love.

Flu. Nay faith let not me play a woman, I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one, you ſhall play it in a maſk, and you may ſpeak as ſmall as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play *Thisby* too; I'll ſpeak

(a) *This was probably a piece of nonſenſical bombaſt taken out of ſome fooliſh play known at that time.*

in

in a monſtrous little voice, *Thisby, Thisby*; ah, *Pyramus*, my lover dear, thy *Thisby* dear, and lady dear.

Quin. No, no, you muſt play *Pyramus*; and, *Flute*, you, *Thisby*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling the taylor.

Star. Here, *Peter Quince*.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you muſt play *Thisby*'s mother. *Tom Snowt* the tinker.

Snowt. Here, *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You, *Pyramus*'s father; my ſelf, *Thisby*'s father; *Snug* the joiner, you, the lion's part; I hope there is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am ſlow of ſtudy.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too, I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the Duke ſay, let him roar again, let him roar again.

Quin. If you ſhould do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutcheſs and the ladies, that they would ſhriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's ſon.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you ſhould fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more diſcretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice ſo, that I will roar you as gently as any ſucking dove; I will roar you an'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Pyramus*, for *Pyramus* is a ſweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one ſhall ſee in a ſummer's day; a moſt lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you muſt needs play *Pyramus*.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I beſt to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will diſcharge it in either your ſtraw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your *French*-crown-colour'd beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your *French*-crowns have no hair at all, and then

then you will play bare-fac'd. But, maſters, here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace-wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light, there we will rehearſe; for if we meet in the city, we ſhall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, ſuch as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet, and there we may rehearſe more obſcenely and courageouſly. Take pains, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bowſtrings.[a] [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Wood.

Enter a Fairy at one door, and Puck (*or* Robin-goodfellow) *at another.*

PUCK.

HOW now, ſpirit, whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Through buſh, through briar,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's ſphere;
And I ſerve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green;
The cowſlips tall her penſioners be,
In their gold coats ſpots you ſee,
Thoſe be rubies, Fairy-favours,
In thoſe freckles live their ſavours:

(a) *A proverbial phraſe ſignifying*, without fail, *or*, in all events.

I muſt

I muſt go ſeek ſome dew-drops here and there,
And hang a pearl in every cowſlip's ear.
Farewel, thou lob of ſpirits, I'll be gone,
Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The King doth keep his revels here to-night,
Take heed the Queen come not within his ſight.
For *Oberon* is paſſing fell and wrath,
Becauſe that ſhe, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy ſtol'n from an *Indian* King:
She never had ſo ſweet a changeling;
And jealous *Oberon* would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the foreſts wild;
But ſhe per-force with-holds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flow'rs, and makes him all her joy.
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or ſpangled ſtar-light ſheen,
But they do ſquare, that all their elves for fear
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Or I miſtake your ſhape and making quite,
Or elſe you are that ſhrewd and knaviſh ſprite
Call'd *Robin-goodfellow.* Are you not he,
That fright the maidens of the villagery,
Skim milk, and ſometimes labour in the quern,
And bootleſs make the breathleſs huſwife churn;
And ſometime make the drink to bear no barme,
Miſ-lead night-wand'rers, laughing at their harm?
Thoſe that *Hobgoblin* call you, and ſweet *Puck*,
You do their work, and they ſhall have good luck.
Are not you he?

Puck. The ſame, thou ſpeak'ſt aright;
I am that merry wand'rer of the night:
I jeſt to *Oberon*, and make him ſmile
When I a fat and bean-fed horſe beguile,
Neighing in likeneſs of a filly foal:
And ſometimes lurk I in a goſſip's bowl,
In very likeneſs of a roaſted [a] crab,

(a) Crab apple.

And

And when ſhe drinks, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
The wiſeſt aunt, telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime for three-foot ſtool miſtaketh me;
Then ſlip I from her bum, down topples ſhe,
And rails or cries, and falls into a cough,
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and ſwear
A merrier hour was never waſted there.
But make room, fairy, here comes *Oberon.*

Fai. And here my miſtreſs: would that he were gone!

SCENE II.

Enter Oberon *King of* Fairies *at one door with his train, and the Queen at another with hers.*

Ob. Ill met by moon-light, proud *Titania.*

Queen. What, jealous *Oberon?* fairies, ſkip hence,
I have forſworn his bed and company.

Ob. Tarry, raſh wanton, am not I thy lord?

Queen. Then I muſt be thy lady; but I know
When thou haſt ſtol'n away from fairy land,
And in the ſhape of *Corin* ſate all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and verſing love
To am'rous *Phillida.* Why art thou here,
Come from the fartheſt ſteep of *India?*
But that forſooth the bouncing *Amazon,*
Your buſkin'd miſtreſs and your warrior Love,
To *Theſeus* muſt be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and proſperity.

Ob. How can'ſt thou thus for ſhame, *Titania,*
Glance at my credit with *Hippolita,*
Knowing I know thy love to *Theſeus?*
Didſt thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From *Perigyné,* whom he raviſhed,
And make him with fair *Ægle* break his faith,

With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa*?

Queen. Theſe are the forgeries of jealouſie:
And never ſince that middle ſummer's ſpring
Met we on hill, in dale, foreſt, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by ruſhy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the ſea,
To dance our ringlets to the whiſtling wind,
But with thy brawls thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport.
Therefore the winds piping to us in vain,
As in revenge have ſuck'd up from the ſea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made ſo proud,
That they have over-born their continents.
The ox hath therefore ſtretch'd his yoak in vain,
The ploughman loſt his ſweat, and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere its youth attain'd a beard.
The fold ſtands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;
The nine-mens morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the queint mazes in the wanton green
For lack of tread are undiſtinguiſhable.
The human mortals want their winter cheer,
No night is now with hymn or carol bleſt;
Therefore the moon, the governeſs of floods,
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the air;
That rheumatick diſeaſes do abound.
And thorough this diſtemperature, we ſee
The ſeaſons alter; hoary-headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lap of the crimſon roſe;
And on old *Hyem*'s chin and icy crown
An od'rous chaplet of ſweet ſummer buds
Is as in mockery ſet. The ſpring, the ſummer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and th' amazed world
By their inverſe now knows not which is which;
And this ſame progeny of evil comes

From our debate, from our diſſention,
We are their parents and original.

Ob. Do you amend it then, it lyes in you.
Why ſhould *Titania* croſs her *Oberon?*
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

Queen. Set your heart at reſt,
The fairy-land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votreſs of my order,
And in the ſpiced *Indian* air by night
Full often ſhe hath goſſipt by my ſide;
And ſat with me on *Neptune*'s yellow ſands,
Marking th' embarked traders of the flood,
When we have laught to ſee the ſails conceive,
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind:
Which ſhe with pretty and with ſwimming gate
Follying (her womb then rich with my young ſquire)
Would imitate, and ſail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But ſhe, being mortal, of that boy did die,
And for her ſake I do rear up her boy,
And for her ſake I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you ſtay?

Queen. Perchance 'till after *Theſeus*' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And ſee our moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, ſhun me, and I will ſpare your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Queen. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Elves, away!
We ſhall chide downright, if I longer ſtay. [*Exeunt.*

Ob. Well, go thy way; thou ſhalt not from this grove,
'Till I torment thee for this injury —
My gentle *Puck*, come hither; thou remember'ſt
Since once I ſat upon a promontory,
And heard a Mermaid on a Dolphin's back

Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew civil at her ſong,
And certain ſtars ſhot madly from their ſpheres,
To hear the ſea-maid's muſick.

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time I ſaw, but thou could'ſt not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certain aim he took
At a fair [a] Veſtal, throned by the weſt,
And loos'd his love-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow,
As it ſhould pierce a hundred thouſand hearts;
But I might ſee young *Cupid's* fiery ſhaft
Quench'd in the chaſte beams of the wat'ry moon,
And the Imperial Votreſs paſſed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell,
It fell upon a little weſtern flower;
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it Love in idleneſs.
Fetch me that flow'r; the herb I ſhew'd thee once;
The juice of it, on ſleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly doat
Upon the next live creature that it ſees.
Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again
Ere the *Leviathan* can ſwim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit.*

Ob. Having once this juice,
I'll watch *Titania* when ſhe is aſleep,
And drop the liquor of it on her eyes:
The next thing which ſhe waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
Or medling monkey, or on buſie ape)
She ſhall purſue it with the ſoul of love:

(a) *A compliment to Queen* Elizabeth: *as it ſeems probable that* Mary *Queen of* Scots *was pointed at in the preceding ſpeech of* Oberon.

And

And ere I take this charm off from her ſight,
(As I can take it with another herb)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am inviſible,
And I will over-hear their conference.

SCENE III.

Enter Demetrius, Helena *following him.*

Dem. I love thee not, therefore purſue me not.
Where is *Lyſander*, and fair *Hermia?*
The one I'll ſlay, the other ſlayeth me.
Thou told'ſt me they were ſtol'n into this wood;
And here am I, and wode within this wood,
Becauſe I cannot meet my *Hermia.*
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant,
But yet you draw not iron; for my heart
Is true as ſteel. Leave you your pow'r to draw,
And I ſhall have no pow'r to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I ſpeak you fair?
Or rather do I not in plaineſt truth
Tell you I do not and I cannot love you?

Hel. And ev'n for that do I love thee the more;
I am your ſpaniel, and, *Demetrius*,
The more you beat me I will fawn on you:
Uſe me but as your ſpaniel, ſpurn me, ſtrike me,
Neglect me, loſe me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worſer place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high reſpect with me)
Than to be uſed as you uſe your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my ſpirit,
For I am ſick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am ſick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modeſty too much,

To leave the city and commit your ſelf
Into the hands of one that loves you not,
To truſt the opportunity of night,
And the ill counſel of a deſart place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege; for that
It is not night when I do ſee your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night.
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my reſpect are all the world.
Then how can it be ſaid I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beaſts.

Hel. The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you;
Run when you will, the ſtory ſhall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chaſe;
The dove purſues the griffin, the mild hind
Makes ſpeed to catch the tyger. Bootleſs ſpeed!
When cowardiſe purſues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not ſtay thy queſtions; let me go:
Or if you follow me, do not believe
But I ſhall do thee miſchief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town and field
You do me miſchief. Fie, *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs do ſet a ſcandal on my ſex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We ſhou'd be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I follow thee, and make a heav'n of hell,
To die upon the hand I love ſo well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Ob. Fare thee well, nymph; ere he do leave this grove
Thou ſhalt fly him, and he ſhall ſeek thy love.
Haſt thou the flow'r there? welcome, wanderer.

Enter

Enter Puck.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee, give it me;
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxſlip and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luſcious woodbine,
With ſweet muſk-roſes, and with eglantine.
There ſleeps *Titania*, ſome time of the night,
Lull'd in theſe flow'rs, from dances and delight;
And there the ſnake throws her enammel'd ſkin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
There with the juice of this I'll ſtreak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantaſies.
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeek through this grove;
A ſweet *Athenian* lady is in love
With a diſdainful youth; anoint his eyes,
But do it when the next thing he eſpies
May be the lady. Thou ſhalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with ſome care, that he may prove
More fond of her, than ſhe upon his love;
And look you meet me ere the firſt cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your ſervant ſhall do ſo. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Queen of fairies, with her train.

Queen. Come, now a roundel, and a *Fairy* ſong:
Then, 'fore the third part of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the muſk-roſe buds,
Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my ſmall elves coats: and ſome keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our queint ſports. Come, ſing me now aſleep,
Then to your offices, and let me reſt.

Fairies

Fairies ſing.

You ſpotted ſnakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not ſeen,
Newts and blind worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy Queen.
Philomel, *with melody,*
Sing in your ſweet lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor ſpell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh,
So good night with lullaby.

2 Fairy.

Weaving ſpiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-leg'd ſpinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near,
Worm nor ſnail, do no offence.
Philomel, *with melody,* &c.

1 Fairy.

Hence, away; now all is well:
One aloof ſtand Centinel. [Exeunt Fairies.

Enter Oberon, *and anoints her eye-lids.*

Ob. What thou ſeeſt when thou doſt wake,
Do it for thy true love take,
Love and languiſh for his ſake;
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with briſtled hair,
In thy eye what ſhall appear,
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy dear;
Wake when ſome vile thing is near. [*Exit* Oberon.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Lyſander *and* Hermia.

Lyſ. Fair love, you faint with wandring in the wood;
And, to ſpeak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll reſt us, *Hermia*, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be't ſo, *Lyſander*; find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will reſt my head.
Lyſ. One turf ſhall ſerve as pillow for us both,
One heart, one bed, two boſoms, and one troth.
Her. Nay, good *Lyſander*, for my ſake, my dear,
Lye further off yet, do not lye ſo near.
Lyſ. O take the ſenſe, ſweet, of my innocence,
Love takes the meaning in love's conference;
I mean that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart can you make of it:
Two boſoms interchained with an oath,
So then two boſoms, and a ſingle troth:
Then by your ſide no bed-room me deny;
For lying ſo, *Hermia*, I do not lye.
Her. Lyſander riddles very prettily;
Now much beſhrew my manners, and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to ſay, *Lyſander* ly'd!
But, gentle friend, for love and courteſie
Lye further off, in human modeſty;
Such ſeparation as may well be ſaid
Becomes a virtuous batchelor and a maid;
So far be diſtant, and good night, ſweet friend,
Thy love ne'er alter 'till thy ſweet life end!
Lyſ. Amen, amen to that fair prayer, ſay I,
And then end life when I end loyalty:
Here is my bed; ſleep give thee all his reſt!
Her. With half that wiſh the wiſher's eyes be preſt!

[*They ſleep.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the foreſt have I gone,
But *Athenian* find I none,
On whoſe eyes I might approve
This flower's force in ſtirring love:
Night and ſilence! who is here?
Weeds of *Athens* he doth wear;
This is he, my maſter ſaid,
Deſpiſed the *Athenian* maid:
And here the maiden ſleeping ſound
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty ſoul! ſhe durſt not lye
Near to this kill-courteſie.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the pow'r this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'ſt, let love forbid
Sleep his ſeat on thy eye-lid:
So awake when I am gone,
For I muſt now to *Oberon*. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Demetrius *and* Helena *running*.

Hel. Stay, tho' thou kill me, ſweet *Demetrius!*
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not ſo.
Dem. Stay on thy peril, I alone will go. [*Exit* Demetrius.
Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chace;
The more my prayer, the leſſer is my grace.
Happy is *Hermia*, whereſoe'er ſhe lyes;
For ſhe hath bleſſed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes ſo bright? not with ſalt tears;
If ſo, my eyes are oftner waſh'd than hers:
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beaſts that meet me run away for fear.

Therefore

Therefore no marvel, tho' *Demetrius*
Do (as a monſter) fly my preſence thus.
What wicked and diſſembling glaſs of mine
Made me compare with *Hermia*'s ſphery eyne?
But who is here? *Lyſander* on the ground:
Dead or aſleep? I ſee no blood, no wound:
Lyſander, if you live, good Sir, awake.
Lyſ. And run thro' fire I will for thy ſweet ſake. [*Waking.*
Tranſparent *Helen*, nature here ſhews art,
That through thy boſom makes me ſee thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius?* Oh, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to periſh on my ſword?
Hel. Do not ſay ſo, *Lyſander*, ſay not ſo;
What tho' he love your *Hermia?* lord, what tho'?
Yet *Hermia* ſtill loves you; then be content.
Lyſ. Content with *Hermia?* no: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have ſpent;
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reaſon ſway'd,
And reaſon ſays you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their ſeaſon;
So I being young 'till now not ripe to reaſon,
And touching now the point of human ſkill,
Reaſon becomes the marſhal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
Love's ſtories, written in love's richeſt book.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mock'ry born?
When at your hands did I deſerve this ſcorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can
Deſerve a ſweet look from *Demetrius*' eye,
But you muſt flout my inſufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong, good ſooth you do,
In ſuch diſdainful manner me to woo:

But fare you well. Perforce I muſt confeſs,
I thought you lord of more true gentleneſs:
Oh, that a lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*

Lyſ. She ſees not *Hermia*; *Hermia*, ſleep thou there,
And never may'ſt thou come *Lyſander* near;
For as a ſurfeit of the ſweeteſt things
The deepeſt loathing to a ſtomach brings;
Or as the hereſies that men do leave
Are hated moſt of thoſe they did deceive;
So thou, my ſurfeit and my hereſie,
Of all be hated, but the moſt of me!
And, all my pow'rs, addreſs your love and might
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight! [*Exit.*

Her. Help me, *Lyſander*, help me, do thy beſt
To pluck this crawling ſerpent from my breaſt:
Ay me, for pity, what a dream was here?
Lyſander, look, how do I quake with fear?
Me-thought a ſerpent eat my heart away,
And you ſat ſmiling at his cruel prey:
Lyſander! what, remov'd? *Lyſander*, lord!
What, out of hearing, gone? no ſound, no word?
Alack, where are you? ſpeak, and if you hear,
Speak, of all loves; I ſwoon almoſt with fear.
No, then I well perceive you are not nigh,
Or death or you I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Wood.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt *and* Starveling.

The Queen of Fairies lying aſleep.

BOTTOM.

ARE we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearſal. This green plot ſhall be our ſtage, this hauthorn-brake our tyring houſe, and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter Quince!

Quin. What ſay'ſt thou, bully *Bottom?*

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*, that will never pleaſe. Firſt, *Pyramus* muſt draw a ſword to kill himſelf, which the ladies cannot abide. How anſwer you that?

Snowt. By'rlaken, a parlous fear!

Star. I believe we muſt leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit, I have a device to make all well; write me a prologue, and let the prologue ſeem to ſay, we will do no harm with our ſwords, and that *Pyramus* is not kill'd indeed; and for more better aſſurance tell them, that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus* but *Bottom* the weaver; this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have ſuch a prologue, and it ſhall be written in eight and ſix.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snowt. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promiſe you.

Bot. Maſters, you ought to conſider with your ſelves; to bring in, God ſhield us, a lion among ladies, is a moſt dreadful thing; for

for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to it.

Snowt. Therefore another prologue muſt tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you muſt name his name, and half his face muſt be ſeen through the lion's neck, and he himſelf muſt ſpeak through, ſaying thus or to the ſame defect; ladies, or fair ladies, I would wiſh you, or I would requeſt you, or I would intreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours; if you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life; no, I am no ſuch thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is *Snug* the joiner.

Quin. Well, it ſhall be ſo; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber; for you know *Pyramus* and *Thisby* meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon ſhine that night we play our play?

Bot. A kalendar, a kalendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-ſhine, find out moon-ſhine.

Quin. Yes, it doth ſhine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a caſement of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may ſhine in at the caſement.

Quin. Ay, or elſe one muſt come in with a buſh of thorns and a lanthorn, and ſay he comes to diſfigure or to preſent the perſon of Moon-ſhine. Then there is another thing, we muſt have a wall in the great chamber, for *Pyramus* and *Thisby* (ſays the ſtory) did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall. What ſay you, *Bottom?*

Bot. Some man or other muſt preſent Wall, and let him have ſome plaſter, or ſome lome, or ſome rough-caſt about him, to ſignify wall: Or let him hold his fingers thus; and through the cranny ſhall *Pyramus* and *Thisby* whiſper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, ſit down every mother's ſon, and rehearſe your parts. *Pyramus*, you begin; when you have ſpoken your ſpeech, enter into that brake, and ſo every one according to his cue.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Puck.

Puck. What hempen home-ſpuns have we ſwaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy Queen?
What, a play tow'rd? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too perhaps, if I ſee cauſe.

Quin. Speak, *Pyramus*; *Thisby*, ſtand forth.

Pyr. Thisby, the flower of odious ſavours ſweet.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. Odours ſavours ſweet,
So doth thy breath, my deareſt *Thisby* dear:
But hark, a voice! ſtay thou but here a whit,
And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit* Pyr.

Puck. A ſtranger *Pyramus* than e'er plaid here! [*Aſide.*

Thiſ. Muſt I ſpeak now?

Quin. Ay marry muſt you; for you muſt underſtand he goes but to ſee a noiſe that he heard, and is to come again.

Thiſ. Moſt radiant *Pyramus*, moſt lilly-white of hue,
Of colour like the red roſe on triumphant bryer,
Moſt briskly *Juvenile*, and eke moſt lovely *Jew*,
As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, *Pyramus*, at *Ninny*'s tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man? why, you muſt not ſpeak that yet; that you anſwer to *Pyramus*; you ſpeak all your part at once, cues and all. *Pyramus*, enter, your cue is paſt; it is *never tire.*

Thiſ. O, as true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tire.

Re-enter Bottom *with an Aſs's head.*

Pyr. If I were fair, *Thisby*, I were only thine.

Quin. O monſtrous! O ſtrange! we are haunted; pray, maſters, fly, maſters, help. [*The Clowns exeunt.*

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through buſh, through brake, through bryer;
Sometimes a horſe I'll be, ſometimes a hound,

A hog,

A hog, a headleſs bear, ſometime a fire,
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horſe, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Enter Snowt.

Snowt. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; what do I ſee on thee?

Bot. What do you ſee? you ſee an aſs-head of your own, do you?

Enter Quince.

Quin. Bleſs thee, *Bottom*, bleſs thee, thou art tranſlated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I ſee their knavery, this is to make an aſs of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not ſtir from this place, do what they can; I will walk up and down here, and I will ſing, that they ſhall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

The Ouſel cock, ſo black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throſtle with his note ſo true,
The wren with little quill.

Queen. What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed? [*Waking.*

Bot. The finch, the ſparrow, and the lark, [*Sings.*
The plain-ſong cuckow gray,
Whoſe note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not anſwer nay.

For indeed, who would ſet his wit to ſo fooliſh a bird? who would give a bird the lie, tho' he cry cuckow never ſo?

Queen. I pray thee, gentle mortal, ſing again,
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape,
And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me,
On the firſt view to ſay, to ſwear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, miſtreſs, you ſhould have little reaſon for that: and yet, to ſay the truth, reaſon and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that ſome honeſt neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occaſion.

Queen.

Queen. Thou art as wiſe as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not ſo neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to ſerve mine own turn.

Queen. Out of this wood do not deſire to go,
Thou ſhalt remain here whether thou wilt or no.
I am a ſpirit of no common rate;
The ſummer ſtill doth tend upon my ſtate,
And I do love thee; therefore go with me,
I'll give thee Fairies to attend on thee;
And they ſhall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And ſing, while thou on preſſed flowers doſt ſleep:
And I will purge thy mortal groſsneſs ſo,
That thou ſhalt like an airy ſpirit go.
Peaſeblooſſom! Cobweb! Moth! and *Muſtardſeed!*

SCENE III.

Enter four Fairies.

1 *Fai.* Ready.

2 *Fai.* And I.

3 *Fai.* And I.

4 *Fai.* And I, where ſhall we go?

Queen. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman.
Hop in his walks, and gambole in his eyes,
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries,
The honey-bags ſteal from the humble bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to ariſe:
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his ſleeping eyes,
Nod to him, elves, and do him courteſies.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal, hail!

2 *Fai.* Hail!

3 *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worſhip's mercy heartily, I beſeech your worſhip's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I ſhall deſire of you more acquaintance, good maſter *Cobweb*; if I cut my finger, I ſhall make bold with you. Your name, honeſt gentleman?

Peaſe. Peaſebloſſom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to miſtreſs *Squaſh* your mother, and to maſter *Peaſecod* your father. Good maſter *Peaſebloſſom*, I ſhall deſire of you more acquaintance too. Your name, I beſeech you, Sir?

Muſ. Muſtardſeed.

Bot. Good maſter *Muſtardſeed*, I know your parentage well: that ſame cowardly giant-like Ox-beef hath devour'd many a gentleman of your houſe. I promiſe you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I deſire more of your acquaintance, good maſter *Muſtardſeed.*

Queen. Come, wait upon him, lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watry eye,
And when ſhe weeps, weeps ev'ry little flower
Lamenting ſome enforced chaſtity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him ſilently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter King of Fairies ſolus.

Ob. I Wonder if *Titania* be awak'd:
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which ſhe muſt doat on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my meſſenger: how now, mad ſprite!
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My miſtreſs with a monſter is in love.

Near

Near to her cloſe and conſecrated bower,
While ſhe was in her dull and ſleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals
That work for bread upon *Athenian* ſtalls,
Were met together to rehearſe a play,
Intended for great *Theſeus'* nuptial day.
The ſhallow'ſt thick-ſkull of that barren ſort,
Who *Pyramus* preſented, in their ſport
Forſook his ſcene, and enter'd in a brake;
When I did him at this advantage take,
An Aſs's nole I fixed on his head;
Anon his *Thisby* muſt be anſwered,
And forth my mimick comes: When they him ſpy,
As wild geeſe that the creeping fowler eye,
Or ruſſet-pated choughs, many in ſort,
Riſing and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themſelves and madly ſweep the ſky;
So at his ſight away his fellows fly,
And at our ſtamp here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from *Athens* calls.
Their ſenſe thus weak, loſt with their fears thus ſtrong,
Made ſenſeleſs things begin to do them wrong.
For briars and thorns at their apparel ſnatch,
Some ſleeves, ſome hats; from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this diſtracted fear,
And left ſweet *Pyramus* tranſlated there:
When in that moment (ſo it came to paſs)
Titania wak'd, and ſtraitway lov'd an Aſs.

Ob. This falls out better than I could deviſe.
But haſt thou yet lech'd the *Athenian*'s eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him ſleeping; that is finiſh'd too;
And the *Athenian* woman by his ſide,
That, when he wakes, of force ſhe muſt be ey'd.

SCENE V.

Enter Demetrius *and* Hermia.

Ob. Stand cloſe, this is the ſame *Athenian.*
Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.
Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you ſo?
Lay breath ſo bitter on your bitter foe.
Her. Now I but chide, but I ſhould uſe thee worſe,
For thou, I fear, haſt giv'n me cauſe to curſe:
If thou haſt ſlain *Lyſander* in his ſleep,
Being o'er ſhoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The ſun was not ſo true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have ſtol'n away
From ſleeping *Hermia?* I'll believe as ſoon
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the moon
May through the center creep, and ſo diſeaſe
Her brother's noon-tide with th' *Antipodes.*
It cannot be but thou haſt murther'd him,
So ſhould a murtherer look, ſo dread, ſo grim.
Dem. So ſhould the murther'd look, and ſo ſhould I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your ſtern cruelty:
Yet you the murtherer look as bright and clear
As yonder *Venus* in her glimm'ring ſphere.
Her. What's this to my *Lyſander?* where is he?
Ah, good *Demetrius*, wilt thou give him me?
Dem. I'ad rather give his carcaſs to my hounds.
Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'ſt me paſt the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Haſt thou ſlain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
Oh! once tell true, and even for my ſake,
Durſt thou have look'd upon him, being awake?
And haſt thou kill'd him ſleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder do ſo much?
An adder did it, for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou ſerpent, never adder ſtung.

Dem.

Dem. You ſpend your paſſion on a miſpris'd mood;
I am not guilty of *Lyſander*'s blood,
Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. And if I could, what ſhould I get therefore?

Her. A privilege never to ſee me more;
And from thy hated preſence part I ſo:
See me no more, whether he's dead or no. [*Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein,
Here therefore for a while I will remain:
So ſorrow's heavineſs doth heavier grow
For debt, that bankrupt ſleep doth ſorrow owe,
Which now in ſome ſlight meaſure it will pay,
If for his Tender here I make ſome ſtay. [*Lyes down.*

SCENE VI.

Ob. What haſt thou done? thou haſt miſtaken quite,
And laid thy love-juice on ſome true love's ſight:
Of thy miſpriſion muſt perforce enſue
Some true love turn'd falſe, not a falſe turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; for one man holding troth
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Ob. About the wood go ſwifter than the wind,
And *Helena* of *Athens* ſee thou find.
All fancy-ſick ſhe is, and pale of cheer,
With ſighs of love that coſt the freſh blood dear;
By ſome illuſion ſee thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes againſt ſhe doth appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, maſter, how I go,
Swifter than arrow from the *Tartar*'s bow. [*Exit.*

Ob. Flower of this purple dye, [*Anoints* Demetrius's *eyes.*
Hit with *Cupid*'s archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth eſpy,
Let her ſhine as glorioufly

As

As the *Venus* of the ſky.
When thou wak'ſt, if ſhe be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth miſtook by me
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant ſee?
Lord, what fools theſe mortals be!
Ob. Stand aſide: the noiſe they make
Will cauſe *Demetrius* to awake.
Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That muſt needs be ſport alone.
And thoſe things do beſt pleaſe me,
That befal prepoſt'rouſly.

SCENE VII.

Enter Lyſander *and* Helena.

Lyſ. Why ſhould you think that I ſhould woo in ſcorn?
Scorn and deriſion never come in tears.
Look, when I vow, I weep; and, vows ſo born,
In their nativity all truth appears:
How can theſe things in me ſeem ſcorn to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true.
Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more,
When truth kills truth, O deviliſh holy fray!
Theſe vows are *Hermia*'s: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh;
Your vows to her and me, put in two ſcales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lyſ. I had no judgment when to her I ſwore.
Hel. Nor none in my mind now you give her o'er.
Lyſ. *Demetrius* loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem.

Dem. [*Awaking.*] O *Helen*, goddeſs, nymph, perfect, divine,
To what, my love, ſhall I compare thine eyne?
Cryſtal is muddy; O how ripe in ſhow
Thy lips, thoſe kiſſing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus'* ſnow
Fann'd with the eaſtern wind turns to a crow
When thou hold'ſt up thy hand. O let me kiſs
This pureneſs of pure white, this ſeal of bliſs.
Hel. O ſpight, O hell! I ſee you all are bent
To ſet againſt me for your merriment:
If you were civil, and knew courteſie,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you muſt join in flouts to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in ſhow,
You would not uſe a gentle lady ſo:
To vow and ſwear, and ſuper-praiſe my parts,
When I am ſure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love *Hermia*,
And now both rivals to mock *Helena*.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your deriſion! none of noble ſort
Would ſo offend a virgin, and extort
A poor ſoul's patience, all to make you ſport.
Lyſ. You are unkind, *Demetrius*; be not ſo,
For you love *Hermia*; this you know I know.
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermia*'s love I yield you up my part;
And yours of *Helena* to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.
Hel. Never did mockers waſte more idle breath.
Dem. Lyſander, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none;
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as gueſt-wiſe ſojourn'd,
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,

There

There ever to remain.

Lyſ. It is not ſo.

Dem. Diſparage not the faith thou doſt not know,
Leſt to thy peril thou abide it dear.
Look where thy love comes, yonder is thy dear.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehenſion makes.
Wherein it doth impair the ſeeing ſenſe,
It pays the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lyſander*, found,
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy ſound.
But why unkindly didſt thou leave me ſo?

Lyſ. Why ſhould he ſtay, whom love doth preſs to go?

Her. What love could preſs *Lyſander* from my ſide?

Lyſ. *Lyſander*'s love, that would not let him bide;
Fair *Helena*, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery O's and eyes of light.
Why ſeek'ſt thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee ſo?

Her. You ſpeak not as you think: it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, ſhe is one of this confed'racy;
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three,
To faſhion this falſe ſport in ſpight of me.
Injurious *Hermia*, moſt ungrateful maid,
Have you conſpir'd, have you with theſe contriv'd
To bait me with this foul deriſion?
Is all the counſel that we two have ſhar'd,
The ſiſters vows, the hours that we have ſpent,
When we have chid the haſty-footed time
For parting us; O! and is all forgot?
All ſchool-days friendſhip, childhood innocence?
We, *Hermia*, like two artificial gods,

Created

Created with our needles both one flower,
Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion;
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, voices, and minds
Had been incorp'rate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,
But yet an union in partition,
Two lovely berries molded on one ſtem;
Or with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the firſt [a], like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt.
And will you rend our ancient love aſunder,
To join with men in ſcorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
Our *ſex* as well as I may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. *Helen*, I am amazed at your words:
I ſcorn you not; it ſeems that you ſcorn me.

Hel. Have you not ſet *Lyſander*, as in ſcorn,
To follow me, and praiſe my eyes and face?
And made your other love, *Demetrius*
(Who even but now did ſpurn me with his foot)
To call me goddeſs, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celeſtial? wherefore ſpeaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth *Lyſander*
Deny your love, ſo rich within his ſoul,
And tender me, forſooth, affection;
But by your ſetting on, by your conſent?
What though I be not ſo in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, ſo fortunate;
But miſerable moſt, to love unlov'd?
This you ſhould pity rather than deſpiſe.

Her. I underſtand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, perſever, counterfeit ſad looks,

(a) *A term uſed in blazoning, when two Coats of Arms are quarter'd together, and the ſecond is the ſame as the firſt.*

Make mouths upon me when I turn my back,
Wink each at other, hold the ſweet jeſt up:
This ſport well carried ſhall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me ſuch an argument:
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which death or abſence ſoon ſhall remedy.

Lyſ. Stay, gentle *Helena*, hear my excuſe;
My love, my life, my ſoul, fair *Helena*.

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not ſcorn her ſo.

Dem. If ſhe cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lyſ. Thou canſt compel no more than ſhe entreat.
Thy threats have no more ſtrength than her weak pray'rs.
Helen, I love thee, by my life I do;
I ſwear by that which I will loſe for thee,
To prove him falſe that ſays I love thee not.

Dem. I ſay, I love thee more than he can do.

Lyſ. If thou ſay ſo, withdraw and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come.

Her. Lyſander, whereto tends all this?

Lyſ. Away, you *Ethiope!*

Dem. No, no, he'll ſeem
To break away, take on as he would follow,
But yet come not; you are a tame man, go.

Lyſ. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr; vile thing, let looſe,
Or I will ſhake thee from me like a ſerpent.

Her. Why are you grown ſo rude? what change is this?
Sweet love!

Lyſ. Thy love? out, tawny *Tartar*, out;
Out, loathed medicine; hated poiſon, hence!

Her. Do you not jeſt?

Hel. Yes, ſooth, and ſo do you.

Lyſ. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond; for I perceive
A weak bond holds you; I'll not truſt your word.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. What, ſhould I hurt her, ſtrike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her ſo.
Her. What greater harm can you do me than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I *Hermia?* are not you *Lyſander?*
I am as fair now as I was ere-while.
Since night you lov'd me; yet ſince night you left me:
Why then you left me --- (O the gods forbid!)
In earneſt, ſhall I ſay?
Lyſ. Ay, by my life,
And never did deſire to ſee thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of queſtion, doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jeſt,
That I do hate thee and love *Helena.*
Her. O me, you jugler, oh, you canker-bloſſom,
You thief of love; what, have you come by night,
And ſtol'n my love's heart from him?
Hel. Fine, i' faith!
Have you no modeſty, no maiden ſhame,
No touch of baſhfulneſs? what, will you tear
Impatient anſwers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you.
Her. Puppet! why ſo? ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that ſhe hath made compare
Between our ſtatures; ſhe hath urg'd her height,
And with her perſonage, her tall perſonage,
Her height, forſooth, ſhe hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown ſo high in his eſteem,
Becauſe I am ſo dwarfiſh and ſo low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? ſpeak,
How low am I? I am not yet ſo low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curſt;
I have no gift at all in ſhrewiſhneſs;
I am a right maid for my cowardiſe:

Let her not ſtrike me. You perhaps may think,
Becauſe ſhe's ſomething lower than my ſelf,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark again.

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be ſo bitter with me;
I evermore did love you, *Hermia*,
Did ever keep your counſels, never wrong'd you,
Save that, in love unto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your ſtealth into the wood:
He follow'd you, for love I follow'd him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To ſtrike me, ſpurn me, nay, to kill me too;
And now, ſo you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You ſee how ſimple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone; who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A fooliſh heart that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with *Lyſander*?

Hel. With *Demetrius*.

Lyſ. Be not afraid, ſhe will not harm thee, *Helena*.

Dem. No, Sir, ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when ſhe's angry, ſhe is keen and ſhrewd;
She was a vixen when ſhe went to ſchool;
And though ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.

Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?
Why will you ſuffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lyſ. Get you gone, you dwarf,
You *Minim*, you of hind'ring knot-graſs made,
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that ſcorns your ſervices.
Let her alone, ſpeak not of *Helena*,
Take not her part: for if thou doſt intend
Never ſo little ſhew of love to her,

Thou

Thou ſhalt aby it.

Lyſ. Now ſhe holds me not,
Now follow if thou dar'ſt, to try whoſe right
Of thine or mine is moſt in *Helena*.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee cheek by jowl.

[*Exe.* Lyſander *and* Demetrius

Her. You, miſtreſs, all this coyl is long of you:
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not truſt you, I,
Nor longer ſtay in your curſt company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though to run away.

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to ſay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Oberon *and* Puck.

Ob. This is thy negligence: ſtill thou miſtak'ſt,
Or elſe committ'ſt thy knaveries willingly.

Puck. Believe me, King of ſhadows, I miſtook.
Did not you tell me I ſhould know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he had on?
And ſo far blameleſs proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an *Athenian*'s eyes;
And ſo far am I glad it did ſo ſort,
As this their jangling I eſteem a ſport.

Ob. Thou ſeeſt theſe lovers ſeek a place to fight;
Hie therefore, *Robin*, overcaſt the night,
The ſtarry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog as black as *Acheron*,
And lead theſe teſty rivals ſo aſtray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to *Lyſander* ſometime frame thy tongue,
Then ſtir *Demetrius* up with bitter wrong;
And ſometime rail thou like *Demetrius*;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,

'Till

'Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting ſleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep;
Then cruſh this herb into *Lyſander*'s eye,
Whoſe liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with its might,
And make his eye-balls rowl with wonted ſight
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeem a dream and fruitleſs viſion;
And back to *Athens* ſhall the lovers wend
With league, whoſe date 'till death ſhall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee imploy,
I'll to my Queen, and beg her *Indian* boy;
And then I will her charmed eye releaſe
From monſter's view, and all things ſhall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this muſt be done with haſte,
For night's ſwift dragons cut the clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines *Aurora*'s harbinger;
At whoſe approach ghoſts wandring here and there
Troop home to church-yards; damned ſpirits all,
That in croſs-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone,
For fear leſt day ſhould look their ſhames upon,
They wilfully exile themſelves from light,
And muſt for aye conſort with black-brow'd night.

Ob. But we are ſpirits of another ſort;
I with the morning-light have oft made ſport,
And like a foreſter the groves may tread,
Ev'n 'till the eaſtern gate all fiery red,
Opening on *Neptune* with far-bleſſing beams,
Turns into yellow gold his ſalt-green ſtreams.
But notwithſtanding, haſte, make no delay,
We may effect this buſineſs yet ere day. [*Exit* Oberon.

Puck. Up and down then, up and down,
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town.
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one. *Enter*

Enter Lyſander.

Lyſ. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius?* ſpeak thou now.
Puck. Here, villain, drawn and ready. Where art thou?
Lyſ. I will be with thee ſtraight.
Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. *Lyſander*, ſpeak again;
Thou run-away, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak in ſome buſh, where thou doſt hide thy head.
Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the ſtars,
Telling the buſhes that thou look'ſt for wars,
And wilt not come? come, recreant, come, thou child,
I'll whip thee with a rod, he is defil'd
That draws a ſword on thee.
Dem. Yea, art thou there?
Puck. Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here. [*Exe.*
Lyſ. He goes before me, and ſtill dares me on;
When I come where he calls me, then he's gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I:
I follow'd faſt, but faſter he did fly;
That fall'n am I in dark uneven way,
And here will reſt me. Come, thou gentle day: [*Lyes down.*
For if but once thou ſhew me thy gray light,
I'll find *Demetrius*, and revenge this ſpight.

Enter Puck *and* Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho, coward, why then com'ſt thou not?
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'ſt: for well I wot
Thou runn'ſt before me, ſhifting every place,
And dar'ſt not ſtand nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?
Puck. Come thou hither, I am here.
Dem. Nay then thou mock'ſt me; thou ſhalt buy this dear,

If

If ever I thy face by day-light ſee.
Now go thy way: faintneſs conſtraineth me
To meaſure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be viſited. [*Lyes down.*

SCENE X.

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours; ſhine comforts from the Eaſt,
That I may back to *Athens* by day-light,
From theſe that my poor company deteſt;
And ſleep, that ſometimes ſhuts up ſorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company! [*Sleeps.*

Puck. Yet but three here? come one more,
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here ſhe cometh, curſt and ſad:
Cupid is a knaviſh lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never ſo weary, never ſo in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briars,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my deſires:
Here will I reſt me 'till the break of day.
Heav'ns ſhield *Lyſander*, if they mean a fray! [*Lyes down.*

Puck. On the ground, ſleep thou ſound,
I'll apply to your eye, gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on* Lyſander's *eye.*
When thou wakeſt next, thou takeſt
True delight, in the ſight, of thy former lady's eye,
And the country proverb known,
That every man ſhould take his own,
In your waking ſhall be ſhown.

Jack

Jack ſhall have *Jill*, nought ſhall go ill,
The man ſhall have his mare again, and all be well. [*Exit* Puck.
[*They ſleep.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Wood.

Enter Queen of Fairies, Bottom, *Fairies attending, and the King behind them.*

QUEEN.

COme, ſit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And ſtick muſk-roſes in thy ſleek-ſmooth'd head,
And kiſs thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's *Peaſeblоſſom?*

Peaſe. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, *Peaſeblоſſom.* Where's monſieur *Cobweb?*

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monſieur *Cobweb*, good monſieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt humble-bee on the top of a thiſtle, and, good monſieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret your ſelf too much in the action, monſieur; and, good monſieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you overflown with a honey-bag, ſignior. Where's monſieur *Muſtardſeed?*

Muſ. Ready.

Bot. Give me thy neafe, monſieur *Muſtardſeed*: pray you, leave your curteſie, good monſieur.

Muſ. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monſieur, but to help *Cavalero Cobweb* to ſcratch. I muſt to the barber's, monſieur, for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face. And I am ſuch a tender aſs, if my hair doth but tickle me, I muſt ſcratch.

Queen. What, wilt thou hear ſome muſick, my ſweet love?

Bot. I have a reaſonable good ear in muſick, let us have the tongs and the bones.

Muſick. Tongs, rural muſick.

Queen. Or ſay, ſweet love, what thou deſir'ſt to eat.

Bot. Truly a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great deſire to a bottle of hay: good hay, ſweet hay hath no fellow.

Queen. I have a venturous Fairy that ſhall ſeek
The ſquirrel's hoard, and fetch thee thence new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peaſe. But, I pray you, let none of your people ſtir me, I have an expoſition of ſleep come upon me.

Queen. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms;
Fairies, be gone, and be a while away:
So doth the woodbine, the ſweet hony-ſuckle,
Gently entwiſt, the female ivy ſo
Enring, the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I doat on thee!

Enter Puck.

Ob. Welcome, good *Robin*; Seeſt thou this ſweet ſight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity;
For meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking ſweet favours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;
For ſhe his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of freſh and fragrant flowers,
And that ſame dew which ſometime on the buds
Was wont to ſwell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,
Like tears that did their own diſgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleaſure taunted her,
And ſhe in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child,
Which ſtrait ſhe gave me, and her Fairy ſent

To

To bear him to my bower in Fairy land.
And, now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
And, gentle *Puck*, take this transformed ſcalp
From off the head of this *Athenian* ſwain;
That he awaking when the others do,
May all to *Athens* back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But firſt I will releaſe the Fairy Queen.

Be as thou waſt wont to be;
See as thou waſt wont to ſee:
Dian's *bud*, *o'er* Cupid's *flower*,
Hath ſuch force and bleſſed power.

Now, my *Titania*, wake you, my ſweet Queen.
Queen. My *Oberon!* what viſions have I ſeen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an aſs.
Ob. There lyes your love.
Queen. How came theſe things to paſs?
Oh, how mine eyes do loath this viſage now!
Ob. Silence, a while; *Robin*, take off his head,
Titania, muſick call, and ſtrike more dead
Than common ſleep of all theſe five the ſenſe.
Queen. Muſick, ho! muſick; ſuch as charmeth ſleep.

Still muſick.

Puck. When thou awak'ſt, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Ob. Sound, muſick; come, my Queen, take hand with me,
And rock the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will to-morrow midnight ſolemnly
Dance in Duke *Theſeus'* houſe triumphantly,
And bleſs it to all far poſterity:
There ſhall theſe pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded with *Theſeus* all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy King, attend and mark,
I do hear the morning lark.
Ob. Then, my Queen, in ſilence ſad
Trip we after the night's ſhade;
We the globe can compaſs ſoon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.
Queen. Come, my lord, and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night,
That I ſleeping here was found, [*Sleepers lye ſtill.*
With theſe mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*
[*Wind horns.*

SCENE II.

Enter Theſeus, Egeus, Hippolita, *and all his train.*

The. Go one of you, find out the foreſter,
For now our obſervation [a] is perform'd;
And ſince we have the vaward of the day,
My love ſhall hear the muſick of my hounds.
Uncouple in the weſtern valley, go,
Diſpatch, I ſay, and find the foreſter.
We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the muſical confuſion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Crete* they bay'd the boar
With hounds of *Sparta*; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding. For beſides the groves,
The ſkies, the fountains, ev'ry region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So muſical a diſcord, ſuch ſweet thunder.
The. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind,
So flew'd, ſo ſanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that ſweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd, like *Theſſalian* bulls,

(a) *Meaning the obſervance of the time preſcribed for their nuptials.*

Slow

Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never hollow'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In *Crete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theſſaly*:
Judge when you hear. But ſoft, what nymphs are theſe?
Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here aſleep,
And this *Lyſander*, this *Demetrius*,
This *Helena*, old *Nedar*'s *Helena*;
I wonder at their being here together.
The. No doubt, they roſe up early to obſerve
The Rite of *May*, and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our ſolemnity.
But ſpeak, *Egeus*, is not this the day
That *Hermia* ſhould give anſwer of her choice?
Ege. It is, my lord.
The. Go, bid the huntſmen wake them with their horns.

Horns, and they wake. Shout within, they all ſtart up.

The. Good morrow, friends; Saint *Valentine* is paſt:
Begin theſe wood-birds but to couple now?
Lyſ. Pardon, my lord.
The. I pray you all, ſtand up:
I know you two are rival enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is ſo far from jealouſie,
To ſleep by hate, and fear no enmity?
Lyſ. My lord, I ſhall reply amazedly,
Half ſleep, half waking. But as yet I ſwear
I cannot truly ſay how I came here:
But as I think, (for truly would I ſpeak,)
And now I do methink me, ſo it is:
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might
Be without peril of th' *Athenian* law.
Ege. Enough, enough, my lord, you have enough;
I beg the law, the law upon his head:

They

They would have ſtol'n away, they would, *Demetrius*,
Thereby to have defeated you and me,
You of your wife, and me of my conſent;
Of my conſent that ſhe ſhould be your wife.
Dem. My lord, fair *Helen* told me of their ſtealth,
Of this their purpoſe hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair *Helena* in fancy follow'd me:
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
But by ſome power it is, my love to *Hermia*
Is melted as the ſnow, ſeems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaude
Which in my childhood I did doat upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleaſure of mine eye,
Is only *Helena*. To her, my lord,
Was I betrothed ere I *Hermia* ſaw;
But like a ſickneſs did I loath this food;
Yet as in health come to my natural taſte,
Now do I wiſh it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.
The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met;
Of this diſcourſe we ſhall hear more anon.
Egeus, I will over-bear your will,
For in the temple, by and by with us,
Theſe couples ſhall eternally be knit;
And, for the morning now is ſomething worn,
Our purpos'd hunting ſhall be ſet aſide.
Away with us to *Athens*, three and three,
We'll hold a feaſt in great ſolemnity.
Come, my *Hippolita*. [*Exe. Duke and lords.*
Dem. Theſe things ſeem ſmall and undiſtinguiſhable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.
Her. Methinks I ſee theſe things with parted eye,
When every thing ſeems double.
Hel. So methinks;

And

And I have found *Demetrius*, a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It ſeems to me,
That yet we ſleep, we dream. Do not you think
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And *Hippolita.*

Lyſ. And he bid us to follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake; let's follow him,
And by the way let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

[Bottom *wakes.*

SCENE III.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will anſwer. My next is, Moſt fair *Pyramus* — hey ho, *Peter Quince! Flute* the bellows-mender! *Snowt* the tinker! *Starveling!* god's my life! ſtol'n hence, and left me aſleep. I have had a moſt rare viſion. I had a dream paſt the wit of man to ſay what dream it was: man is but an aſs if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was, there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had — But man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to ſay what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not ſeen; man's hand is not able to taſte, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a ballad of this dream; it ſhall be call'd *Bottom*'s *Dream*, becauſe it hath no bottom; and I will ſing it in the latter end of the play before the Duke: peradventure to make it the more gracious, I ſhall ſing it after death.

SCENE IV.

ATHENS.

Enter Quince, Flute, Snowt, *and* Starveling.

Quin. Have you ſent to *Bottom*'s houſe? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is tranſported.

Flute.

Flute. If he come not, then the play is marr'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not poſſible; you have not a man in all *Athens* able to diſcharge *Pyramus* but he.

Flute. No, he hath ſimply the beſt wit of any handy-craft man in *Athens*.

Quin. Yea, and the beſt perſon too; and he is a very paramour for a ſweet voice.

Flute. You muſt ſay, paragon; a paramour is (God bleſs us) a thing of naught.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Maſters, the Duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married; if our ſport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flute. O ſweet bully *Bottom*! thus hath he loſt ſix-pence a-day during his life; he could not have 'ſcap'd ſix-pence a-day; an the Duke had not given him ſix-pence a-day for playing *Pyramus*, I'll be hang'd: he would have deſerv'd it. Six-pence a-day in *Pyramus*, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are theſe lads? where are theſe hearts?

Quin. Bottom! O moſt courageous day! O moſt happy hour!

Bot. Maſters, I am to diſcourſe wonders; but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, ſweet *Bottom*.

Bot. Not a word of me; all I will tell you is that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good ſtrings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps, meet preſently at the palace, every man look o'er his part; for the ſhort and the long is, our play is preferred: in any caſe let *Thisby* have clean linnen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they ſhall hang out for the lion's claws; and, moſt dear actors! eat no onions nor garlick, for we are to utter ſweet breath; and I do not doubt to hear them ſay, it is a ſweet comedy. No more words; away, go away.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Egeus, *and his Lords.*

HIPPOLITA.

'TIS ſtrange, my *Theſeus*, what theſe lovers ſpeak of.

The. More ſtrange than true. I never may believe
Theſe antick fables, nor theſe Fairy toys;
Lovers and madmen have ſuch ſeething brains,
Such ſhaping fantaſies, that apprehend
More than cool reaſon ever comprehends.
The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One ſees more devils than vaſt hell can hold;
The madman. While the lover, all as frantick,
Sees *Helen*'s beauty in a brow of *Egypt*.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rowling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhape, and gives to aiery nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath ſtrong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend ſome joy,
It comprehends ſome bringer of that joy:
So in the night imagining ſome fear,
How eaſie is a buſh ſuppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the ſtory of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd ſo together,
More witneſſeth than fancy's images,
And grows to ſomething of great conſtancy;
Be't howſoever ſtrange and admirable.

Enter Lyſander, Demetrius, Hermia *and* Helena.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.
Joy, gentle friends, joy and freſh days of love
Accompany your hearts!

Lyſ. More than to us,
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now, what maſks, what dances ſhall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-ſupper and bed-time?
Where is our uſual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? is there no play
To eaſe the anguiſh of a torturing hour?
Call *Philoſtrate.*

Enter Philoſtrate.

Phil. Here, mighty *Theſeus*, here.

The. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?
What maſk? what muſick? how ſhall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with ſome delight?

Phil. There is a brief how many ſports are ripe:
Make choice of which your Highneſs will ſee firſt.

The. *The battel with the Centaurs, to be ſung* [Reads.
By an Athenian *eunuch to the harp.*
We'll none of that. That have I told my love,
In glory of my kinſman *Hercules.*
The riot of the tipſie Bacchanals, [Reads.
Tearing the Thracian *ſinger in their rage.*
That is an old device, and it was plaid
When I from *Thebes* came laſt a conqueror.
The thrice three Muſes mourning for the death [Reads.
Of Learning, late deceas'd in beggary.
That is ſome ſatyr keen and critical,
Not ſorting with a nuptial ceremony.
A tedious brief ſcene of young Pyramus, [Reads.
And his love Thiſbe; *very tragical mirth.*

Merry

Merry and tragical? tedious and brief?
That is hot ice, and wond'rous ſcorching ſnow;
How ſhall we find the concord of this diſcord?

Phil. A play it is, my lord, ſome ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is:
For *Pyramus* therein doth kill himſelf.
Which, when I ſaw't rehears'd, I muſt confeſs
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The paſſion of loud laughter never ſhed.

The. What are they that do play it?

Phil. Hard-handed men that work in *Athens* here,
Which never labour'd in their minds 'till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this ſame play againſt your nuptials.

The. And we will hear it.

Phil. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you. I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world,
Unleſs you can find ſport in their intents,
Extremely ſtretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you ſervice.

The. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiſs,
When ſimpleneſs and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in; and take your places, ladies. [*Exit* Phil.

Hip. I love not to ſee wretchedneſs o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his ſervice periſhing.

The. Why, gentle ſweet, you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.

Hip. He ſays, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our ſport ſhall be, to take what they miſtake;
And what poor willing duty cannot do,

Noble reſpect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purpoſed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
When I have ſeen them ſhiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And in concluſion dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Truſt me, ſweet,
Out of this ſilence yet I pick'd a welcome:
And in the modeſty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the ratling tongue
Of ſawcy and audacious eloquence.
Love therefore, and tongue-ty'd ſimplicity
In leaſt ſpeak moſt, to my capacity.

Enter Philoſtrate.

Phil. So pleaſe your Grace, the prologue is addreſt.
The. Let him approach. [*Flor. Trum.*

SCENE II.

Enter Quince *for the prologue.*

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you ſhould think we come not to offend,
But with good will. To ſhew our ſimple ſkill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Conſider then, we come but in deſpight.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is: all for your delight,
We are not here: that you ſhould here repent you,
The actors are at hand; --- and by their ſhow,
You ſhall know all, that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not ſtand upon points.

Lyſ. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt; he knows not the ſtop. A good moral, my lord. It is not enough to ſpeak, but to ſpeak true.

Hip.

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on his prologue, like a child on the recorder; a ſound, but not in government.

The. His ſpeech was like a tangled chain; nothing impair'd, but all diſorder'd. Who is the next?

Enter Pyramus, *and* Thiſbe, Wall, Moon-ſhine, *and* Lion, *in dumb ſhow.*

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this ſhow;
But wonder on, 'till truth make all things plain.
This man is *Pyramus*, if you would know;
This beauteous lady, *Thisby* is certain.
This man, with lime and rough-caſt, doth preſent
Wall, the vile wall, which did theſe lovers ſunder:
And through wall's chink, poor ſouls, they are content
To whiſper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with lanthorn, dog, and buſh of thorn,
Preſenteth Moon-ſhine: For, if you will know,
By moon-ſhine did theſe lovers think no ſcorn
To meet at *Ninus'* tomb, there, there to woo.
This grizly beaſt, which *Lion* hight by name,
The truſty *Thisby*, coming firſt by night,
Did ſcare away, or rather did affright:
And as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe let fall;
Which *Lion* vile with bloody mouth did ſtain.
Anon comes *Pyramus*, ſweet youth and tall,
And finds his truſty *Thisby*'s mantle ſlain;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breaſt.
And *Thisby*, tarrying in the mulberry ſhade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the reſt,
Let *Lion*, *Moon-ſhine*, *Wall*, and lovers twain,
At large diſcourſe, while here they do remain. [*Exeunt all but* Wall.

The. I wonder if the *Lion* be to ſpeak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord; one *Lion* may, when many aſſes do.

Wall. In this ſame interlude it doth befal,
That I, one *Snowt* by name, preſent a Wall:

And

And ſuch a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink;
Through which the lovers, *Pyramus* and *Thisby*,
Did whiſper often very ſecretly.
This lome, this rough-caſt, and this ſtone doth ſhew,
That I am that ſame wall; the truth is ſo.
And this the cranny is, right and ſiniſter,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whiſper.

The. Would you deſire lime and hair to ſpeak better?

Dem. It is the wittieſt partition that ever I heard diſcourſe, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: ſilence!

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue ſo black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
I fear my *Thisby*'s promiſe is forgot.
And thou, O wall, O ſweet and lovely wall,
That ſtands between her father's ground and mine,
Thou wall, O wall, O ſweet and lovely wall,
Shew me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.
Thanks, courteous wall; *Jove* ſhield thee well for this!
But what ſee I? no *Thisby* do I ſee.
O wicked wall, through whom I ſee no bliſs,
Curſt be thy ſtones for thus deceiving me!

The. The wall, methinks, being ſenſible, ſhould curſe again.

Pyr. No, in truth, Sir, he ſhould not. *Deceiving me*, is *Thiſby*'s cue; ſhe is to enter, and I am to ſpy her through the wall. You ſhall ſee it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder ſhe comes.

Enter Thiſbe.

Thiſ. O wall, full often haſt thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair *Pyramus* and me.
My cherry lips have often kiſs'd thy ſtones;
Thy ſtones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr.

Pyr. I ſee a voice; now will I to the chink,
To ſpy an I can hear my *Thisby*'s face.
Thisby!
Thiſ. My love! thou art my love, I think.
Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace.
And like *Limander* am I truſty ſtill.
Thiſ. And I like *Helen*, 'till the fates me kill.
Pyr. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus* was ſo true.
Thiſ. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.
Pyr. O, kiſs me through the hole of this vile wall.
Thiſ. I kiſs the wall's hole, not your lips at all.
Pyr. Wilt thou at *Ninny*'s tomb meet me ſtraightway?
Thiſ. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.
Wall. Thus have I *Wall* my part diſcharged ſo:
And being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. [*Exit.*
The. Now is the mure all down between the two neighbours.
Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are ſo wilful to rear, without warning.
Hip. This is the ſillieſt ſtuff that e'er I heard.
The. The beſt in this kind are but ſhadows, and the worſt are no worſe, if imagination amend them.
Hip. It muſt be your imagination then, and not theirs.
The. If we imagine no worſe of them than they of themſelves, they may paſs for excellent men. Here come two noble beaſts in, a moon and a lion.

Enter Lion *and* Moon-ſhine.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whoſe gentle hearts do fear
The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When Lion rough in wildeſt rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one *Snug* the joiner, am
No Lion fell, nor elſe no Lion's dam:
For if I ſhould as Lion come in ſtrife
Into this place, 'twere pity of my life.
The. A very gentle beaſt, and of a good conſcience.

Dem.

Dem. The very beſt at a beaſt, my lord, that e'er I ſaw.

Lyſ. This Lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True, and a gooſe for his diſcretion.

Dem. Not ſo, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his diſcretion, and the fox carries the gooſe.

The. His diſcretion, I am ſure, cannot carry his valour; for the gooſe carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his diſcretion, and let us hearken to the moon.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon preſent.

Dem. He ſhould have worn the horns upon his head.

The. He is no creſcent, and his horns are inviſible within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon preſent:
My ſelf the man i'th' moon doth ſeem to be.

The. This is the greateſt error of all the reſt; the man ſhould be put into the lanthorn: how is it elſe the man i' th' moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for you ſee, it is already in ſnuff.

Hip. I am weary of this moon; would he would change!

The. It appears by this ſmall light of diſcretion, that he is in the wane; but yet in courteſie, in all reaſon, we muſt ſtay the time.

Lyſ. Proceed, *Moon.*

Moon. All that I have to ſay, is to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-buſh, my thorn-buſh; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all theſe ſhould be in the lanthorn; for they are in the moon. But ſilence; here comes *Thisbe.*

Enter Thiſbe.

Thiſ. This is old *Ninny*'s tomb; where is my love?

Lion. Oh. Ho. Ho.—— [*The* Lion *roars*, Thiſbe *runs off.*

Dem. Well roar'd, *Lion.*

The. Well run, *Thisbe.*

Hip. Well ſhone, *Moon.*
Truly the *Moon* ſhines with a good grace.

The.

The. Well mouth'd, *Lion.*
Dem. And then came *Pyramus.*
Lyſ. And ſo the Lion vaniſh'd.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy ſunny beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for ſhining now ſo bright:
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering ſtreams,
I truſt to taſte of trueſt *Thisby*'s ſight.
But ſtay: O ſpight!
But mark, poor Knight,
What dreadful dole is here?
Eyes, do you ſee!
How can it be!
O dainty duck! O deer!
Thy mantle good;
What, ſtain'd with blood!
Approach, you furies fell:
O fates! come, come:
Cut thread and thrum,
Quail, cruſh, conclude, and quell.
The. This paſſion, and the death of a dear friend
Would go near to make a man look ſad.
Hip. Beſhrew my heart, but I pity the man.
Pyr. O, wherefore, nature, didſt thou Lions frame?
Since Lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:
Which is --- no, no --- which was the faireſt dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.
Come tears, confound: out ſword, and wound
The pap of *Pyramus.*
Ay, that left pap, where heart doth hop:
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my ſoul is in the ſky,
Tongue, loſe thy light, moon, take thy flight,
Now die, die, die, die, die.
Dem. No die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.

Lyſ. Leſs than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a ſurgeon he might yet recover, and prove an aſs.

Hip. How chance the *Moon-ſhine* is gone, before *Thisbe* comes back and finds her lover?

Enter Thiſbe.

The. She will find him by ſtar-light.
Here ſhe comes; and her paſſion ends the play.

Hip. Methinks ſhe ſhould not uſe a long one for ſuch a *Pyramus*: I hope ſhe will be brief.

Dem. A moth will turn the ballance, which *Pyramus* which *Thisbe* is the better.

Lyſ. She hath ſpied him already with thoſe ſweet eyes.

Dem. And thus ſhe moans, *videlicet.*

Thiſ. Aſleep, my love?
What dead, my dove?
O *Pyramus*, ariſe:
Speak, ſpeak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? a tomb
Muſt cover thy ſweet eyes.
Theſe lilly lips, this cherry noſe,
Theſe yellow cowſlip cheeks
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan!
His eyes were green as leeks.
O ſiſters three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have ſhore
With ſheers this thread of ſilk.
Tongue, not a word:
Come, truſty ſword;
Come, blade, my breaſt imbrue:
And farewel, friends,

Thus

Thus *Thisby* ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

The. *Moon-ſhine* and *Lion* are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and *Wall* too.

Bot. No, I aſſure you, the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it pleaſe you to ſee the epilogue, or to hear a bergomaſk dance, between two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuſe. Never excuſe; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blam'd. Marry, if he that writ it had play'd *Pyramus*, and hung himſelf in *Thisbe*'s garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and ſo it is truly, and very notably diſcharg'd. But come, your bergomaſk; let your epilogue alone. [*Here a dance of clowns.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almoſt *Fairy* time.
I fear we ſhall out-ſleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have over-watch'd.
This palpable groſs play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gate of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
A fortnight hold we this ſolemnity,
In nightly revel and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Puck.

Puck. NOW the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf be-howls the moon:
Whilſt the heavy ploughman ſnoars,
All with weary task fore-done.
Now the waſted brands do glow,
Whilſt the ſcritch-owl, ſcritching loud,
Puts the wretch that lyes in woe
In remembrance of a ſhroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,

Every one lets forth his ſpright,
In the church-way paths to glide;
And we *Fairies*, that do run
By the triple *Hecate*'s team,
From the preſence of the ſun,
Following darkneſs like a dream,
Now are frolick; not a mouſe
Shall diſturb this hallowed houſe.
I am ſent with broom before,
To ſweep the duſt behind the door.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, *with their train.*

Ob. Through the houſe give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowſie fire,
Every elf and fairy ſprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this ditty after me
Sing, and dance it trippingly.
Queen. Firſt rehearſe this ſong by roat,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we ſing and bleſs this place.

The SONG.

Now until the break of day,
Through this houſe each Fairy *ſtray.*
To the beſt bride-bed will we,
Which by us ſhall bleſſed be:
And the iſſue there create,
Ever ſhall be fortunate;
So ſhall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their iſſue ſtand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor ſcar,
Nor mark prodigious, ſuch as are

Deſpiſed

Deſpiſed in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew conſecrate,
Every Fairy *take his gate,*
And each ſeveral chamber bleſs,
Through this palace, with ſweet peace.
Ever ſhall it ſafely reſt,
And the owner of't be bleſt.
Trip away then, make no ſtay;
Meet me all by break of day.

Puck. If we ſhadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended;
That you have but ſlumber'd here,
While theſe viſions did appear.
And this weak and idle theam,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am honeſt *Puck*,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'ſcape the ſerpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Elſe the *Puck* a liar call.
So, good night unto you all!
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And *Robin* ſhall reſtore amends. [*Exeunt omnes.*

GENEVIEVE

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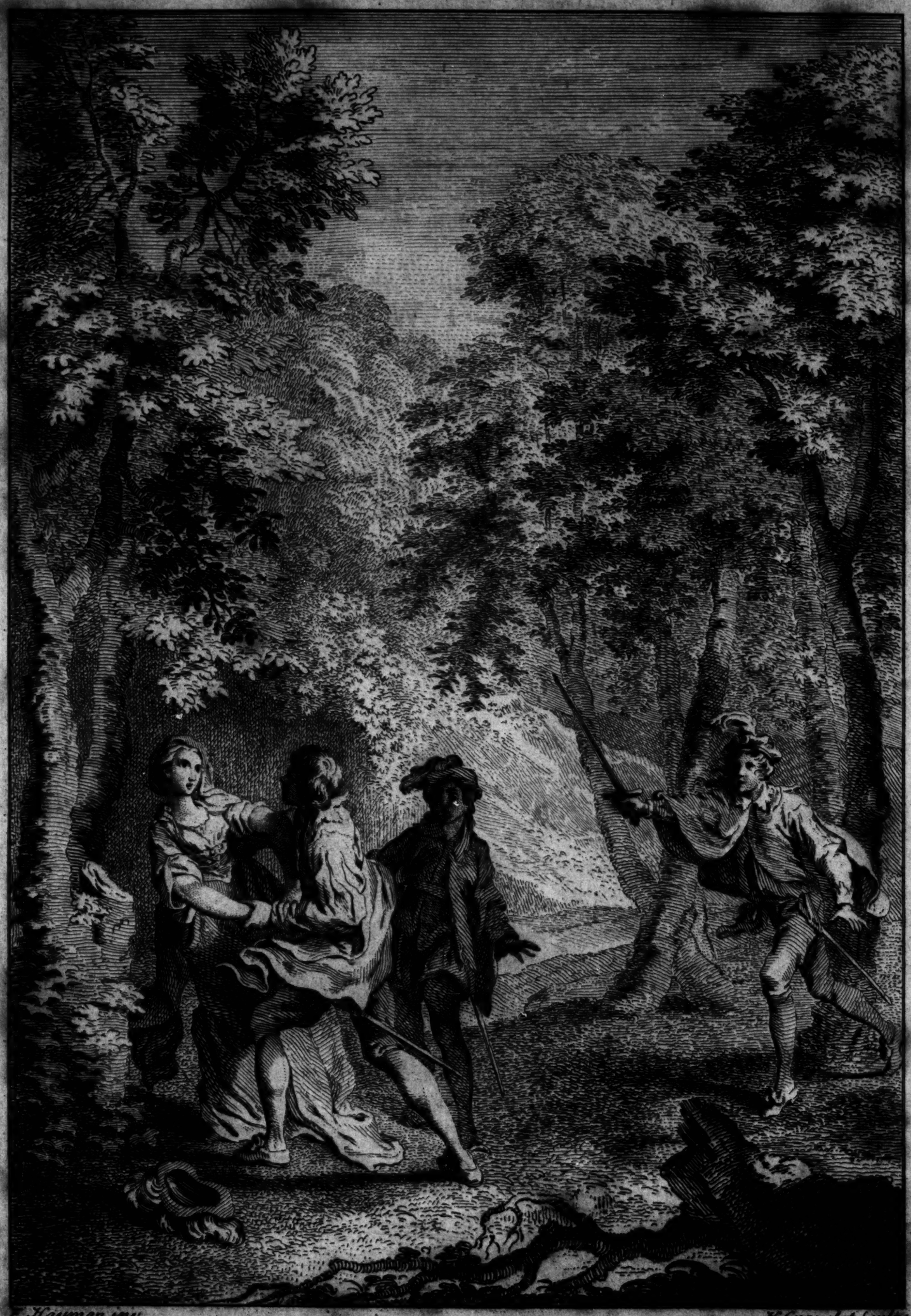


F. Hayman inv.

H. Gravelot Sculps.

The two GENTLEMEN of VERONA. Act. 5. Sc. 9.

THE TWO

GENTLEMEN

OF

VERONA.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE *of* Milan, *Father to* Silvia.
Valentine, } *the two Gentlemen.*
Protheus, }
Anthonio, *Father to* Protheus.
Thurio, *a fooliſh Rival to* Valentine.
Eglamore, *Agent for* Silvia *in her Eſcape.*
Hoſt, *where* Julia *lodges.*
Out-laws *with* Valentine.
Speed, *a clowniſh Servant to* Valentine.
Launce, *the like to* Protheus.
Panthion, *Servant to* Anthonio.

Julia, *beloved of* Protheus.
Silvia, *beloved of* Valentine.
Lucetta, *Waiting-woman to* Julia.

The SCENE *ſometimes in* Verona, *ſometimes in* Milan, *and towards the latter end on the Frontiers of* Mantua.

THE

THE Two GENTLEMEN of *Verona*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

VERONA.

Enter Valentine *and* Protheus.

VALENTINE.

CEaſe to perſuade, my loving *Protheus*;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits;
Wer't not affection chains thy tender days
To the ſweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would intreat thy company,
To ſee the wonders of the world abroad,
Than (living dully ſluggardiz'd at home)
Wear out thy youth with ſhapeleſs idleneſs.
But ſince thou lov'ſt, love ſtill, and thrive therein,
Ev'n as I would when I to love begin!

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? ſweet *Valentine*, adieu;
Think on thy *Protheus*, when thou haply ſeeſt
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wiſh me partaker in thy happineſs,
When thou doſt meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,

(a) *It may very well be doubted whether* Shakeſpear *had any other hand in this play than the enlivening it with ſome ſpeeches and lines thrown in here and there, which are eaſily diſtinguiſh'd, as being of a different ſtamp from the reſt.*

Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers;
For I will be thy bead's-man, *Valentine.*
Val. And on a love-book pray for my ſucceſs?
Pro. Upon ſome book I love I'll pray for thee. [a]
Val. To be in love, where ſcorn is bought with groans,
Coy looks, with heart-ſore ſighs; one moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights;
If haply won, perhaps an hapleſs gain;
If loſt, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or elſe a wit by folly vanquiſhed, —
Pro. So by your circumſtance you call me fool.
Val. So by your circumſtance I fear you'll prove.
Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not love.
Val. Love is your maſter; for he maſters you.
And he that is ſo yoaked by a fool,
Methinks, ſhould not be chronicled for wiſe.
Pro. Yet writers ſay, as in the ſweeteſt bud
The eating canker dwells; ſo eating love
Inhabits in the fineſt wits of all.
Val. And writers ſay, as the moſt forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow;
Even ſo by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blaſting in the bud,
Loſing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waſte I time to counſel thee,
That art a votary to fond deſire?
Once more adieu: my father at the road

(a) ---- I'll pray for thee.
Val. That's on ſome ſhallow ſtory of deep love,
How young *Leander* croſs'd the *Helleſpont.*
Pro. That's a deep ſtory of a deeper love;
For he was more than over ſhoes in love.
Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never ſwom the *Helleſpont.*
Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.
Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.
Pro. What?
Val. To be in love, *&c.*

Ex-

Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.
Pro. And thither will I bring thee, *Valentine.*
Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no: now let us take our leave.
At *Milan* let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love; and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend:
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.
Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in *Milan!*
Val. As much to you at home; and so farewel. [*Exit.*
Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love;
He leaves his friends to dignifie them more;
I leave my self, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, *Julia*, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

SCENE II.

Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir *Protheus*, save you; saw you, Sir, my master?
Pro. But now he parted hence t'embark for *Milan.*
Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already.
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.
Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be a while away.
Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep?
Pro. I do.
Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.
Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.
Speed. This proves me still a sheep.
Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.
Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.
Pro. It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The ſhepherd ſeeks the ſheep, and not the ſheep the ſhepherd; but I ſeek my maſter, and my maſter ſeeks not me; therefore I am no ſheep.

Pro. The ſheep for fodder follows the ſhepherd, the ſhepherd for food follows not the ſheep; thou for wages followeſt thy maſter, thy maſter for wages follows not thee; therefore thou art a ſheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry *Baâ*.

Pro. But doſt thou hear? gaveſt thou my letter to *Julia?*

Speed. Ay, Sir; I, a loſt-mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd-mutton [a]; and ſhe, a lac'd-mutton, gave me, a loſt-mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too ſmall a paſture for ſuch ſtore of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be over-charg'd, you were beſt ſtick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are a ſtray 'twere beſt pound you.

Speed. Nay, Sir, leſs than a pound ſhall ſerve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You miſtake; I mean the pound, a pin-fold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what ſaid ſhe?

Speed. She nodded and ſaid, I.

Pro. Nod-I? why, that's noddy.

Speed. You miſtook, Sir; I ſaid, ſhe did nod:
And you aſk me if ſhe did nod; and I ſaid, ay.

Pro. And that ſet together, is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to ſet it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you ſhall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I muſt be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, Sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, Sir, the letter very orderly,
Having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beſhrew me but you have a quick wit.

(a) Lac'd mutton *is a phraſe anciently uſed for* a lady of pleaſure.

Speed.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your ſlow purſe.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief; what ſaid ſhe?

Speed. Open your purſe, that the mony and the matter may be both deliver'd.

Pro. Well, Sir, here is for your pains; what ſaid ſhe?

Speed. Truly, Sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'ſt thou perceive ſo much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her;
No, not ſo much as a ducket for delivering your letter.
And being ſo hard to me that brought your mind,
I fear ſhe'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind.
Give her no token but ſtones; for ſhe's as hard as ſteel.

Pro. What, ſaid ſhe nothing?

Speed. No, not ſo much as take this for thy pains:
To teſtifie your bounty, I thank you, you have teſter'd me:
In requital whereof, henceforth carry your letter your ſelf: and ſo, Sir, I'll commend you to my maſter.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to ſave your ſhip from wreck,
Which cannot periſh, having thee aboard,
Being deſtin'd to a drier death on ſhore.
I muſt go ſend ſome better meſſenger:
I fear, my *Julia* would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from ſuch a worthleſs poſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to JULIA's *chamber.*

Enter Julia *and* Lucetta.

Jul. BUT ſay, *Lucetta*, now we are alone,
Wouldſt thou then counſel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, Madam, ſo you ſtumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair reſort of gentlemen
That ev'ry day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthieſt love?

Luc.

Luc. Pleaſe you repeat their names, I'll ſhew my mind,
According to my ſhallow ſimple ſkill.
Jul. What think'ſt thou of the fair Sir *Eglamour*?
Luc. As of a Knight well ſpoken, neat and fine;
But were I you, he never ſhould be mine.
Jul. What think'ſt thou of the rich *Mercatio*?
Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himſelf, ſo, ſo.
Jul. What think'ſt thou of the gentle *Protheus*?
Luc. Lord, lord! to ſee what folly reigns in us!
Jul. How now? what means this paſſion at his name?
Luc. Pardon, dear Madam; 'tis a paſſing ſhame
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should cenſure paſs on lovely gentlemen.
Jul. Why not on *Protheus* as on all the reſt?
Luc. Then thus; of many good, I think him beſt.
Jul. Your reaſon?
Luc. I have no other but a woman's reaſon;
I think him ſo, becauſe I think him ſo.
Jul. And would'ſt thou have me caſt my love on him?
Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not caſt away.
Jul. Why, he of all the reſt hath never mov'd me.
Luc. Yet he of all the reſt, I think, beſt loves ye.
Jul. His little ſpeaking ſhews his love but ſmall.
Luc. The fire that's cloſeſt kept burns moſt of all.
Jul. They do not love that do not ſhew their love.
Luc. Oh, they love leaſt that let men know their love.
Jul. I would I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruſe this paper, Madam.
Jul. *To Julia*; ſay from whom?
Luc. That the contents will ſhew.
Jul. Say, ſay; who gave it thee?
Luc. Sir *Valentine*'s page; and ſent, I think, from *Protheus*.
He would have giv'n it you, but I being by
Did in your name receive it; pardon me.
Jul. Now, by my modeſty, a goodly broker!
Dare you preſume to harbour wanton lines?

To

To whiſper and conſpire againſt my youth?
Now, truſt me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper; ſee it be return'd,
Or elſe return no more into my ſight.

Luc. To plead for love deſerves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Aſide.*] [*Exit.*

Jul. And yet I would I had o'er-look'd the letter.
It were a ſhame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.
What fool is ſhe that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since maids in modeſty ſay no to that
Which they would have the proff'rer conſtrue ay.
Fie, fie; how wayward is this fooliſh love,
That, like a teſty babe, will ſcratch the nurſe,
And preſently all humbled kiſs the rod!
How churliſhly I chid *Lucetta* hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to ſmile!
My penance is to call *Lucetta* back,
And aſk remiſſion for my folly paſt.
What ho! *Lucetta!*

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyſhip?

Jul. Is it near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were,
That you might kill your ſtomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't that you
Took up ſo gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didſt thou ſtoop then?

Luc.

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.
Jul. And is that nothing?
Luc. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lye for thoſe that it concerns.
Luc. Madam, it will not lye where it concerns,
Unleſs it have a falſe interpreter.
Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhime.
Luc. That I might ſing it, Madam, to a tune;
Give me a note; your ladyſhip can ſet.
Jul. As little by ſuch toys as may be poſſible;
Beſt ſing it to the tune of *Light O love.*
Luc. It is too heavy for ſo light a tune.
Jul. Heavy? belike it hath ſome burthen then.
Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you ſing it.
Jul. And why not you?
Luc. I cannot reach ſo high.
Jul. Let's ſee your ſong: — why, how now, minion?
[*Gives her a box on the ear.*
Luc. Keep tune there ſtill, ſo you will ſing it out:
And yet methinks I do not like the tune.
Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, Madam, it is too ſharp.
Jul. You are too ſawcy.
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harſh a deſcant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your ſong.
Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly baſe.
Luc. Indeed I bid the baſe for *Protheus.*
Jul. This babble ſhall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with proteſtation! [*Tears it.*
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lye:
You would be fingring them to anger me.
Luc. She makes it ſtrange, but ſhe would be beſt pleas'd
To be ſo anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*
Jul. Nay, would I were ſo anger'd with the ſame!
Oh hateful hands, to tear ſuch loving words!

Inju-

Injurious waſps, to feed on ſuch ſweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it with your ſtings!
I'll kiſs each ſeveral paper for amends:
Look, here is writ, *kind* Julia; unkind *Julia!*
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name againſt the bruiſing ſtones,
Trampling contemptuouſly on thy diſdain.
Look, here is writ, *Love-wounded* Protheus.
Poor wounded name! my boſom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee 'till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I ſearch it with a ſov'reign kiſs.
But twice or thrice was *Protheus* written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
'Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: That ſome whirl-wind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging ſea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ:
Poor forlorn Protheus, *paſſionate* Protheus,
To the ſweet Julia: that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, ſith ſo prettily
He couples it to his complaining names:
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiſs, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father ſtays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, ſhall theſe papers lye like tell-tales here?
Jul. If thou reſpect them, beſt to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they ſhall not lye for catching cold.
Jul. I ſee you have a month's mind to them, minion!
Luc. Ay, Madam, you may ſay what ſights you ſee:
I ſee things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come, will't pleaſe you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Anthonio *and* Panthion.

Ant. TELL me, *Panthion*, what ſad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloiſter?
Pant. 'Twas of his nephew *Protheus*, your ſon.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pant. He wonder'd that your lordſhip
Would ſuffer him to ſpend his youth at home,
While other men of ſlender reputation
Put forth their ſons to ſeek preferment out:
Some to the wars to try their fortune there;
Some to diſcover iſlands far away;
Some to the ſtudious univerſities.
For any, or for all theſe exerciſes,
He ſaid, that *Protheus* your ſon was meet;
And did requeſt me to importune you
To let him ſpend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'ſt thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have conſider'd well his loſs of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd, nor tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by induſtry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the ſwift courſe of time;
Then tell me, whither were I beſt to ſend him?
Pant. I think your lordſhip is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful *Valentine*,
Attends the Emperor in his royal court.
Ant. I know it well.
Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordſhip ſent him thither;
There ſhall he practiſe tilts and turnaments,

Hear

Hear ſweet diſcourſe, converſe with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exerciſe
Worthy his youth and nobleneſs of birth.

Ant. I like thy counſel; well haſt thou advis'd;
And that thou may'ſt perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it ſhall make known;
Ev'n with the ſpeedieſt expedition
I will diſpatch him to the Emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it pleaſe you, *Don Alphonſo*,
With other gentlemen of good eſteem,
Are journeying to ſalute the Emperor,
And to commend their ſervice to his will.

Ant. Good company: with them ſhall *Protheus* go.
And, in good time, now will we break with him.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Sweet love, ſweet lines, ſweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To ſeal our happineſs with their conſents!
Oh heav'nly *Julia!*

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't pleaſe your lordſhip, 'tis a word or two
Of commendation ſent from *Valentine*;
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me ſee what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wiſhing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how ſtand you affected to his wiſh?

Pro. As one relying on your lordſhip's will,
And not depending on his friendly wiſh.

Ant. My will is ſomething ſorted with his wiſh:
Muſe not that I thus ſuddenly proceed;

For what I will, I will; and there's an end.
I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time
With *Valentino* in the Emp'ror's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me:
To-morrow be in readiness to go.
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.
Come on, *Panthion*; you shall be imploy'd
To hasten on his expedition. [*Exe.* Ant. *and* Pant.

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to shew my father *Julia*'s letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
Oh, how this spring of love resembleth well
Th' uncertain glory of an *April* day,
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Enter Panthion.

Pant. Sir *Protheus*, your father calls for you;
He is in haste, therefore I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *changes to* Milan.

Enter Valentine *and* Speed.

SPEED.

SIR, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.

Val. Ha? let me ſee: ay, give it me, it's mine:
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah *Silvia*, *Silvia!*

Speed. Madam *Silvia!* Madam *Silvia!*

Val. How now, Sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, Sir.

Val. Why, Sir, who bad you call her?

Speed. Your worſhip, Sir, or elſe I miſtook.

Val. Well, you'll ſtill be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was laſt chidden for being too ſlow.

Val. Go to, Sir; tell me, do you know Madam *Silvia?*

Speed. She that your worſhip loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by theſe ſpecial marks: firſt, you have learn'd, like Sir *Protheus*, to wreath your arms like a male-content, to reliſh a love-ſong like a *Robin-red-breaſt*, to walk alone like one that had the peſtilence, to ſigh like a ſchool-boy that had loſt his *A B C*, to weep like a young wench that had loſt her grandam, to faſt like one that takes diet, to watch like one that fears robbing, to ſpeak puling like a beggar at *Hallowmaſs*. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you faſted, it was preſently after dinner; when you look'd ſadly, it was for want of mony:

and

and now you are metamorphos'd with a miſtreſs, that when I look on you I can hardly think you my maſter.

Val. Are all theſe things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for without you were ſo ſimple, none elſe would: But you are ſo without theſe follies, that theſe follies are within you, and ſhine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye that ſees you, but is a phyſician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, doſt thou know my lady *Silvia*?

Speed. She that you gaze on ſo as ſhe ſits at ſupper?

Val. Haſt thou obſerv'd that? ev'n ſhe I mean.

Speed. Why, Sir, I know her not.

Val. Doſt thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'ſt her not?

Speed. Is ſhe not hard-favour'd, Sir?

Val. Not ſo fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What doſt thou know?

Speed. That ſhe is not ſo fair, as of you well favour'd.

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquiſite,
But her favour infinite.

Speed. That's becauſe the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, Sir, ſo painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How eſteem'ſt thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never ſaw her ſince ſhe was deform'd.

Val. How long hath ſhe been deform'd?

Speed. Ever ſince you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever ſince I ſaw her,
And ſtill I ſee her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot ſee her.

Val. Why?

Speed.

Speed. Becauſe love is blind. O that you had mine eyes, or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir *Protheus* for going ungarter'd!

Val. What ſhould I ſee then?

Speed. Your own preſent folly, and her paſſing deformity: For he, being in love, could not ſee to garter his hoſe; and you, being in love, cannot ſee to put on your hoſe.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for laſt morning you could not ſee to wipe my ſhoes.

Speed. True, Sir, I was in love with my bed; I thank you, you ſwing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In concluſion, I ſtand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were ſet, ſo your affection would ceaſe.

Val. Laſt night ſhe enjoin'd me to write ſome lines to one ſhe loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:
Peace, here ſhe comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. Oh excellent motion! oh exceeding puppet!
Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and miſtreſs, a thouſand good-morrows.

Speed. Oh! 'give ye good ev'n; here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir *Valentine* and ſervant, to you two thouſand.

Speed. He ſhould give her intereſt; and ſhe gives it him.

Val. As you injoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the ſecret nameleſs friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyſhip.

Sil. I thank you, gentle ſervant; 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now truſt me, Madam, it came hardly off:
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of ſo much pains?
Val. No, Madam, ſo it ſteed you, I will write,
Pleaſe you command, a thouſand times as much.
And yet ---
Sil. A pretty period; well, I gueſs the ſequel;
And yet I will not name it; yet I care not;
And yet take this again, and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.
Speed. And yet you will; and yet, another yet. [*Aſide.*
Val. What means your ladyſhip? do you not like it?
Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ;
But ſince unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.
Val. Madam, they are for you.
Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, Sir, at my requeſt;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.
Val. Pleaſe you, I'll write your ladyſhip another.
Sil. And when it's writ, for my ſake read it over;
And if it pleaſe you, ſo; if not, why ſo.
Val. If it pleaſe me, Madam, what then?
Sil. Why, if it pleaſe you, take it for your labour;
And ſo good-morrow, ſervant. [*Exit.*
Speed. Oh jeſt unſeen, inſcrutable, inviſible, as a noſe on a man's face, or a weathercock on a ſteeple!
My maſter ſues to her, and ſhe hath taught her ſuitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor:
Oh excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my maſter, being the ſcribe, to himſelf ſhould write the letter?
Val. How now, Sir? what are you reaſoning with your ſelf?
Speed. Nay, I was rhiming; 'tis you that have the reaſon.
Val. To do what?
Speed. To be a ſpokes-man from Madam *Silvia*.
Val. To whom?
Speed. To your ſelf; why, ſhe wooes you by a figure.
Val. What figure?

Speed.

Speed. By a letter, I ſhould ſay.
Val. Why, ſhe hath not writ to me?
Speed. What need ſhe,
When ſhe hath made you write to your ſelf?
Why, do you not perceive the jeſt?
Val. No, believe me.
Speed. No believing you indeed, Sir: but did you perceive her earneſt?
Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.
Speed. Why, ſhe hath given you a letter.
Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.
Speed. And that letter hath ſhe deliver'd, and there's an end.
Val. I would it were no worſe.
Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often have you writ to her, and ſhe in modeſty,
Or elſe for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing elſe ſome meſſenger that might her mind diſcover,
Her ſelf hath taught her love himſelf to write unto her lover.
All this I ſpeak in print; for in print I found it.
Why muſe you, Sir? 'tis dinner-time.
Val. I have din'd.
Speed. Ay, but hearken, Sir; tho' the *Cameleon* love can feed on the air, I am one that am nouriſh'd by my victuals; and would fain have meat: oh, be not like your miſtreſs; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Verona.

Enter Protheus *and* Julia.

Pro. HAve patience, gentle *Julia.*
Jul. I muſt, where is no remedy.
Pro. When poſſibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the ſooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy *Julia*'s ſake. [*Giving a ring.*

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Jul. And ſeal the bargain with a holy kiſs.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true conſtancy:
And when that hour o'erſlips me in the day,
Wherein I ſigh not, *Julia*, for thy ſake,
The next enſuing hour ſome foul miſchance
Torment me, for my love's forgetfulneſs!
My father ſtays my coming; anſwer not:
The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will ſtay me longer than I ſhould: [*Exit* Julia.
Julia, farewel. What! gone without a word?
Ay, ſo true love ſhould do; it cannot ſpeak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter Panthion.

Pant. Sir *Protheus*, you are ſtaid for.

Pro. Go; I come.
Alas! this parting ſtrikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Launce, *with his dog* Crab.

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the *Launces* have this very fault: I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious ſon, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperial's court. I think *Crab* my dog be the ſowreſt-natur'd dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my ſiſter crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our houſe in a great perplexity; yet did not this cruel-hearted cur ſhed one tear! he is a ſtone, a very pebble-ſtone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a *Jew* would have wept to have ſeen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept her ſelf blind at my parting. Nay, I'll ſhow you the manner of it: this ſhoe is my father; no, this left ſhoe is my father;

father; no, no, this left ſhoe is my mother; nay, that cannot be ſo neither; yes, it is ſo, it is ſo; it hath the worſer ſole; this ſhoe with the hole in it is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on't, there 'tis: now, Sir, this ſtaff is my ſiſter; for, look you, ſhe is as white as a lilly, and as ſmall as a wand; this hat is *Nan* our maid; I am the dog; no, the dog is himſelf, and I am me; ay, the dog is the dog, and I am my ſelf; ay, ſo, ſo; now come I to my father; father, your bleſſing! now ſhould not the ſhoe ſpeak a word for weeping; now ſhould I kiſs my father; well, he weeps on: now come I to my mother; oh that the ſhoe could ſpeak now like an ould woman! well, I kiſs her; why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my ſiſter; mark the moan ſhe makes: now the dog all this while ſheds not a tear, nor ſpeaks a word; but ſee, how I lay the duſt with my tears.

Enter Panthion.

Pant. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy maſter is ſhipp'd and thou art to poſt after with oars: what's the matter? why weep'ſt thou, man? away, aſs, you will loſe the tide if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the tide were loſt, for it is the unkindeſt tide that ever any man ty'd.

Pant. What's the unkindeſt tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; *Crab*, my dog.

Pant. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt loſe the flood; and in loſing the flood, loſe thy voyage; and in loſing thy voyage, loſe thy maſter; and in loſing thy maſter, loſe thy ſervice; and in loſing thy ſervice, --- why doſt thou ſtop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou ſhould'ſt loſe thy tongue.

Pant. Where ſhould I loſe my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pant. In my tail?

Laun. Loſe the flood, and the voyage, and the maſter, and the ſervice, and the tide; why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my ſighs.

Pant. Come, come away, man; I was ſent to call thee.
Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'ſt.
Pant. Wilt thou go?
Laun. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Milan.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio *and* Speed.

Sil. Servant.
Val. Miſtreſs.
Speed. Maſter, Sir *Thurio* frowns on you.
Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.
Speed. Not of you.
Val. Of my miſtreſs then.
Speed. 'Twere good you knockt him.
Sil. Servant, you are ſad.
Val. Indeed, Madam, I ſeem ſo.
Thu. Seem you that you are not?
Val. Haply I do.
Thu. So do counterfeits.
Val. So do you.
Thu. What ſeem I that I am not?
Val. Wiſe.
Thu. What inſtance of the contrary?
Val. Your folly.
Thu. And how quote you my folly?
Val. I quote it in your jerkin.
Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.
Val. Well then, I'll double your folly.
Thu. How?
Sil. What, angry, Sir *Thurio*? do you change colour?
Val. Give him leave, Madam; he is a kind of *Cameleon.*
Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val.

Val. You have ſaid, Sir.
Thu. Ay, Sir, and done too, for this time.
Val. I know it well, Sir; you always end ere you begin.
Sil. A fine volly of words, gentlemen, and quickly ſhot off.
Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, ſervant?
Val. Your ſelf, ſweet lady, for you gave the fire: Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your ladyſhip's looks, and ſpends, what he borrows, kindly in your company.
Thu. Sir, if you ſpend word for word with me, I ſhall make your wit bankrupt.
Val. I know it well, Sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treaſure to give your followers: for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.
Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more: Here comes my father.

SCENE V.

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter *Silvia*, you are hard beſet.
Sir *Valentine*, your father's in good health:
What ſay you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?
Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any meſſenger from thence.
Duke. Know you *Don Anthonio*, your countryman?
Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy eſtimation,
And not without deſert ſo well reputed.
Duke. Hath he not a ſon?
Val. Ay, my good lord, a ſon that well deſerves
The honour and regard of ſuch a father.
Duke. You know him well?
Val. I know him as my ſelf; for from our infancy
We have converſt and ſpent our hours together:
And tho' my ſelf have been an idle truant,

Omit-

Omitting the ſweet benefit of time,
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath Sir *Protheus*, for that's his name,
Made uſe and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praiſes that I now beſtow)
He is compleat in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beſhrew me, Sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an Empreſs' love,
As meet to be an Emperor's counſellor:
Well, Sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to ſpend his time a while.
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wiſh'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Silvia, I ſpeak to you; and you, Sir *Thurio*;
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it:
I'll ſend him hither to you preſently. [*Exit* Duke.

Val. This is the gentleman I told your ladyſhip
Had come along with me, but that his miſtreſs
Did hold his eyes lockt in her chryſtal looks.

Sil. Belike that now ſhe hath enfranchis'd them
Upon ſome other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay ſure I think ſhe holds them pris'ners ſtill.

Sil. Nay then he ſhould be blind; and being blind,
How could he ſee his way to ſeek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They ſay that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To ſee ſuch lovers, *Thurio*, as your ſelf:
Upon a homely object love can wink.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Protheus.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.
Val. Welcome, dear *Protheus*: miſtreſs, I beſeech you,
Confirm this welcome with ſome ſpecial favour.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wiſh'd to hear from.
Val. Miſtreſs, it is: Sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-ſervant to your ladyſhip.
Sil. Too low a miſtreſs for ſo high a ſervant.
Pro. Not ſo, ſweet lady; but too mean a ſervant
To have a look of ſuch a worthy miſtreſs.
Val. Leave off diſcourſe of diſability:
Sweet lady, entertain him for your ſervant.
Pro. My duty will I boaſt of, nothing elſe.
Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you're welcome to a worthleſs miſtreſs.
Pro. I'll die on him that ſays ſo but your ſelf.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. That you are worthleſs.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would ſpeak with you.
Sil. I wait upon his pleaſure; come, Sir *Thurio*,
Go with me. Once more, my new ſervant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.
Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyſhip.
[*Exe.* Sil. *and* Thu.

SCENE VII.

Val. Now tell me, how do all from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.
Val. And how do yours?

Pro.

Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-diſcourſe.
Val. Ay, *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now;
I have done penance for contemning love,
Whoſe high imperious thoughts have puniſh'd me
With bitter faſts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears and daily heart-ſore ſighs.
For in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chac'd ſleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's-ſorrow.
O gentle *Protheus*, love's a mighty lord,
And hath ſo humbled me, as I confeſs
There is no wo to his correction;
Nor to his ſervice, any joy on earth.
Now no diſcourſe, except it be of love;
Now can I break my faſt, dine, ſup and ſleep
Upon the very naked name of love.
Pro. Enough: I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worſhip ſo?
Val. Even ſhe; and is ſhe not a heav'nly ſaint?
Pro. No; but ſhe is an earthly paragon.
Val. Call her divine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praiſe.
Pro. When I was ſick, you gave me bitter pills,
And I muſt miniſter the like to you.
Val. Then ſpeak the truth by her: if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sov'reign to all the creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my miſtreſs.
Val. Sweet, except not any,
Except thou wilt except againſt my love.
Pro. Have I not reaſon to prefer mine own?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:

She ſhall be dignify'd with this high honour,
To bear my lady's train, leſt the baſe earth
Should from her veſture chance to ſteal a kiſs;
And, of ſo great a favour growing proud,
Diſdain to root the ſummer-ſwelling flower;
And make rough winter everlaſtingly.

Pro. Why, *Valentine*, what bragadiſm is this?

Val. Pardon me, *Protheus*; all I can is nothing
To her, whoſe worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.

Pro. Why then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, ſhe is mine own.
And I as rich in having ſuch a jewel,
As twenty ſeas, if all their ſand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,
Becauſe thou ſeeſt me doat upon my love.
My fooliſh rival, that her father likes
Only for his poſſeſſions are ſo huge,
Is gone with her along, and I muſt after;
For love, thou know'ſt, is full of jealouſie.

Pro. But ſhe loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay more, our marriage,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of; how I muſt climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happineſs.
Good *Protheus*, go with me to my chamber,
In theſe affairs to aid me with thy counſel.

Pro. Go on before; I ſhall enquire you forth.
I muſt unto the road, to diſembark
Some neceſſaries that I needs muſt uſe;
And then I'll preſently attend upon you.

Val. Will you make haſte?

Pro. I will. [*Exit* Val.
Ev'n as one heat another heat expels,

Or as one nail by ſtrength drives out another;
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eyne, or *Valentino*'s praiſe?
Her true perfection or my falſe tranſgreſſion,
That makes me reaſonleſs to reaſon thus?
She's fair; and ſo is *Julia* that I love;
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainſt a fire,
Bears no impreſſion of the thing it was.
Methinks my zeal to *Valentine* is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont.
O! but I love his lady too, too much;
And that's the reaſon I love him ſo little.
How ſhall I doat on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazled ſo my reaſon's light:
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reaſon but I ſhall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compaſs her I'll uſe my ſkill. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Speed *and* Launce.

Speed. Launce, by mine honeſty, welcome to *Milan*.

Laun. Forſwear not thy ſelf, ſweet youth; for I am not welcome: I reckon this always, that a man is never undone 'till he be hang'd, nor never welcome to a place 'till ſome certain ſhot be paid, and the hoſteſs ſay welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap; I'll to the ale-houſe with you preſently, where, for one ſhot of five-pence, thou ſhalt have five thouſand welcomes. But, Sirrah, how did thy maſter part with Madam *Julia?*

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earneſt, they parted very fairly in jeſt.

Speed. But ſhall ſhe marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? ſhall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fiſh.

Speed. Why then how ſtands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus; when it ſtands well with him, it ſtands well with her. [a]

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Aſk my dog: if he ſay ay, it will; if he ſay no, it will; if he ſhake his tail, and ſay nothing, it will.

Speed. The concluſion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou ſhalt never get ſuch a ſecret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it ſo: but, *Launce*, how ſay'ſt thou that my maſter is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwiſe.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reporteſt him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreſon aſs, thou miſtak'ſt me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy maſter.

Speed. I tell thee, my maſter is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not tho' he burn himſelf in love: If thou wilt go with me to the ale-houſe, ſo; if not, thou art an *Hebrew*, a *Jew*, and not worth the name of a *Chriſtian*.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Becauſe thou haſt not ſo much charity in thee as to go to the ale-houſe with a *Chriſtian*: wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy ſervice. [*Exeunt.*

(a) ---- it ſtands well with her.

Speed. What an aſs art thou? I underſtand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canſt not? My ſtaff underſtands me.

Speed. What thou ſay'ſt?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean and my ſtaff underſtands me.

Speed. It ſtands under thee indeed.

Laun. Why, ſtand-under, and underſtand, is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, *&c.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Protheus *ſolus.*

Pro. To leave my *Julia*, ſhall I be forſworn:
To love fair *Silvia*, ſhall I be forſworn:
To wrong my friend, I ſhall be much forſworn:
And ev'n that pow'r which gave me firſt my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bad me ſwear, and love bids me forſwear:
O ſweet ſuggeſting love, if thou haſt ſinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted ſubject, to excuſe it.
At firſt I did adore a twinkling ſtar,
But now I worſhip a celeſtial ſun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants reſolved will,
To learn his wit t'exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue, to call her bad,
Whoſe ſov'reignty ſo oft thou haſt preferr'd
With twenty thouſand ſoul-confirmed oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do:
But there I leave to love where I ſhould love:
Julia I loſe, and *Valentine* I loſe:
If I keep them, I needs muſt loſe my ſelf:
If I loſe them, this find I by their loſs,
For *Valentine*, my ſelf, for *Julia*, *Silvia*:
I to my ſelf am dearer than a friend;
For love is ſtill moſt precious in it ſelf:
And *Silvia*, (witneſs heav'n, that made her fair!)
Shews *Julia* but a ſwarthy *Ethiope*.
I will forget that *Julia* is alive,
Remembring that my love to her is dead:
And *Valentine* I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at *Silvia* as a ſweeter friend.
I cannot now prove conſtant to my ſelf,
Without ſome treachery us'd to *Valentine*:

This

This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celeſtial *Silvia*'s chamber-window,
My ſelf in counſel his competitor.
Now preſently I'll give her father notice
Of their diſguiſing, and pretended flight:
Who, all enrag'd, will baniſh *Valentine:*
For *Thurio*, he intends, ſhall wed his daughter.
But, *Valentine* being gone, I'll quickly croſs,
By ſome ſly trick, blunt *Thurio*'s dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings, to make my purpoſe ſwift,
As thou haſt lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

VERONA.

Enter Julia *and* Lucetta.

Jul. COunſel, *Lucetta*; gentle girl, aſſiſt me,
And even in kind love I do conjure thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are viſibly character'd and engrav'd,
To leſſon me, and tell me ſome good mean,
How with my honour I may undertake
A journey to my loving *Protheus.*

Luc. Alas, the way is wearifome and long.

Jul. A true devoted pilgrim is not weary
To meaſure kingdoms with his feeble ſteps,
Much leſs ſhall ſhe, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one ſo dear,
Of ſuch divine perfection as Sir *Protheus.*

Luc. Better forbear 'till *Protheus* make return.

Jul. Oh, know'ſt thou not his looks are my ſoul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food ſo long a time.
Didſt thou but know the inly touch of love,

Thou

Thou would'ſt as ſoon go kindle fire with ſnow,
As ſeek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not ſeek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualifie the fire's extreameſt rage,
Leſt it ſhould burn above the bounds of reaſon.

Jul. The more thou damm'ſt it up, the more it burns:
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'ſt, being ſtopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair courſe is not hindered,
He makes ſweet muſick with th' enamel'd ſtones,
Giving a gentle kiſs to every ſedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage:
And ſo by many winding nooks he ſtrays,
With willing ſport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my courſe;
I'll be as patient as a gentle ſtream,
And make a paſtime of each weary ſtep,
'Till the laſt ſtep have brought me to my love;
And there I'll reſt, as, after much turmoil,
A bleſſed ſoul doth in *Elyſium*.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The looſe encounters of laſcivious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with ſuch weeds
As may beſeem ſome well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyſhip muſt cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in ſilken ſtrings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantaſtick may become a youth
Of greater time than I ſhall ſhew to be.

Luc. What faſhion, Madam, ſhall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as tell me, good my lord,
What compaſs will you wear your farthingale?
Why, even what faſhion thou beſt lik'ſt, *Lucetta*.

Luc. You muſt needs have them with a cod-piece, Madam.

Jul. Out, out, *Lucetta*, that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc.

Luc. A round hoſe, Madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unleſs you have a cod-piece to ſtick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'ſt me, let me have
What thou think'ſt meet, and is moſt mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking ſo unſtaid a journey?
I fear me it will make me ſcandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think ſo, then ſtay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If *Protheus* like your journey when you come,
No matter who's diſpleas'd when you are gone:
I fear me he will ſcarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the leaſt, *Lucetta*, of my fear:
A thouſand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And inſtances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.

Luc. All theſe are ſervants to deceitful men.

Jul. Baſe men that uſe them to ſo baſe effect!
But truer ſtars did govern *Protheus'* birth;
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
His love ſincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His tears pure meſſengers ſent from his heart,
His heart as far from fraud as heav'n from earth.

Luc. Pray heav'n he prove ſo when you come to him!

Jul. Now as thou lov'ſt me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth;
Only deſerve my love by loving him,
And preſently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I ſtand in need of,
To furniſh me upon my longing journey:
All that is mine I leave at thy diſpoſe,
My goods, my lands, my reputation,
Only in lieu thereof diſpatch me hence.
Come, anſwer not; but to it preſently:
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *changes to* Milan.

Enter Duke, Thurio *and* Protheus.

DUKE.

SIR *Thurio*, give us leave, I pray, a while;
We have ſome ſecrets to confer about. [*Exit* Thurio.
Now tell me, *Protheus*, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would diſcover
The law of friendſhip bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeſerving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that,
Which elſe no worldly good ſhould draw from me.
Know, worthy Prince, Sir *Valentine* my friend
This night intends to ſteal away your daughter:
My ſelf am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to beſtow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates:
And ſhould ſhe thus be ſtol'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's ſake, I rather choſe
To croſs my friend in his intended drift,
Than by concealing it heap on your head
A pack of ſorrows, which would preſs you down,
If unprevented, to your timeleſs grave.

Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honeſt care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs my ſelf have often ſeen,
Haply when they have judg'd me faſt aſleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir *Valentine* her company, and my court:

But

But fearing leſt my jealous aim might err,
And ſo unworthily diſgrace the man,
(A raſhneſs that I ever yet have ſhunn'd;)
I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find
That which thy ſelf hath now diſclos'd to me.
And that thou may'ſt perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is ſoon ſuggeſted,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof my ſelf have ever kept;
And thence ſhe cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will aſcend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it preſently:
Where, if it pleaſe you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it ſo cunningly,
That my diſcov'ry be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publiſher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he ſhall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord: Sir *Valentine* is coming. [*Ex.* Pro.

SCENE II.

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*, whither away ſo faſt?

Val. Pleaſe it your Grace, there is a meſſenger
That ſtays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenour of them doth but ſignifie
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay then, no matter; ſtay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of ſome affairs

That touch me near; wherein thou muſt be ſecret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have fought
To match my friend Sir *Thurio* to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and ſure the match
Were rich and honourable; beſides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beſeeming ſuch a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, truſt me, ſhe is peeviſh, ſullen, froward,
Proud, diſobedient, ſtubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that ſhe is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And I may ſay to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cheriſh'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full reſolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dowry;
For me and my poſſeſſions ſhe eſteems not.

Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, Sir, in *Milan* here
Whom I affect; but ſhe is nice and coy,
And nought eſteems my aged eloquence:
Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor;
(For long agone I have forgot to court;
Beſides, the faſhion of the time is chang'd,)
How and which way I may beſtow my ſelf,
To be regarded in her ſun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if ſhe reſpects not words;
Dumb jewels often in their ſilent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But ſhe did ſcorn a preſent that I ſent her.

Val. A woman ſometimes ſcorns what beſt contents her;
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For ſcorn at firſt makes after-love the more.

If ſhe do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If ſhe do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no repulſe, whatever ſhe doth ſay;
For, get you gone, ſhe doth not mean away:
Flatter, and praiſe, commend, extol their graces;
Tho' ne'er ſo black, ſay they have angels faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I ſay, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But ſhe I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept ſeverely from reſort of men,
That no man hath acceſs by day to her.

Val. Why then I would reſort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lockt, and keys kept ſafe,
That no man hath recourſe to her by night.

Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft far from the ground,
And built ſo ſhelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To caſt up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would ſerve to ſcale another *Hero*'s tower,
So bold *Leander* would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Adviſe me where I may have ſuch a ladder.

Val. When would you uſe it? pray, Sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for ev'ry thing that he can come by.

Val. By ſeven a clock I'll get you ſuch a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee: I will go to her alone;
How ſhall I beſt convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will ſerve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me ſee thy cloak;
I'll get me one of ſuch another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will ſerve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How ſhall I faſhion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me. [*Pulls off his cloak.*
What letter is this ſame? what's here? To *Silvia?*
And here an engine fit for my proceeding?
I'll be ſo bold to break the ſeal for once. [Duke *reads.*

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia *nightly,*
And ſlaves they are to me that ſend them flying:
Oh, could their maſter come and go as lightly,
Himſelf would lodge where ſenſeleſs they are lying:
My herald thoughts in thy pure boſom reſt them,
While I, their King, that thither them importune,
Do curſe the grace that with ſuch grace hath bleſt them,
Becauſe my ſelf do want my ſervants fortune:
I curſe my ſelf, for they are ſent by me,
That they ſhould harbour where their lord would be.

What's here? *Silvia, this night will I infranchiſe thee:*
'Tis ſo; and here's the ladder for the purpoſe.
Why, *Phaëton,* for thou art *Merops'* ſon,
Wilt thou aſpire to guide the heav'nly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach ſtars, becauſe they ſhine on thee?
Go, baſe intruder! over-weening ſlave!
Beſtow thy fawning ſmiles on equal mates,
And think my patience, more than thy deſert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours
Which, all too much, I have beſtow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than ſwifteſt expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,

By

By heav'n, my wrath ſhall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter or thy ſelf:
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuſe,
But as thou lov'ſt thy life, make ſpeed from hence. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be baniſh'd from my ſelf,
And *Silvia* is my ſelf; baniſh'd from her
Is ſelf from ſelf: a deadly baniſhment!
What light is light, if *Silvia* be not ſeen?
What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by?
Unleſs it be to think that ſhe is by,
And feed upon the ſhadow of perfection.
Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
There is no muſick in the nightingale:
Unleſs I look on *Silvia* in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my eſſence, and I leave to be
If I be not by her fair influence
Foſter'd, illumin'd, cheriſh'd, kept alive.
I fly not death to fly his deadly doom;
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Protheus *and* Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and ſeek him out.
Laun. So-ho! ſo-ho!
Pro. What ſeeſt thou?
Laun. Him we go to find:
There's not an hair on's head but 'tis a *Valentine*.
Pro. *Valentine!*
Val. No.
Pro. Who then; his ſpirit?
Val. Neither.

Pro.

Pro. What then?
Val. Nothing.
Laun. Can nothing ſpeak? maſter, ſhall I ſtrike?
Pro. Whom wouldſt thou ſtrike?
Laun. Nothing.
Pro. Villain, forbear.
Laun. Why, Sir, I'll ſtrike nothing; I pray you,—
Pro. I ſay, forbear: friend *Valentine*, a word.
Val. My ears are ſtopt, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath poſſeſt them.
Pro. Then in dumb ſilence will I bury mine;
For they are harſh, untuneable, and bad.
Val. Is *Silvia* dead?
Pro. No, *Valentine*.
Val. No *Valentine*, indeed, for ſacred *Silvia*:
Hath ſhe forſworn me?
Pro. No, *Valentine*.
Val. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* have forſworn me:
What is your news?
Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation you are vaniſh'd.
Pro. That thou art baniſh'd; oh, that is the news,
From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend.
Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already;
And now exceſs of it will make me ſurfeit.
Doth *Silvia* know that I am baniſhed?
Pro. Ay, ay; and ſhe hath offered to the doom,
Which unrevers'd ſtands in effectual force,
A ſea of melting pearl, which ſome call tears:
Thoſe at her father's churliſh feet ſhe tender'd,
With them, upon her knees, her humble ſelf;
Wringing her hands, whoſe whiteneſs ſo became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for wo.
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad ſighs, deep groans, nor ſilver-ſhedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompaſſionate ſire;
But *Valentine*, if he be ta'en, muſt die.

Beſides

Beſides, her interceſſion chaf'd him ſo,
When ſhe for thy repeal was ſuppliant,
That to cloſe priſon he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more, unleſs the next word that thou ſpeak'ſt
Have ſome malignant power upon my life:
If ſo, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endleſs dolour.

Pro. Ceaſe to lament for that thou canſt not help,
And ſtudy help for that which thou lament'ſt.
Time is the nurſe and breeder of all good:
Here if thou ſtay, thou canſt not ſee thy love;
Beſides, thy ſtaying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's ſtaff, walk hence with that,
And manage it againſt deſpairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, tho' thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, ſhall be deliver'd
Ev'n in the milk-white boſom of thy love.
The time now ſerves not to expoſtulate;
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate,
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'ſt *Silvia*, tho' not for thy ſelf,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, *Launce*, and if thou ſeeſt my boy,
Bid him make haſte, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, Sirrah, find him out: come, *Valentine*.

Val. O my dear *Silvia!* haplefs *Valentine!* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Laun. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think my maſter is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one kind of knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love, yet I am in love; but a team of horſe ſhall not pluck that from me, nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman; but what

woman

woman I will not tell my ſelf; and yet 'tis a milk-maid; yet 'tis not a maid, for ſhe hath had goſſips; yet 'tis a maid, for ſhe is her maſter's maid and ſerves for wages: ſhe hath more qualities than a water-ſpaniel, which is much in a bare chriſtian. Here is the cat-log [*Pulling out a paper*] of her conditions; *imprimis*, ſhe can fetch and carry; why, a horſe can do no more, nay, a horſe cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is ſhe better than a jade. *Item*, ſhe can milk; look you, a ſweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, ſignior *Launce?* what news with your maſterſhip?

Laun. With my maſter's ſhip? why, it is at ſea.

Speed. Well, your old vice ſtill; miſtake the word: what news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackeſt news that ever thou heard'ſt.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolthead, thou can'ſt not read.

Speed. Thou lieſt, I can.

Laun. I will try thee; tell me this, who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the ſon of my grand-father.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer, it was the ſon of thy grand-mother; this proves that thou canſt not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come, try me in thy paper.

Laun. There, and St *Nicholas* be thy ſpeed!

Speed. *Imprimis*, ſhe can milk.

Laun. Ay, that ſhe can.

Speed. *Item*, ſhe brews good ale.

Laun. And thereof comes the proverb, *Bleſſing of your heart, you brew good ale.*

Speed. *Item*, ſhe can ſowe.

Laun. That's as much as to ſay, *can ſhe ſo?*

Speed. *Item*, ſhe can knit.

Laun.

Laun. What need a man care for a ſtock with a wench, when ſhe can knit him a ſtock!

Speed. Item, ſhe can waſh and ſcour.

Laun. A ſpecial virtue, for then ſhe need not to be waſh'd and ſcour'd.

Speed. Item, ſhe can ſpin.

Laun. Then may I ſet the world on wheels, when ſhe can ſpin for her living.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath many nameleſs virtues.

Laun. That's as much as to ſay *Baſtard Virtues*, that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Cloſe at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, ſhe is not to be kiſt faſting, in reſpect of her breath.

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfaſt: read on.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath a ſweet mouth.

Laun. That makes amends for her ſour breath.

Speed. Item, ſhe doth talk in her ſleep.

Laun. It's no matter for that, ſo ſhe ſleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, ſhe is ſlow in words.

Laun. Oh villain! that ſet down among her vices! to be ſlow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, ſhe is proud.

Laun. Out with that too: it was *Eve*'s legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath no teeth.

Laun. I care not for that neither, becauſe I love cruſts.

Speed. Item, ſhe is curſt.

Laun. Well; the beſt is, ſhe hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, ſhe will often praiſe her liquor.

Laun. If her liquor be good, ſhe ſhall; if ſhe will not, I will, for good things ſhould be praiſed.

Speed. Item, ſhe is too liberal.

Laun. Of her tongue ſhe cannot, for that's writ down ſhe is ſlow of; of her purſe ſhe ſhall not, for that I'll keep ſhut; now

of another thing ſhe may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. *Item*, ſhe hath more hairs than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her; ſhe was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that article. Rehearſe that once more.

Speed. *Item*, ſhe hath more hair than wit.

Laun. More hair than wit; it may be I'll prove it: the cover of the ſalt hides the ſalt, and therefore it is more than the ſalt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit; for the greater hides the leſs. What's next?

Speed. And more faults than hairs.

Laun. That's monſtrous: oh that that were out!

Speed. And more wealth than faults.

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impoſſible ——

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why then will I tell thee, that thy maſter ſtays for thee at the north-gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath ſtaid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And muſt I go to him?

Laun. Thou muſt run to him; for thou haſt ſtaid ſo long that going will ſcarce ſerve the turn.

Speed. Why didſt not tell me ſooner? pox on your love-letters!

Laun. Now will he be ſwing'd for reading my letter: an unmannerly ſlave, that will thruſt himſelf into ſecrets. I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Duke *and* Thurio.

Duke. Sir *Thurio*, fear not, but that ſhe will love you,
Now *Valentine* is baniſh'd from her ſight.

Thu. Since his exile ſhe hath deſpis'd me moſt,
Forſworn my company, and rail'd at me,

That

That I am deſperate of obtaining her.
Duke. This weak impreſs of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Diſſolves to water, and doth loſe his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthleſs *Valentine* ſhall be forgot.

Enter Protheus.

How now, Sir *Protheus?* is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?
Pro. Gone, my good lord.
Duke. My daughter takes his going heavily.
Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.
Duke. So I believe; but *Thurio* thinks not ſo.
Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou haſt ſhown ſome ſign of good deſert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace,
Let me not live to look upon your Grace.
Duke. Thou know'ſt how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir *Thurio* and my daughter.
Pro. I do, my lord.
Duke. And alſo I do think thou art not ignorant
How ſhe oppoſes her againſt my will.
Pro. She did, my lord, when *Valentine* was here.
Duke. Ay, and perverſely ſhe perſevers ſo.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of *Valentine*, and love Sir *Thurio?*
Pro. The beſt way is to ſlander *Valentine*
With falſhood, cowardiſe and poor deſcent:
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but ſhe'll think that it is ſpoke in hate.
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it muſt with circumſtance be ſpoken
By one whom ſhe eſteemeth as his friend.
Duke. Then you muſt undertake to ſlander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I ſhall be loth to do;
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman,
Eſpecially againſt his very friend.
Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your ſlander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.
Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By ought that I can ſpeak in his diſpraiſe,
She ſhall not long continue love to him.
But ſay this wean her love from *Valentine*,
It follows not that ſhe will love Sir *Thurio*.
Thu. Therefore as you unwind her love from him,
Leſt it ſhould ravel, and be good to none,
You muſt provide to bottom it on me:
Which muſt be done, by praiſing me as much
As you in worth diſpraiſe Sir *Valentine*.
Duke. And, *Protheus*, we dare truſt you in this kind,
Becauſe we know, on *Valentine*'s report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot ſoon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant ſhall you have acceſs,
Where you with *Silvia* may confer at large:
For ſhe is lumpiſh, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's ſake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perſuaſion,
To hate young *Valentine*, and love my friend.
Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect.
But you, Sir *Thurio*, are not ſharp enough;
You muſt lay lime, to tangle her deſires
By wailful ſonnets, whoſe compoſed rhimes
Should be full fraught with ſerviceable vows.
Duke. Much is the force of heav'n-bred poeſie.
Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You ſacrifice your tears, your ſighs, your heart:
Write 'till your ink be dry, and with your tears

Moiſt

Moiſt it again, and frame ſome feeling line
That may diſcover ſuch integrity:
For *Orpheus'* lute was ſtrung with poets ſinews,
Whoſe golden touch could ſoften ſteel and ſtones,
Make tygers tame, and huge *Leviathans*
Forſake unſounded deeps, and dance on ſands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Viſit by night your lady's chamber-window
With ſome ſweet concert: to their inſtruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead ſilence
Will well become ſuch ſweet complaining grievance.
This, or elſe nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This diſcipline ſhews thou haſt been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice;
Therefore, ſweet *Protheus*, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city preſently
To ſort ſome gentlemen well ſkill'd in muſick;
I have a ſonnet that will ſerve the turn
To give the onſet to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace 'till after ſupper,
And afterwards determine our proceedings.

Duke. Ev'n now about it. I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *a Foreſt.*

Enter certain Out-laws.

1 OUT-LAW.

FEllows, ſtand faſt: I ſee a paſſenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, ſhrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine *and* Speed.

3 *Out.* Stand, Sir, and throw us what you have about you; if not, we'll make you, Sir, and rifle you.

Speed.

Speed. Sir, we are undone; theſe are the villains that all the travellers fear ſo much.

Val. My friends, —

1 *Out.* That's not ſo, Sir; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man.

Val. Then know that I have little left to loſe:
A man I am, croſs'd with adverſity;
My riches are theſe poor habiliments,
Of which if you ſhould here diſfurniſh me,
You take the ſum and ſubſtance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To *Verona.*

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From *Milan.*

3 *Out.* Have you long ſojourn'd there?

Val. Some ſixteen months, and longer might have ſtaid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you baniſh'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearſe:
I kill'd a man, whoſe death I much repent;
But yet I ſlew him manfully in fight,
Without falſe vantage or baſe treachery.

1 *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done ſo.
But were you baniſh'd for ſo ſmall a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of ſuch a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or elſe I often had been miſerable.

3 *Out.* By the bare ſcalp of *Robin Hood*'s fat friar,
This fellow were a King for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

Speed. Maſter, be one of them: it's an honourable kind of thievery.

Val.

Val. Peace, villain.

2 *Out.* Tell us this; have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that ſome of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thruſt from the company of awful men:
My ſelf was from *Verona* baniſhed,
For practiſing to ſteal away a lady,
An heir, and near ally'd unto the Duke.

2 *Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a gentleman
Whom in my mood I ſtabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I for ſuch like petty crimes as theſe.
But to the purpoſe; for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawleſs lives;
And, partly, ſeeing you are beautify'd
With goodly ſhape, and by your own report
A linguiſt, and a man of ſuch perfection
As we do in our quality much want.

2 *Out.* Indeed, becauſe you are a baniſh'd man,
Therefore above the reſt we parley to you;
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of neceſſity,
And live as we do in the wilderneſs?

3 *Out.* What ſay'ſt thou? wilt thou be of our conſort?
Say ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our King.

1 *Out.* But if thou ſcorn our courteſie, thou dy'ſt.

2 *Out.* Thou ſhalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
On ſilly women or poor paſſengers.

3 *Out.* No, we deteſt ſuch vile baſe practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And ſhew thee all the treaſure we have got;
Which, with our ſelves, ſhall reſt at thy diſpoſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Changes to Milan.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. ALready I've been falſe to *Valentine*,
And now I muſt be as unjuſt to *Thurio*.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have acceſs my own love to prefer:
But *Silvia* is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthleſs gifts.
When I proteſt true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falſhood to my friend:
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forſworn
In breaking faith with *Julia* whom I lov'd.
And notwithſtanding all her ſudden quips,
The leaſt whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, ſpaniel-like, the more ſhe ſpurns my love,
The more it grows and fawneth on her ſtill.
But here comes *Thurio*: now muſt we to her window,
And give ſome evening muſick to her ear.

Enter Thurio *and Muſicians.*

Thu. How now, Sir *Protheus*, are you crept before us?
Pro. Ay, gentle *Thurio*; for you know that love
Will creep in ſervice where it cannot go.
Thu. Ay, but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.
Pro. Sir, but I do; or elſe I would be hence.
Thu. Whom, *Silvia*?
Pro. Ay, *Silvia*, for your ſake.
Thu. I thank you, for your own: now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it luſtily a while.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Hoſt, and Julia *in boy's cloaths.*

Hoſt. Now, my young gueſt, methinks you're melancholy: I pray, what is it?

Jul. Marry, mine hoſt, becauſe I cannot be merry.

Hoſt. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you ſhall hear muſick, and ſee the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But ſhall I hear him ſpeak?

Hoſt. Ay, that you ſhall.

Jul. That will be muſick.

Hoſt. Hark, hark.

Jul. Is he among theſe?

Hoſt. Ay; but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? *what is ſhe,*
That all our ſwains commend her?
Holy, fair and wiſe is ſhe,
The heav'n ſuch grace did lend her,
That ſhe might admired be.

Is ſhe kind as ſhe is fair?
For beauty lives with kindneſs.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindneſs:
And being help'd inhabits there.

Then to Silvia *let us ſing,*
That Silvia *is excelling;*
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Hoſt. How now? are you ſadder than you were before? how do you, man? the muſick likes you not.

Jul. You miſtake; the muſician likes me not.
Hoſt. Why, my pretty youth?
Jul. He plays falſe, father.
Hoſt. How, out of tune on the ſtrings?
Jul. Not ſo; but yet ſo falſe, that he grieves my very heart-ſtrings.
Hoſt. You have a quick ear.
Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a ſlow heart.
Hoſt. I perceive you delight not in muſick.
Jul. Not a whit when it jars ſo.
Hoſt. Hark what fine change is in the muſick.
Jul. Ay; that change is the ſpight.
Hoſt. You would have them always play but one thing?
Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.
But, hoſt, doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talk on,
Often reſort unto this gentlewoman?
Hoſt. I tell you what *Launce* his man told me, he lov'd her out of all nick.
Jul. Where is *Launce*?
Hoſt. Gone to ſeek his dog, which to-morrow, by his maſter's command, he muſt carry for a preſent to his lady.
Jul. Peace, ſtand aſide, the company parts.
Pro. Sir *Thurio*, fear not; I will ſo plead,
That you ſhall ſay my cunning drift excels.
Thu. Where meet we?
Pro. At Saint *Gregory*'s well.
Thu. Farewel. [*Exe.* Thu. *and Muſick.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Silvia *above.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyſhip.
Sil. I thank you for your muſick, gentlemen:
Who is that that ſpake?
Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil.

Sil. Sir *Protheus*, as I take it.
Pro. Sir *Protheus*, gentle lady, and your ſervant.
Sil. What is your will?
Pro. That I may compaſs yours.
Sil. You have your wiſh; my will is ever this,
That preſently you hie you home to bed.
Thou ſubtle, perjur'd, falſe, diſloyal man!
Think'ſt thou I am ſo ſhallow, ſo conceitleſs,
To be ſeduced by thy flattery,
That haſt deceiv'd ſo many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me, by this pale Queen of night I ſwear,
I am ſo far from granting thy requeſt,
That I deſpiſe thee for thy wrongful ſuit;
And by and by intend to chide my ſelf,
Ev'n for this time I ſpend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant, ſweet love, that I did love a lady,
But ſhe is dead.
Jul. [*Aſide.*] 'Twere falſe if I ſhould ſpeak it;
For I am ſure ſhe is not buried.
Sil. Say that ſhe be; yet *Valentine* thy friend
Survives, to whom, even thy ſelf art witneſs,
I am betroth'd: and art thou not aſham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy?
Pro. I likewiſe hear that *Valentine* is dead.
Sil. And ſo ſuppoſe am I; for in his grave,
Aſſure thy ſelf, my love is buried.
Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.
Sil. Go to thy lady's grave and call her thence,
Or, at the leaſt, in hers ſepulchre thine.
Jul. [*Aſide.*] He heard not that.
Pro. Madam, if your heart be ſo
Obdurate, oh! vouchſafe me yet your picture,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that I'll ſpeak, to that I'll ſigh and weep:
For ſince the ſubſtance of your perfect ſelf

Is elſe devoted, I am but a ſhadow;
And to your ſhadow will I make true love.
Jul. [*Aſide.*] If 'twere a ſubſtance you would ſure deceive it,
And make it but a ſhadow as I am.
Sil. I'm very loth to be your idol, Sir;
But ſince your falſhood ſhall become you well
To worſhip ſhadows and adore falſe ſhapes,
Send to me in the morning and I'll ſend it:
And ſo, good reſt.
Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn. [*Exe.* Pro. *and* Sil.
Jul. Hoſt, will you go?
Hoſt. By my hallidom, I was faſt aſleep.
Jul. Pray you, where lyes Sir *Protheus?*
Hoſt. Marry, at my houſe: truſt me, I think 'tis almoſt day.
Jul. Not ſo; but it hath been the longeſt night
That e'er I watch'd, and the moſt heavy one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that Madam *Silvia*
Entreated me to call and know her mind:
There's ſome great matter ſhe'd employ me in.
Madam!

Enter Silvia *above.*

Sil. Who calls?
Egl. Your ſervant and your friend;
One that attends your ladyſhip's command.
Sil. Sir *Eglamour*, a thouſand times good-morrow.
Egl. As many, worthy lady, to your ſelf:
According to your ladyſhip's impoſe,
I am thus early come, to know what ſervice
It is your pleaſure to command me in.
Sil. Oh *Eglamour*, thou art a gentleman,

(Think

(Think not I flatter, for I ſwear I do not,)
Valiant and wiſe, remorſeful, well accompliſh'd;
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the baniſh'd *Valentine*;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain *Thurio*, whom my very ſoul abhors.
Thy ſelf haſt lov'd; and I have heard thee ſay,
No grief did come ſo near unto thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love dy'd;
Upon whoſe grave thou vow'dſt pure chaſtity.
Sir *Eglamour*, I would to *Valentine*
To *Mantua*, where, I hear, he makes abode:
And, for the ways are dangerous to paſs,
I do deſire thy worthy company;
Upon whoſe faith and honour I repoſe.
Urge not my father's anger, *Eglamour*;
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
And on the juſtice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a moſt unholy match,
Which heav'n and fortune ſtill reward with plagues.
I do deſire thee, even from a heart
As full of ſorrows as the ſea of ſands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have ſaid to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which ſince I know they virtuouſly are plac'd,
I give conſent to go along with you,
Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wiſh all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where
Shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar *Patrick*'s cell;
Where I intend holy confeſſion.

Egl.

Egl. I will not fail:
Good-morrow, gentle lady.
Sil. Good-morrow, kind Sir *Eglamour*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Launce, *with his dog.*

Laun. When a man's ſervant ſhall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy, one that I ſav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and ſiſters went to it! I have taught him, even as one would ſay preciſely, thus I would teach a dog. I went to deliver him as a preſent to miſtreſs *Silvia*, from my maſter; and I came no ſooner into the dining-chamber, but he ſteps me to her trencher, and ſteals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himſelf in all companies! I would have, as one ſhould ſay, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't; ſure as I live he had ſuffer'd for't; you ſhall judge. He thruſts me himſelf into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the Duke's table; he had not been there (bleſs the mark) a piſſing while, but all the chamber ſmelt him. Out with the dog, ſays one; what cur is that? ſays another; whip him out, ſays a third; hang him up, ſays the Duke. I having been acquainted with the ſmell before, knew it was *Crab*, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs; Friend, quoth I, you mean to whip the dog? Ay marry do I, quoth he. You do him the more wrong, quoth I; 'twas I did the thing you wot of. He makes no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many maſters would do this for their ſervant? nay, I'll be ſworn I have ſat in the ſtocks for puddings he hath ſtol'n, otherwiſe he had been executed; I have ſtood on the pillory for geeſe he hath kill'd, otherwiſe he had ſuffer'd for't. Thou think'ſt not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you ſerv'd me when I took my leave

leave of Madam *Silvia*; did not I bid thee ſtill mark me, and do as I do? when didſt thou ſee me heave up my leg, and make water againſt a gentlewoman's farthingale? didſt thou ever ſee me do ſuch a trick?

SCENE VII.

Enter Protheus *and* Julia.

Pro. *Sebaſtian* is thy name? I like thee well,
And will imploy thee in ſome ſervice preſently.

Jul. In what you pleaſe: I'll do, Sir, what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt. --- How now, you whore-ſon peaſant,
Where have you been theſe two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, Sir, I carry'd miſtreſs *Silvia* the dog you bad me.

Pro. And what ſays ſhe to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, ſhe ſays, your dog was a cur, and tells you, curriſh thanks is good enough for ſuch a preſent.

Pro. But ſhe receiv'd my dog?

Laun. No indeed ſhe did not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, did'ſt thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, Sir; the other, *Squirrel*, was ſtol'n from me by the hangman's boy in the market-place; and then I offer'd her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my ſight:
Away, I ſay; ſtay'ſt thou to vex me here?
A ſlave, that ev'ry day turns me to ſhame. [*Exit* Laun.
Sebaſtian, I have entertained thee,
Partly that I have need of ſuch a youth,
That can with ſome diſcretion do my buſineſs;
(For 'tis no truſting to yon fooliſh lowt:)
But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which, if my augury deceive me not,
Witneſs good bringing up, fortune and truth:

Therefore

Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go preſently, and take this ring with thee;
Deliver it to Madam *Silvia*.
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It ſeems you lov'd not her, to leave her token:
She's dead belike.

Pro. Not ſo: I think ſhe lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why do'ſt thou cry alas?

Jul. I cannot chuſe
But pity her.

Pro. Why ſhouldſt thou pity her?

Jul. Becauſe methinks if ſhe loves you as well
As you do love your lady *Silvia*;
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You doat on her that cares not for your love:
'Tis pity love ſhould be ſo contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and give therewithal
This letter; that's her chamber: tell my lady,
I claim the promiſe for her heav'nly picture.
Your meſſage done, hye home unto my chamber,
Where thou ſhalt find me ſad and ſolitary. [*Exit* Pro.

SCENE VIII.

Jul. How many women would do ſuch a meſſage?
Alas, poor *Protheus*, thou haſt entertain'd
A fox to be the ſhepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool, why do I pity him
That with his very heart deſpiſeth me?
Becauſe he loves her, he deſpiſeth me;
Becauſe I love him, I muſt pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will.
And now I am, unhappy meſſenger,

To

To plead for that which I would not obtain;
To carry that which I would have refus'd;
To praiſe his faith, which I would have diſprais'd.
I am my maſter's true confirmed love,
But cannot be true ſervant to my maſter,
Unleſs I prove falſe traitor to my ſelf.
Yet will I woo for him, but yet ſo coldly,
As, heav'n it knows, I would not have him ſpeed.

Enter Silvia.

Lady, good day; I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to ſpeak with Madam *Silvia*.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be ſhe?

Jul. If you be ſhe, I do intreat your patience
To hear me ſpeak the meſſage I am ſent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my maſter Sir *Protheus*, Madam.

Sil. Oh! he ſends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, Madam.

Sil. Urſula, bring my picture there.
Go, give your maſter this; tell him from me,
One *Julia*, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this ſhadow.

Jul. Madam, may't pleaſe you to peruſe this letter.
Pardon me, Madam, I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I ſhould not;
This is the letter to your ladyſhip.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good Madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold;
I will not look upon your maſter's lines,
I know they're ſtufft with proteſtations,
And full of new-found oaths, which he will break
As eaſily as I do tear his paper.

Jul. Madam, he ſends your ladyſhip this ring.

Sil. The more ſhame for him that he ſends it me;

For I have heard him ſay a thouſand times,
His *Julia* gave it him at his departure:
Tho' his falſe finger have prophan'd the ring,
Mine ſhall not do his *Julia* ſo much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What ſay'ſt thou?

Jul. I thank you, Madam, that you tender her;
Poor gentlewoman, my maſter wrongs her much.

Sil. Doſt thou know her?

Jul. Almoſt as well as I do know my ſelf.
To think upon her woes, I do proteſt
That I have wept an hundred ſeveral times.

Sil. Belike ſhe thinks that *Protheus* hath forſook her.

Jul. I think ſhe doth; and that's her cauſe of ſorrow.

Sil. Is ſhe not paſſing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, Madam, than ſhe is:
When ſhe did think my maſter lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you.
But ſince ſhe did neglect her looking-glaſs,
And threw her ſun-expelling maſk away,
The air hath ſtarv'd the roſes in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,
That now ſhe is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was ſhe?

Jul. About my ſtature: for at *Pentecoſt*,
When all our pageants of delight were plaid,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trim'd in Madam *Julia*'s gown,
Which ſerved me as fit, by all mens judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me;
Therefore I know ſhe is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agood,
For I did play a lamentable part.
Madam, 'twas *Ariadne* paſſioning
For *Theſeus*' perjury and unjuſt flight;
Which I ſo lively acted with my tears,

That my poor miſtreſs, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very ſorrow!

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady! deſolate and left!
I weep my ſelf to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is a purſe; I give thee this
For thy ſweet miſtreſs' ſake, becauſe thou lov'ſt her. [*Exit* Silvia.

Jul. And ſhe ſhall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.
I hope my maſter's ſuit will be but cold,
Since ſhe reſpects his miſtreſs' love ſo much.
Alas! how love can trifle with it ſelf!
Here is her picture; let me ſee; I think,
If I had ſuch a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers.
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unleſs I flatter with my ſelf too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow.
If that be all the diff'rence in his love,
I'll get me ſuch a colour'd perriwig.
Her eyes are grey as glaſs, and ſo are mine;
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine is high.
What ſhould it be that he reſpects in her,
But I can make reſpective in my ſelf,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, ſhadow, come, and take this ſhadow up;
For 'tis thy rival. O thou ſenſeleſs form,
Thou ſhalt be worſhip'd, kiſs'd, lov'd and ador'd;
And were there ſenſe in his idolatry,
My ſubſtance ſhould be ſainted in thy ſtead.
I'll uſe thee kindly for thy miſtreſs' ſake,
That us'd me ſo; or elſe, by *Jove* I vow,
I ſhould have ſcratch'd out thy unſeeing eyes,
To make my maſter out of love with thee. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *continues in* Milan.

Enter Eglamour.

EGLAMOUR.

THE ſun begins to gild the weſtern ſky,
And now it is about the very hour
Silvia, at Friar *Patrick's* cell, ſhould meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unleſs it be to come before their time:
So much they ſpur their expedition.
See where ſhe comes. Lady, a happy evening!

Enter Silvia.

Sil. Amen, Amen! Go on, good *Eglamour*,
Out at the poſtern by the abby-wall;
I fear I am attended by ſome ſpies.
Egl. Fear not; the foreſt is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we're ſure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Thurio, Protheus *and* Julia.

Thu. Sir *Protheus*, what ſays *Silvia* to my ſuit?
Pro. Oh, Sir, I find her milder than ſhe was,
And yet ſhe takes exceptions at your perſon.
Thu. What, that my leg is too long?
Pro. No; that it is too little.
Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it ſomewhat rounder.
Pro. But love will not be ſpurr'd to what it loaths.
Thu. What ſays ſhe to my face?

Pro.

Pro. She ſays, it is a fair one.
Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.
Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old ſaying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies eyes.
Jul. 'Tis true, ſuch pearls as put out ladies eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aſide.*
Thu. How likes ſhe my diſcourſe?
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.
Thu. But well when I diſcourſe of love and peace?
Jul. But better indeed when you hold your peace.
Thu. What ſays ſhe to my valour?
Pro. Oh, Sir, ſhe makes no doubt of that.
Jul. She needs not, when ſhe knows it cowardiſe.
Thu. What ſays ſhe to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriv'd.
Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool.
Thu. Conſiders ſhe my poſſeſſions?
Pro. Oh, ay, and pities them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. That ſuch an aſs ſhould own them.
Pro. That they are out by leaſe.
Jul. Here comes the Duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir *Protheus?* how now, *Thurio?*
Which of you ſaw Sir *Eglamour* of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why then
She's fled unto the peaſant *Valentine*;
And *Eglamour* is in her company.
'Tis true; for Friar *Laurence* met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the foreſt:
Him he knew well, and gueſs'd that it was ſhe;

But,

But, being maſk'd, he was not ſure of it.
Beſides, ſhe did intend confeſſion
At *Patrick*'s cell this ev'n, and there ſhe was not:
Theſe likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore I pray you, ſtand not to diſcourſe,
But mount you preſently, and meet with me
Upon the riſing of the mountain-foot
That leads tow'rds *Mantua*, whither they are fled.
Diſpatch, ſweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit* Duke.

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peeviſh girl,
That flies her fortune where it follows her:
I'll after, more to be reveng'd of *Eglamour*,
Than for the love of reckleſs *Silvia*.

Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvia*'s love,
Than hate of *Eglamour* that goes with her.

Jul. And I will follow, more to croſs that love,
Than hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for love. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE III.

The FOREST.

Enter Silvia *and* Out-laws.

1 *Out.* COme, come, be patient; we muſt bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thouſand more miſchances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us;
But *Moyſes* and *Valerius* follow him.
Go thou with her to th' weſt end of the wood,
There is our captain: follow him that's fled.
The thicket is beſet, he cannot 'ſcape.

1 *Out.* Come, I muſt bring you to our captain's cave.

Fear

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not uſe a woman lawleſly.
Sil. O *Valentine!* this I endure for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Valentine.

Val. How uſe doth breed a habit in a man!
This ſhadowy deſart, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flouriſhing peopled towns.
Here I can ſit alone, unſeen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my diſtreſſes, and record my woes.
O thou that doſt inhabit in my breaſt,
Leave not the manſion ſo long tenantleſs,
Leſt, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was.
Repair me with thy preſence, *Silvia*;
Thou gentle nymph, cheriſh thy forlorn ſwain.
What hollowing and what ſtir is this to day?
Theſe are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have ſome unhappy paſſenger in chaſe.
They love me well, yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, *Valentine*: who's this comes here?

Enter Protheus, Silvia *and* Julia.

Pro. Madam, this ſervice have I done for you,
(Tho' you reſpect not ought your ſervant doth)
To hazard life, and reſcue you from him
That wou'd have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchſafe me for my meed but one fair look:
A ſmaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And leſs than this I'm ſure you cannot give.
Val. How like a dream is this I ſee and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while.

Sil.

Sil. O miſerable unhappy that I am!
Pro. Unhappy were you, Madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'ſt me moſt unhappy.
Jul. And me when he approacheth to your preſence. [*Aſide.*
Sil. Had I been ſeized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfaſt to the beaſt,
Rather than have falſe *Protheus* reſcue me.
Oh heav'n, be judge how I love *Valentine*,
Whoſe life's as tender to me as my ſoul;
And full as much, for more there cannot be,
I do deteſt falſe perjur'd *Protheus:*
Therefore be gone, ſollicit me no more.
Pro. What dang'rous action, ſtood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
Oh, 'tis the curſe in love, for ever prov'd,
When women cannot love where they're belov'd.
Sil. When *Protheus* cannot love where he's belov'd.
Read over *Julia*'s heart, thy firſt beſt love,
For whoſe dear ſake thou then didſt rend thy faith
Into a thouſand oaths; and all thoſe oaths
Deſcended into perjury to deceive me.
Thou haſt no faith left now, unleſs thou'dſt two,
And that's far worſe than none: better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!
Pro. In love,
Who reſpects friend?
Sil. All men but *Protheus.*
Pro. Nay, if the gentle ſpirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form;
I'll move you like a ſoldier, at arms end,
And love you 'gainſt the nature of love; force ye.
Sil. Oh heav'n!
Pro. I'll force thee yield to my deſire.
Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,

Thou

Thou friend of an ill faſhion!

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love;
For ſuch is a friend now: thou treach'rous man!
Thou haſt beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have perſuaded me. I dare not ſay,
I have one friend alive; thou wouldſt diſprove me.
Who ſhould be truſted now, when the right hand
Is perjur'd to the boſom? *Protheus*,
I'm ſorry I muſt never truſt thee more,
But count the world a ſtranger for thy ſake.
The private wound is deepeſt. Oh time accurſt!
'Mongſt all foes, that a friend ſhould be the worſt!

Pro. My ſhame and guilt confound me:
Forgive me, *Valentine*; if hearty ſorrow
Be a ſufficient ranſom for offence,
I tender't here; I do as truly ſuffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid:
And once again I do receive thee honeſt.
Who by repentance is not ſatisfy'd,
Is nor of heav'n nor earth, for theſe are pleas'd;
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.
And that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in *Silvia* I give thee. [a]

Jul. Oh me unhappy! [*Swoons.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy? how now? what's the matter? look up; ſpeak.

Jul. O good Sir, my maſter charg'd me to deliver a ring to Madam *Silvia*, which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it.

(a) *This paſſage either hath been much ſophiſticated or is one great proof that the main parts of this Play did not proceed from* Shakeſpear: *for it is impoſſible He could make* Valentine *act and ſpeak ſo much out of character; or give to* Silvia *ſo unnatural a behaviour as to take no notice of this ſtrange declaration if it had been made.*

Pro. How? let me ſee:
This is the ring I gave to *Julia*.
Jul. Oh, cry you mercy, Sir, I have miſtook;
This is the ring you ſent to *Silvia*.
Pro. How cam'ſt thou by this ring? at my depart
I gave this unto *Julia*.
Jul. And *Julia* her ſelf did give it me.
And *Julia* her ſelf hath brought it hither.
Pro. How, *Julia?*
Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart:
How oft haſt thou with perjury cleft the root on't?
Oh *Protheus*, let this habit make thee bluſh:
Be thou aſham'd that I have took upon me
Such an immodeſt rayment, if ſhame live
In a diſguiſe of love;
It is the leſſer blot modeſty finds,
Women to change their ſhapes, than men their minds.
Pro. Than men their minds? 'tis true; oh heav'n! were man
But conſtant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults, makes him run through all ſins:
Inconſtancy falls off ere it begins.
What is in *Silvia*'s face but I may ſpy
More freſh in *Julia*'s with a conſtant eye?
Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be bleſt to make this happy cloſe;
'Twere pity two ſuch friends ſhould long be foes.
Pro. Bear witneſs, heav'n, I have my wiſh for ever.
Jul. And I mine.

SCENE V.

Enter Duke, Thurio, *and* Out-laws.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!
Val. Forbear, forbear, it is my lord the *Duke*.
Your Grace is welcome to a man diſgrac'd,

The

The baniſh'd *Valentine.*

Duke. Sir *Valentine?*

Thu. Yonder is *Silvia:* and *Silvia*'s mine.

Val. Thurio, give back; or elſe embrace thy death:
Come not within the meaſure of my wrath.
Do not name *Silvia* thine; --- but once again,
And *Milan* ſhall not hold thee. Here ſhe ſtands,
Take but poſſeſſion of her with a touch;
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I.
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not; and therefore ſhe is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and baſe art thou,
To make ſuch means for her as thou haſt done,
And leave her on ſuch ſlight conditions.
Now, by the honour of my anceſtry,
I do applaud thy ſpirit, *Valentine*,
And think thee worthy of an Empreſs' love:
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new ſtate in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus ſubſcribe: Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd,
Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou haſt deſerv'd her.

Val. I thank your Grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beſeech you, for your daughter's ſake,
To grant one boon that I ſhall aſk of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. Theſe baniſh'd men that I have kept withal,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recalled from their exile.
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou haſt prevail'd, I pardon them and thee;

Diſpoſe of them as thou know'ſt their deſerts.
Come, let us go; we will conclude all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and all ſolemnity.

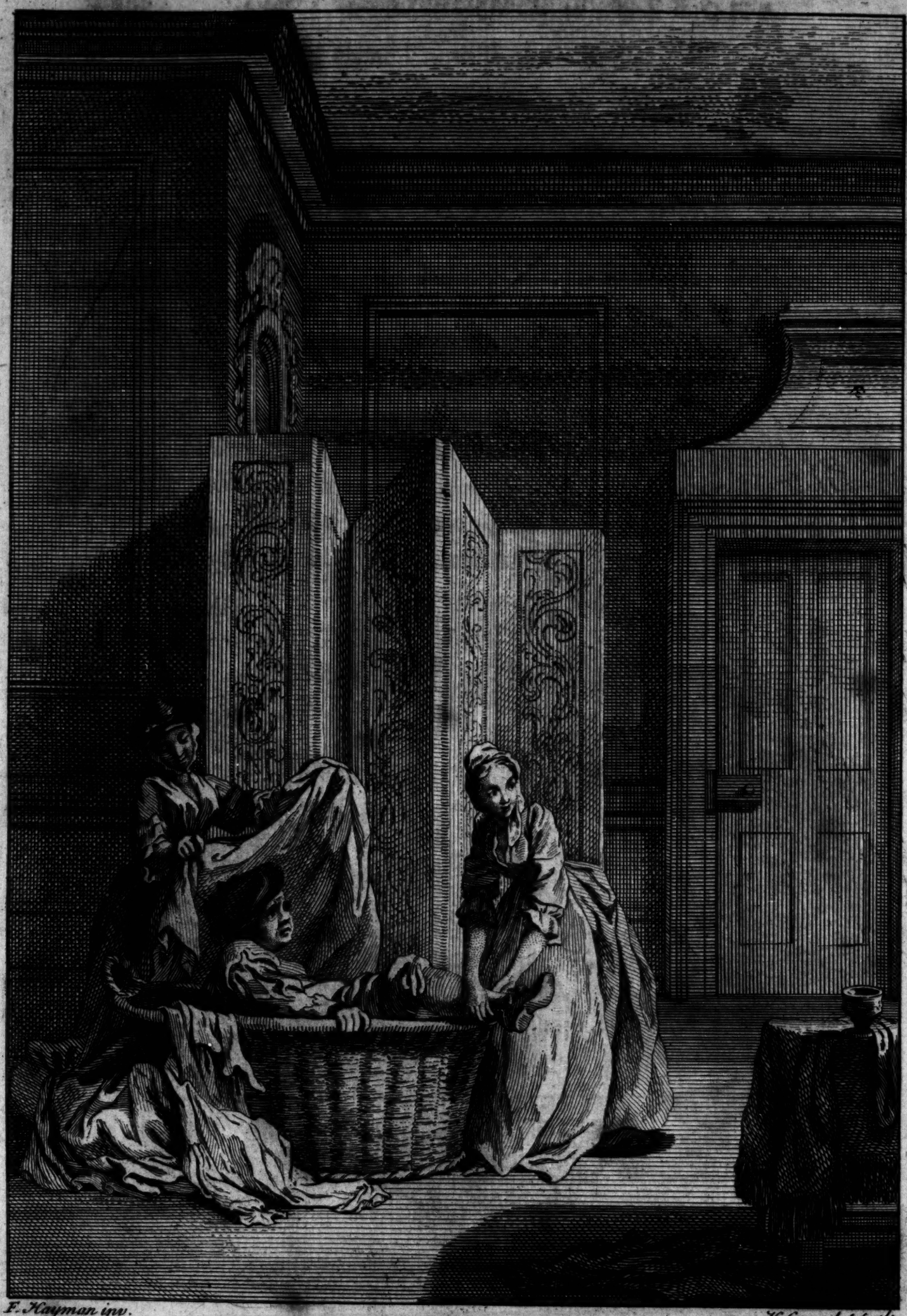
Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our diſcourſe to make your Grace to ſmile.
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him, he bluſhes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that ſaying?

Val. Pleaſe you, I'll tell you as we paſs along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.
Come, *Protheus*, 'tis your penance but to hear
The ſtory of your love diſcovered:
That done, our day of marriage ſhall be yours,
One feaſt, one houſe, one mutual happineſs. [*Exeunt omnes.*



F. Hayman inv. *H. Gravelot Sculps*

The merry WIVES of WINDSOR. Act. 3. Sc. 9.

THE

MERRY WIVES

OF

WINDSOR.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

SIR John Falſtaff.
Fenton, *a young Gentleman of ſmall Fortune, in love with Mrs.* Anne Page.
Shallow, *a Country Juſtice.*
Slender, *Couſin to* Shallow, *a fooliſh Country Squire.*
Mr. Page, } *two Gentlemen, dwelling at* Windſor.
Mr. Ford, }
Sir Hugh Evans, *a* Welch *Parſon.*
Dr. Caius, *a* French *Doctor.*
Hoſt of the Garter, *a merry talking Fellow.*
Bardolph, } *Sharpers attending on* Falſtaff.
Piſtol, }
Nym, }
Robin, *Page to* Falſtaff.
William Page, *a Boy, Son to Mr.* Page.
Simple, *Servant to* Slender.
Rugby, *Servant to Dr.* Caius.

Mrs. Page, *Wife to Mr.* Page.
Mrs. Ford, *Wife to Mr.* Ford.
Mrs. Anne Page, *Daughter to Mr.* Page, *in love with* Fenton.
Mrs. Quickly, *Servant to Dr.* Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, *&c.*

SCENE *Windſor.*

THE

THE MERRY WIVES of *Windſor.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

The SCENE *before* Page's *Houſe in* Windſor.

Enter Juſtice Shallow, Slender, *and Sir* Hugh Evans.

SHALLOW.

SIR *Hugh*, perſwade me not; I will make a *Star-chamber* matter of it: if he were twenty Sir *John Falſtaffs*, he ſhall not abuſe *Robert Shallow*, Eſq;

Slen. In the county of *Glouceſter*, Juſtice of peace, and *Coram.*

Shal. Ay, couſin *Slender*, and *Cuſtalorum.*

Slen. Ay, and *Rato-lorum* too; and a gentleman born, maſter parſon, who writes himſelf *Armigero* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation; *Armigero.*

Shal. Ay, that I do, and have done any time theſe three hundred years.

Slen. All his ſucceſſors, gone before him, have don't; and all his anceſtors that come after him may; they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

(a) *This Play was written in the Author's beſt and ripeſt years, after* Henry *the Fourth, by the command of Queen* Elizabeth. *There is a tradition that it was compos'd at a fortnight's warning. But that muſt be meant only of the firſt imperfect ſketch of this Comedy, which is yet extant in an old Quarto edition, printed in* 1619. *This which we here have, was alter'd and improv'd by the Author almoſt in every ſpeech.*

Eva.

Eva. The dozen white lowſes do become an old coat well; it agrees well paſſant; it is a familiar beaſt to man, and ſignifies love.

Shal. The luce is the freſh-fiſh, the ſalt-fiſh is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring indeed, if he quàrter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, per-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three ſkirts for your ſelf, in my ſimple conjectures; but that is all one: if Sir *John Falſtaff* have committed diſparagements upon you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromiſes between you.

Shal. The council ſhall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the council hear of a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, ſhall deſire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take you viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the ſword ſhould end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the ſword that end it; and there is alſo another device in my prain, which peradventure prings good diſcretions with it: there is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to maſter *George Page*, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Miſtreſs *Anne Page?* ſhe has brown hair, and ſpeaks like a woman.

Eva. It is that ferry perſon for all the orld, as juſt as you will deſire; and ſeven hundred pounds of monies, and gold and ſilver, is her grand-ſire upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful reſurrections) give when ſhe is able to overtake ſeventeen years old: it were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a marriage between maſter *Abraham* and miſtreſs *Anne Page*.

Slen. Did her grand-ſire leave her ſeven hundred pound?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman; ſhe has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and poſſibility, is goot gifts.

Shal. Well; let us ſee honeſt Mr. *Page:* is *Falſtaff* there?

Eva.

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do deſpiſe a liar as I do deſpiſe one that is falſe; or as I deſpiſe one that is not true. The Knight Sir *John* is there; and I beſeech you, be ruled by your well-wiſhers. I will peat the door [*Knocks.*] for maſter *Page.* What, hoa? Got bleſs your houſe here.

SCENE II.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's pleſſing, and your friend, and Juſtice *Shallow*; and here's young maſter *Slender*; that peradventures ſhall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to ſee your worſhips well. I thank you for my veniſon, maſter *Shallow.*

Shal. Maſter *Page*, I am glad to ſee you; much good do it your good heart: I wiſh'd your veniſon better; it was ill kill'd. How doth good miſtreſs *Page?* and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to ſee you, good maſter *Slender.*

Slen. How do's your fallow greyhound, Sir? I heard ſay, he was out-run on *Cotſale.*

Page. It could not be judg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confeſs, you'll not confeſs.

Shal. That he will not; 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault; 'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more ſaid? he is good and fair. Is Sir *John Falſtaff* here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is ſpoke as a chriſtians ought to ſpeak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, maſter *Page.*

Page. Sir, he doth in ſome ſort confeſs it.

Shal. If it be confeſs'd, it is not redreſs'd; is not that ſo, maſter *Page?* he hath wrong'd me; indeed he hath; at a word he hath; believe me, *Robert Shallow* Eſquire ſaith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir *John.*

SCENE III.

Enter Sir John Falſtaff, Bardolph, Nym *and* Piſtol.

Fal. Now, maſter *Shallow*, you'll complain of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiſs'd your keeper's daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin; this ſhall be anſwer'd.

Fal. I will anſwer it ſtrait: I have done all this. That is now anſwer'd.

Shal. The council ſhall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if 'twere not known in council; you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. Pauca verba, Sir *John*, good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good cabbage. *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter have you againſt me?

Slen. Marry, Sir, I have matter in my head againſt you, and againſt your cony-catching raſcals, *Bardolph*, *Nym* and *Piſtol.*

Bar. You *Banbury* cheeſe!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Piſt. How now, *Mephoſtophilus?*

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I ſay, *pauca*, *pauca*: ſlice, that's my humour.

Slen. Where's *Simple* my man? can you tell, couſin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you: now let us underſtand; there is three umpires in this matter, as I underſtand; that is, maſter *Page*, *fidelicet* maſter *Page*; and there is my ſelf, *fidelicet* my ſelf; and the third party is, laſtly and finally, mine hoſt of the garter.

Page. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Ferry goot; I will make a prief of it in my note-book, and we will afterwards ork upon the cauſe with as great diſcretions as we can.

Fal.

Fal. Piſtol!

Piſt. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phraſe is this, he hears with ear? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Piſtol, did you pick maſter *Slender*'s purſe?

Slen. Ay, by theſe gloves, did he, or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again elſe, of ſeven groats in mill-ſixpences, and two *Edward* ſhovel-boards, that coſt me two ſhilling and two pence a-piece, of *Yead Miller*; by theſe gloves.

Fal. Is this true, *Piſtol?*

Eva. No; it is falſe, if it is a pick-purſe.

Piſt. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! Sir *John*, and maſter mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilboe:
Word of denial in thy *Labras* here;
Word of denial; froth and ſcum, thou lieſt.

Slen. By theſe gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, Sir, and paſs good humours: I will ſay marry trap with you, if you run the [a] nuthooks-humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it; for tho' I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an aſs.

Fal. What ſay you, *Scarlet* and *John?*

Bard. Why, Sir, for my part, I ſay, the gentleman had drunk himſelf out of his five ſentences.

Eva. It is his five ſenſes: fie, what the Ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, Sir, was, as they ſay, caſhier'd; and ſo concluſions paſt the car-eires.

Slen. Ay, you ſpake in *Latin* then too; but 'tis no matter; I'll never be drunk whilſt I live again, but in honeſt, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with thoſe that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

(a) Nuthook *was a word of reproach in the vulgar way and in the Cant-ſtrain. In the ſecond Part of* Hen. 4. Dol Tearſheet *ſays to the Beadle*, Nuthook, Nuthook! you lie. *Probably it was a name given to a Bayliff or Catchpole, very odious to the common people.*

Eva. So Got udg me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all theſe matters deny'd, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Miſtreſs Anne Page, *with wine.*

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit* Anne Page.

Slen. Oh heav'n! this is miſtreſs *Anne Page.*

Enter Miſtreſs Ford *and Miſtreſs* Page.

Page. How now, miſtreſs *Ford?*

Fal. Miſtreſs *Ford*, by my troth, you are very well met; by your leave, good miſtreſs. [*Kiſſing her.*

Page. Wife, bid theſe gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot veniſon paſty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we ſhall drink down all unkindneſs. [*Exe.* Fal. Page, *&c.*

SCENE IV.

Manent Shallow, Evans *and* Slender.

Slen. I had rather than forty ſhillings I had my book of ſongs and ſonnets here.

Enter Simple.

How now, *Simple*, where have you been? I muſt wait on my ſelf, muſt I? you have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

Simp. Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* upon *Allhollowmas* laſt, a fortnight afore *Martlemas?*

Shal. Come, coz, come, coz; we ſtay for you: a word with you, coz: marry this, coz; there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir *Hugh* here: do you underſtand me?

Slen. Ay, Sir, you ſhall find me reaſonable: if it be ſo, I ſhall do that is reaſon.

Shal. Nay, but underſtand me.

Slen. So I do, Sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, Mr. *Slender:* I will deſcription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my couſin *Shallow* ſays: I pray you, pardon me: he's a Juſtice of peace in his country, ſimple tho' I ſtand here.

Eva. But that is not the queſtion: the queſtion is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, Sir.

Eva. Marry is it; the very point of it, to Mrs. *Anne Page.*

Slen. Why, if it be ſo, I will marry her upon any reaſonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philoſophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mind: therefore preciſely, can you marry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Couſin *Abraham Slender*, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, Sir; I will do as it ſhall become one that would do reaſon.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you muſt ſpeak poſſitable, if you can carry her your deſires towards her.

Shal. That you muſt: will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that upon your requeſt, couſin, in any reaſon.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, ſweet coz; what I do is to pleaſure you, coz: can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, Sir, at your requeſt: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heav'n may decreaſe it upon better acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occaſion to know one another; I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you ſay, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely diſſolved, and diſſolutely.

Eva. It is a ferry diſcretion anſwer, ſave the faul' is in th' ort *diſſolutely*: the ort is, according to our meaning, *reſolutely*; his meaning is goot.

Shal. Ay, I think my couſin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or elſe I would I might be hang'd, la.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Miſtreſs Anne Page

Shal. Here comes fair miſtreſs *Anne:* would I were young for your ſake, miſtreſs *Anne.*

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father deſires your worſhip's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair miſtreſs *Anne.*

Eva. Od's pleſſed will, I will not be abſence at the Grace. [*Exe.* Shallow *and* Evans.

Anne. Will't pleaſe your worſhip to come in, Sir?

Slen. No, I thank you forſooth heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you forſooth. Go, Sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my couſin *Shallow*: a Juſtice of peace ſometime may be beholden to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, 'till my mother be dead; but what though, yet I live a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worſhip; they will not ſit 'till you come.

Slen. I'faith I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my ſhin th' other day with playing at ſword and dagger with a maſter of fence, three veneys for a diſh of ſtew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meat ſince. Why do your dogs bark ſo? be there bears i'th' town?

Anne. I think there are, Sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the ſport well, but I ſhall as ſoon quarrel at it as any man in *England.* You are afraid if you ſee the bear looſe, are you not?

Anne. Ay indeed, Sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now; I have ſeen *Sackerſon* looſe twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant

warrant you, the women have ſo cry'd and ſhriekt at it, that it paſt[a]: but women indeed cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Come, gentle Mr. *Slender*, come; we ſtay for you.
Slen. I chuſe to eat nothing, I thank you, Sir.
Page. By cock and pye, you ſhall not chuſe, Sir; come; come.
Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.
Page. Come on, Sir.
Slen. Miſtreſs *Anne*, your ſelf ſhall go firſt.
Anne. Not I, Sir; pray you, keep on.
Slen. Truly I will not go firſt, truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.
Anne. I pray you, Sir.
Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troubleſome; you do your ſelf wrong, indeed-la. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Re-enter Evans *and* Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and aſk of doctor *Caius'* houſe which is the way; and there dwells one miſtreſs *Quickly*, which is in the manner of his nurſe, or his dry nurſe, or his cook, or his laundry, his waſher, and his ringer.
Simp. Well, Sir.
Eva. Nay, it is petter yet; give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogethers acquaintance with miſtreſs *Anne Page*; and the letter is to deſire and require her to ſollicit your maſter's deſires to miſtreſs *Anne Page*: I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheeſe to come.
[*Exeunt.*

(a) It paſt, *and* This paſſes *was a way of ſpeaking cuſtomary heretofore to ſignify the* exceſs *or* extraordinary degree *of any thing. The ſentence compleated would be*, It paſt *or* This paſſes all expreſſion, *or perhaps* (*according to a vulgar phraſe ſtill in uſe*) It paſt *or* This paſſes all things, is beyond all things. *The participle of the ſame verb is ſtill in common uſe and in the ſame ſenſe*: paſſing well, paſſing ſtrange, *&c.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Garter-Inn.

Enter Falſtaff, Hoſt, Bardolph, Nym, Piſtol *and* Robin.

Fal. MIne hoſt of the garter!

Hoſt. What ſays my bully rock? ſpeak ſchollarly, and wiſely.

Fal. Truly, mine hoſt, I muſt turn away ſome of my followers.

Hoſt. Diſcard, bully *Hercules*, caſhier; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I ſit at ten pounds a week.

Hoſt. Thou'rt an Emperor, *Cæſar*, *Keiſar* and *Pheazar*. I will entertain *Bardolph*, he will draw, he will tap; ſaid I well, bully *Hector?*

Fal. Do ſo, good mine hoſt.

Hoſt. I have ſpoke, let him follow; let me ſee thee froth, and live: I am at a word; follow. [*Exit* Hoſt.

Fal. *Bardolph*, follow him; a tapſter is a good trade; an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd ſerving-man, a freſh tapſter; go, adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have deſir'd: I will thrive. [*Exit* Bar.

Piſt. O baſe *Hungarian* wight, wilt thou the ſpigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink, is not the humour conceited?

Fal. I am glad I am ſo quit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open, his filching was like an unſkilful finger, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to ſteal at a minute's reſt.

Piſt. Convey, the wiſe it call: ſteal? foh; a fico for the phraſe!

Fal. Well, Sirs, I am almoſt out at heels.

Piſt. Why then let kibes enſue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I muſt cony-catch, I muſt ſhift.

Piſt. Young ravens muſt have food.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this town?

Piſt.

Piſt. I ken the wight, he is of ſubſtance good.

Fal. My honeſt lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Piſt. Two yards and more.

Fal. No quips now, *Piſtol:* indeed I am in the waſte two yards about; but I am now about no waſte, I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to *Ford*'s wife: I ſpy entertainment in her; ſhe diſcourſes, ſhe carves, ſhe gives the leer of invitation; I can conſtrue the action of her familiar ſtile, and the hardeſt voice of her behaviour, to be engliſh'd right, is, *I am Sir* John Falſtaff's.

Piſt. He hath ſtudy'd her well, and tranſlated her out of honeſty into Engliſh.

Nym. The anchor is deep; will that humour paſs?

Fal. Now the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her huſband's purſe: ſhe hath a legion of angels.

Piſt. As many devils entertain; and to her, boy, ſay I.

Nym. The humour riſes; it is good; humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to *Page*'s wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with moſt judicious oiellades; ſometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, ſometimes my portly belly.

Piſt. Then did the ſun on dung-hill ſhine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, ſhe did ſo courſe o'er my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did ſeem to ſcorch me up like a burning-glaſs. Here's another letter to her; ſhe bears the purſe too; ſhe is a region in *Guiana*, all gold and bounty. I will be Eſcheator to them both, and they ſhall be *Exchequers* to me; they ſhall be my *Eaſt* and *Weſt-Indies*, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to miſtreſs *Page*; and thou this to miſtreſs *Ford:* we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Piſt. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,
And by my ſide wear ſteel? then, *Lucifer* take all!

Nym. I will run no baſe humour: here take the humour-letter, I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, Sirrah, bear you theſe letters rightly, [*To* Robin.
Sail like my pinnace to theſe golden ſhores.

Rogues, hence, avaunt! vaniſh like hail-ſtones, go!
Trudge, plod away o'th' hoof, ſeek ſhelter, pack!
Falſtaff will learn the humour of the age,
French thrift, you rogues, my ſelf and ſkirted Page.
[*Ex.* Falſtaff *and* Boy.

SCENE VIII.

Piſt. Let vultures gripe thy guts; for gourd and *Fulhams* hold,
And high and low beguile the rich and poor.
Teſter I'll have in pouch when thou ſhalt lack,
Baſe *Phrygian Turk.*

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Piſt. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin and her ſtar.

Piſt. With wit, or ſteel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will diſcloſe the humour of this love to *Ford.*

Piſt. And I to *Page* ſhall eke unfold
How *Falſtaff*, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his ſoft couch defile.

Nym. My humour ſhall not cool; I will incenſe *Ford* to deal with poiſon, I will poſſeſs him with jealouſies, for this revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Piſt. Thou art the *Mars* of male-contents: I ſecond thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to Dr. Caius's *houſe.*

Enter miſtreſs Quickly, Simple, *and* John Rugby.

Quic. WHat, *John Rugby!* I pray thee, go to the caſement, and ſee if you can ſee my maſter, maſter Doctor *Caius,*

Caius, coming; if he do, i' faith, and find any body in the houſe, here will be old abuſing of God's patience, and the King's *Engliſh*.

Rug. I'll go watch. [*Exit* Rugby.

Quic. Go, and we'll have a poſſet for't ſoon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a ſea-coal fire. An honeſt, willing, kind fellow, as ever ſervant ſhall come in houſe withal, and I warrant you no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate; his worſt fault is that he is given to pray'r, he is ſomething peeviſh that way; but no body but has his fault; but let that paſs. *Peter Simple* you ſay your name is.

Simp. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And maſter *Slender*'s your maſter?

Simp. Ay, forſooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Simp. No, forſooth; he hath but a little wee-face, with a little yellow beard, a cane-colour'd beard.

Quic. A ſoftly-ſprighted man, is he not?

Simp. Ay, forſooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a warrener.

Quic. How ſay you? oh, I ſhould remember him; does he not hold up his head, as it were? and ſtrut in his gate?

Simp. Yes indeed does he.

Quic. Well, heav'n ſend *Anne Page* no worſe fortune! Tell maſter parſon *Evans*, I will do what I can for your maſter: *Anne* is a good girl, and I wiſh ---

Enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my maſter.

Quic. We ſhall all be ſhent; run in here, good young man; go into this cloſet; [*ſhuts* Simple *in the cloſet*.] He will not ſtay long. What, *John Rugby! John!* what, *John*, I ſay; go, *John*, go enquire for my maſter; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home: *and down, down, a-down-a*, &c. [*Singing*.

SCENE X.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you ſing? I do not like des toys; pray you, go and vetch me in my cloſet *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-a box; do intend vat I ſpeak? a green-a box.

Quic. Ay, forſooth, I'll fetch it you.
I am glad he went not in himſelf; if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aſide.*

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe, ma foi il fait fort chaud, je m'en vais a la Cour —— la grande Affaire.

Quic. Is it this, Sir?

Caius. Ouy, mette le au mon pocket, *Depêch* quickly: ver is dat knave *Rugby?*

Quic. What, *John Rugby! John!*

Rug. Here, Sir.

Caius. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jack Rugby*; come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long: odd's me! *Que ay je oublié?* dere is ſome ſimples in my cloſet, dat I vill not for the varld I ſhall leave behind.

Quic. Ay-me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O *Diable, Diable!* vat is in my cloſet? villaine, *Larron! Rugby*, my rapier.

Quic. Good maſter, be content.

Caius. Verfore ſhould I be content-a?

Quic. The young man is an honeſt man.

Caius. Vat ſhall de honeſt man do in my cloſet? dere is no honeſt man dat ſhall come in my cloſet.

Quic. I beſeech you, be not ſo flegmatick; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from parſon *Hugh.*

Caius. Vell.

Simp. Ay, forſooth, to deſire her to ---

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue, ſpeak-a your tale.

Simp. To deſire this honeſt gentlewoman, your maid, to ſpeak a good word to miſtreſs *Anne Page* for my maſter in the way of marriage.

Quic. This is all indeed-la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, indeed not I.

Caius. Sir *Hugh* ſend-a-you? *Rugby*, *baillez* me ſome paper; tarry you a little-a-while.

Quic. I am glad he is ſo quiet; if he had been throughly moved, you ſhould have heard him ſo loud, and ſo melancholy: but notwithſtanding, man, I'll do for your maſter what good I can; and the very yea and the no is, the *French* Doctor my maſter, (I may call him my maſter, look you, for I keep his houſe, and I waſh, wring, brew, bake, ſcour, dreſs meat and drink, make the beds, and do all my ſelf.)

Simp. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quic. Are your a-vis'd o' that? you ſhall find it a great charge; and to be up early and down late. But notwithſtanding, to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it, my maſter himſelf is in love with miſtreſs *Anne Page*; but notwithſtanding that, I know *Anne*'s mind, that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a ſhallenge: I vill cut his troat in de parke, and I vill teach a ſcurvy jack-a-nape prieſt to meddle or make --- you may be gone, it is not good you tarry here; by gar I vill cut all his two ſtones, by gar he ſhall not have a ſtone to trow at his dog. [*Exit* Simple.

Quic. Alas, he ſpeaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter'a for dat: do not you tell-a-me dat I ſhall have *Anne Page* for my ſelf? by gar I vill kill the jack prieſt; and I have appointed mine hoſt of *de Jartere* to meaſure our weapon; by gar I vill my ſelf have *Anne Page.*

Quic. Sir, the maid loves you, and all ſhall be well: we muſt give folks leave to prate; what the goujeres!

Caius. *Rugby*, come to the court vith me; by gar, if I have not *Anne Page*, I ſhall turn your head out of my door; follow my heels, *Rugby*. [*Ex.* Caius *and* Rugby.

Quic.

Quic. You ſhall have *An* fools-head of your own. No, I know *Anne*'s mind for that; never a woman in *Windſor* knows more of *Anne*'s mind than I do, nor can do more than I can with her, I thank heav'n.

Fent. [*Within.*] Who's within there, hoa?

Quic. Who's there, I trow? come near the houſe, I pray you.

SCENE XI.

Enter Mr. Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman, how doſt thou?

Quic. The better that it pleaſes your good worſhip to aſk.

Fent. What news? how does pretty miſtreſs *Anne?*

Quic. In truth, Sir, and ſhe is pretty, and honeſt, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praiſe heav'n for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'ſt thou? ſhall I not loſe my ſuit?

Quic. Troth, Sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithſtanding, maſter *Fenton*, I'll be ſworn on a book ſhe loves you: have not your worſhip a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes marry have I; and what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a tale; good faith, it is ſuch another *Nan*; but, I deteſt, an honeſt maid as ever broke bread; we had an hour's talk of that wart: I ſhall never laugh but in that maid's company: but indeed ſhe is given too much to allicholly and muſing; but for you --- Well --- go to ---

Fent. Well, I ſhall ſee her to-day; hold, there's mony for thee: let me have thy voice in my behalf; if thou ſeeſt her before me, commend me ---

Quic. Will I? ay faith that I will: and I will tell your worſhip more of the wart the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewel, I am in great haſte now. [*Exit.*

Quic. Farewel to your worſhip. Truly an honeſt gentleman, but *Anne* loves him not; I know *Anne*'s mind as well as another does. Out upon't, what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before Page's *houſe.*

Enter Miſtreſs Page *with a letter.*

Mrs. PAGE.

WHat, have I 'ſcap'd love-letters in the holy-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a ſubject for them? let me ſee:

Ask me no reaſon why I love you; for tho' love uſe reaſon for his preciſian, he admits him not for his counſellor: you are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's ſympathy: you are merry, ſo am I; ha! ha! then there's more ſympathy: you love ſack, and ſo do I; would you deſire better ſympathy? let it ſuffice thee, miſtreſs Page, *at the leaſt if the love of a ſoldier can ſuffice, that I love thee. I will not ſay, pity me, 'tis not a ſoldier-like phraſe; but I ſay, love me:*

By me, thine own true Knight, by day or night,
Or any kind of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight. John Falſtaff.

What a *Herod* of *Jury* is this! O wicked, wicked world! one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to ſhow himſelf a young gallant? what unweigh'd behaviour hath this *Flemiſh* drunkard pickt, i' th' devil's name, out of my converſation, that he dares in this manner aſſay me? why, he hath not been thrice in my company: what ſhould I ſay to him? I was then frugal of my mirth; heav'n forgive me, why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of Mum[a]: how ſhall I be reveng'd

(a) *A fattening liquor much in uſe among the* Flemings, *as ſhe had call'd him a* Flemiſh Drunkard *a few lines before: and it is to be obſerv'd that about the time when this Play was written there were on foot ſeveral bills in Parliament for reſtraining the uſe of ſtrong liquors, ſuppreſſing the multitude of maltſters, and the great brewing of ſtrong beer, and regulating Inns, Taverns, and Alehouſes.*

on

on him? for reveng'd I will be, as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

SCENE II.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. *Ford.* Miſtreſs *Page*, truſt me, I was going to your houſe.

Mrs. *Page.* And truſt me, I was coming to you; you look very ill.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe that: I have to ſhew to the contrary.

Mrs. *Page.* 'Faith you do, in my mind.

Mrs. *Ford.* Well, I do then; yet I ſay, I could ſhew you to the contrary: O miſtreſs *Page*, give me ſome counſel.

Mrs. *Page.* What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. *Ford.* O woman! if it were not for one trifling reſpect, I could come to ſuch honour.

Mrs. *Page.* Hang the trifle, woman, take the honour; what is it? diſpenſe with trifles; what is it?

Mrs. *Ford.* If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or ſo, I could be knighted.

Mrs *Page.* What, thou lieſt! Sir *Alice Ford!* theſe Knights will hack, and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. *Ford.* We burn day-light; here read, read; perceive how I might be knighted: I ſhall think the worſe of fat men as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking; and yet he would not ſwear; prais'd women's modeſty; and gave ſuch orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomelineſs, that I would have ſworn his diſpoſition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundreth pſalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*. What tempeſt, I trow, threw this whale, with ſo many tun of oyl in his belly, a'ſhore at *Windſor?* how ſhall I be reveng'd on him? I think the beſt way were to entertain him with hope, 'till the wicked fire of luſt have melted him in his own greaſe. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs.

Mrs. *Page*. Letter for letter, but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs. To thy great comfort in this myſtery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter; but let thine inherit firſt, for I proteſt mine never ſhall. I warrant he hath a thouſand of theſe letters, writ with blank-ſpace for different names; nay, more; and theſe are of the ſecond edition: he will print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the preſs, when he would put us two. I had rather be a gianteſs, and lye under mount *Pelion*. Well, I will find you twenty laſcivious turtles, ere one chaſte man.

Mrs. *Ford*. Why, this is the very ſame, the very hand, the very words; what doth he think of us?

Mrs. *Page*. Nay, I know not; it makes me almoſt ready to wrangle with mine own honeſty. I'll entertain my ſelf like one that I am not acquainted withal; for ſure, unleſs he knew ſome ſtain in me, that I know not my ſelf, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. *Ford*. Boarding, call it you? I'll be ſure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. *Page*. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to ſea again. Let's be reveng'd on him; let's appoint him a meeting, give him a ſhow of comfort in his ſuit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, 'till he hath pawn'd his horſes to mine hoſt of the garter.

Mrs. *Ford*. Nay, I will conſent to act any villainy againſt him that may not ſully the charineſs of our honeſty: oh that my huſband ſaw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealouſie.

Mrs. *Page*. Why, look where he comes, and my good man too; he's as far from jealouſie as I am from giving him cauſe; and that, I hope, is an unmeaſurable diſtance.

Mrs. *Ford*. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. *Page*. Let's conſult together againſt this greaſie Knight. Come hither.

SCENE III.

Enter Ford *with* Piſtol, Page *with* Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not ſo.

Piſt. Hope is a cur-tail-dog in ſome affairs.
Sir *John* affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, Sir, my wife is not young.

Piſt. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, *Ford*;
He loves thy gally-mawfry, *Ford*, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Piſt. With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou, like Sir *Acteon*, with Ring-wood at thy heels --- O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name, Sir?

Piſt. The horn, I ſay: farewel.
Take heed, have open eye; for thieves do foot by night.
Take heed ere ſummer comes, or cuckoo-birds do ſing.
Away; Sir corporal *Nym* ---
Believe it, *Page*, he ſpeaks ſenſe. [*Exit* Piſtol.

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true: I like not the humour of lying; he hath wrong'd me in ſome humours: I ſhould have born the humour'd letter to her; but I have a ſword, and it ſhall bite upon my neceſſity. He loves your wife; there's the ſhort and the long. My name is Corporal *Nym*; I ſpeak, and I avouch; 'tis true; my name is *Nym*, and *Falſtaff* loves your wife. Adieu; I love not the humour of bread and cheeſe: adieu. [*Exit* Nym. *Speaking to* Page.

Page. The humour of it, quoth 'a? here's a fellow frights humour out of its wits.

Ford. I will ſeek out *Falſtaff*.

Page. I never heard ſuch a drawling, affected rogue.

Ford. If I do find it --- well!

Page. I will not believe ſuch a *Cataian*, tho' the prieſt o' th' town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good ſenſible fellow: well!

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Page. How now, *Meg?* [Page *and* Ford *meeting their wives.*

Mrs. *Page.* Whither go you, *George?* hark you.

Mrs. *Ford.* How now, ſweet *Frank*, why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs. *Ford.* Faith thou haſt ſome crotchets in thy head now. Will you go, miſtreſs *Page?*

Mrs. *Page.* Have with you. You'll come to dinner, *George?* Look who comes yonder; ſhe ſhall be our meſſenger to this paultry Knight.

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Mrs. *Ford.* Truſt me, I thought on her, ſhe'll fit it.

Mrs. *Page.* You are come to ſee my daughter *Anne?*

Quic. Ay, forſooth; and, I pray, how does good miſtreſs *Anne?*

Mrs. *Page.* Go in with us, and ſee; we have an hour's talk with you. [*Ex. Mrs.* Page, *Mrs.* Ford, *and Mrs.* Quic.

SCENE V.

Page. How now, maſter *Ford?*

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, ſlaves; I do not think the Knight would offer it; but theſe that accuſe him in his intent towards our wives are a yoak of his diſcarded men, very rogues now they be out of ſervice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lye at the *Garter?*

Page. Ay marry does he. If he ſhould intend his voyage toward my wife, I would turn her looſe to him; and what he gets more of her than ſharp words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I do not miſdoubt my wife, but I would be loth to turn

them together; a man may be too confident; I would have nothing lye on my head; I cannot be thus ſatisfy'd.

Page. Look where my ranting hoſt of the garter comes; there is either liquor in his pate, or mony in his purſe, when he looks ſo merrily. How now, mine hoſt?

SCENE VI.

Enter Hoſt *and* Shallow.

Hoſt. How now, bully *Rock?* thou'rt a gentleman; cavaliero-juſtice, I ſay.

Shal. I follow, mine hoſt, I follow. Good even, and twenty, good maſter *Page.* Maſter *Page*, will you go with us? we have ſport in hand.

Hoſt. Tell him, cavaliero-juſtice; tell him, bully *Rock.*

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir *Hugh* the *Welch* Prieſt, and *Caius* the *French* Doctor.

Ford. Good mine hoſt o'th' garter, a word with you.

Hoſt. What ſay'ſt thou, bully *Rock?*

Shal. Will you go with us to behold it? my merry hoſt hath had the meaſuring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parſon is no jeſter. Hark, I will tell you what our ſport ſhall be.

Hoſt. Haſt thou no ſuit againſt my Knight, my gueſt-cavalier?

Ford. None, I proteſt; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt ſack to give me recourſe to him, and tell him my name is *Brook*; only for a jeſt.

Hoſt. My hand, bully; thou ſhalt have egreſs and regreſs; ſaid I well? and thy name ſhall be *Brook.* It is a merry Knight. Will you go, myn-heers?

Shal. Have with you, mine hoſt.

Page. I have heard the *Frenchman* hath good ſkill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, Sir, I could have told you more; in theſe times you ſtand on diſtance, your paſſes, ſtoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, maſter *Page*; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have ſeen

the

the time, with my long ſword, I would have made you four tall fellows ſkip like rats.

Hoſt. Here, boys, here, here: ſhall we wag?

Page. Have with you; I had rather have them ſcold than fight.

[*Exeunt* Hoſt, Shallow *and* Page.

Ford. Tho' *Page* be a ſecure fool, and ſtand ſo firmly on his wife's fealty, yet I cannot put off my opinion ſo eaſily. She was in his company at *Page*'s houſe, and what made them there I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a diſguiſe to ſound *Falſtaff:* if I find her honeſt, I loſe not my labour; if ſhe be otherwiſe, 'tis labour well beſtow'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

The Garter-Inn.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Piſtol.

Fal. I Will not lend thee a penny.

Piſt. Why then the world's mine oyſter, which I with ſword will open.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, Sir, you ſhould lay my countenance to pawn; I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you, and your couch-fellow *Nym*; or elſe you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell for ſwearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good ſoldiers, and tall fellows. And when miſtreſs *Bridget* loſt the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadſt it not.

Piſt. Didſt thou not ſhare? hadſt thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reaſon, you rogue, reaſon: think'ſt thou I'll endanger my ſoul *gratis?* At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you: go, a ſhort knife, and a thong, to your manor of *Pickt-hatch* [a]; go, you'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue; you ſtand upon your honour? why, thou unconfinable baſeneſs, it is

(a) *A noted harbour for thieves and pick-pockets.*

as

as much as I can do to keep the term of my honour preciſe. I my ſelf ſometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my neceſſity, am fain to ſhuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you rogue will enſconſe your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lettice phraſes, and your bull-baiting oaths, under the ſhelter of your honour! you will not do it, you!

Piſt. I do relent; what wouldſt thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would ſpeak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Quic. Give your worſhip good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quic. Not ſo, an't pleaſe your worſhip.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quic. I'll be ſworn, as my mother was the firſt hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the ſwearer: what with me?

Quic. Shall I vouchſafe your worſhip a word or two?

Fal. Two thouſand, fair woman, and I'll vouchſafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one miſtreſs *Ford*, Sir: I pray, come a little nearer this ways: I my ſelf dwell with Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Fal. Well, on: miſtreſs *Ford*, you ſay.

Quic. Your worſhip ſays very true: I pray your worſhip, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee no body hears: mine own people, mine own people.

Quic. Are they ſo? heav'n bleſs them, and make them his ſervants!

Fal. Well: miſtreſs *Ford*, what of her?

Quic. Why, Sir, ſhe's a good creature. Lord, lord, your worſhip's

ſhip's a wanton; well, heav'n forgive you, and all of us, I pray ---

Fal. Miſtreſs *Ford*, come, miſtreſs *Ford* ---

Quic. Marry, this is the ſhort and the long of it; you have brought her into ſuch a canaries as 'tis wonderful: the beſt courtier of them all, when the court lay at *Windſor*, could never have brought her to ſuch a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, ſmelling ſo ſweetly; all muſk, and ſo ruſsling, I warrant you, in ſilk and gold, and in ſuch alligant terms, and ſuch wine and ſugar of the beſt, and the faireſt, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had my ſelf twenty angels given me this morning; but I defie all angels, in any ſuch ſort as they ſay, but in the way of honeſty; and I warrant you, they could never get her ſo much as ſip on a cup with the proudeſt of them all; and yet there has been Earls, nay, which is more, Penſioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what ſays ſhe to me? be brief, my good ſhe-*Mercury*.

Quic. Marry, ſhe hath receiv'd your letter, for the which ſhe thanks you a thouſand times; and ſhe gives you to notifie that her huſband will be abſence from his houſe between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, forſooth; and then you may come and ſee the picture, ſhe ſays, that you wot of: maſter *Ford*, her huſband, will be from home. Alas! the ſweet woman leads an ill life with him, he's a very jealouſie-man; ſhe leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you ſay well: But I have another meſſenger to your worſhip; miſtreſs *Page* has her hearty commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your ear, ſhe's as fartuous a civil modeſt wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miſs you morning and evening prayer, as any is in *Windſor*, whoe'er be the other; and ſhe bad me tell your worſhip that her huſband is ſeldom from home, but ſhe hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman

man ſo doat upon a man; ſurely I think you have charms, la; yes in truth.

Fal. Not I, I aſſure thee; ſetting the attraction of my good parts aſide, I have no other charms.

Quic. Bleſſing on your heart for't!

Fal. But I pray thee, tell me this; has *Ford*'s wife and *Page*'s wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a jeſt indeed; they have not ſo little grace, I hope; that were a trick indeed! but miſtreſs *Page* would deſire you to ſend her your little page, of all loves: her huſband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and truly maſter *Page* is an honeſt man. Never a wife in *Windſor* leads a better life than ſhe does; do what ſhe will, ſay what ſhe will, take all, pay all, go to bed when ſhe liſt, riſe when ſhe liſt, all is as ſhe will; and truly ſhe deſerves it; for if there be a kind woman in *Windſor*, truly ſhe is one. You muſt ſend her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do ſo then; and, look you, he may come and go between you both, and in any caſe have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind: and the boy never need to underſtand any thing; for 'tis not good that children ſhould know any wickedneſs: old folks, you know, have diſcretion, as they ſay, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both: there's my purſe, I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. This news diſtracts me. [*Ex.* Quic. *and* Robin.

Piſt. This punk is one of *Cupid*'s carriers:
Clap on more ſails; purſue; up with yond' frigat;
Give fire; ſhe is my prize, or ocean whelm them all! [*Exit* Piſt.

Fal. Say'ſt thou ſo, old *Jack?* go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done; will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of ſo much mony, be now a gainer? good body, I thank thee; let them ſay 'tis groſly done, ſo it be fairly done, no matter.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir *John*, there's one maſter *Brook* below would fain ſpeak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath ſent your worſhip a morning's draught of ſack.

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, Sir.

Fal. Call him in; ſuch [a] *Brooks* are welcome to me that o'erflow with ſuch liquor. Ah! ah! miſtreſs *Ford* and miſtreſs *Page*, have I encompaſs'd you? go to, *via!*

Enter Ford *diſguis'd.*

Ford. 'Bleſs you, Sir!

Fal. And you, Sir; would you ſpeak with me?

Ford. I make bold to preſs with ſo little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; what's your will? give us leave, drawer.

[*Exit* Bard.

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have ſpent much; my name is *Brook.*

Fal. Good maſter *Brook*, I deſire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *John*, I ſue for yours; not to charge you; for I muſt let you underſtand, I think my ſelf in better plight for a lender than you are, the which hath ſomething embolden'd me to this unſeaſon'd intruſion; for they ſay, if mony go before, all ways do lye open.

Fal. Mony is a good ſoldier, Sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of mony here troubles me; if you will help to bear it, Sir *John*, take all, or half, for eaſing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deſerve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good maſter *Brook*, I ſhall be glad to be your ſervant.

(a) *Edit. of* 1619. *In all the ſucceeding editions this name of* Brook *is alter'd to* Broom: *whereas it is manifeſt from this conceit upon the name, that it ſhould be* Brook.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a ſcholar, I will be brief with you, and you have been a man long known to me, tho' I had never ſo good means as deſire to make my ſelf acquainted with you: I ſhall diſcover a thing to you wherein I muſt very much lay open mine own imperfections; but, good Sir *John*, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the regiſter of your own, that I may paſs with a reproof the eaſier, ſith you your ſelf know how eaſie it is to be ſuch an offender.

Fal. Very well: Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her huſband's name is *Ford.*

Fal. Well, Sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I proteſt to you, beſtow'd much on her, follow'd her with a doating obſervance, ingroſs'd opportunities to meet her, fee'd every ſlight occaſion that could but niggardly give me ſight of her; not only bought many preſents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what ſhe would have given: briefly, I have purſu'd her as love hath purſu'd me, which hath been on the wing of all occaſions. But whatſoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed I am ſure I have received none, unleſs experience be a jewel; That I have purchas'd at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to ſay this;

Love like a ſhadow flies, when ſubſtance love purſues;
Purſuing that that flies, and flying what purſues.

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promiſe of ſatisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to ſuch a purpoſe?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair houſe built on another man's ground; ſo that I have loſt my edifice by miſtaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpoſe have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some ſay, that tho' ſhe appear honeſt to me, yet in other places ſhe enlargeth her mirth ſo far, that there is ſhrewd conſtruction made of her.

her. Now, Sir *John*, here is the heart of my purpoſe: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable diſcourſe, of great admittance, authentick in your place and perſon, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it; there is mony, ſpend it, ſpend it; ſpend more, ſpend all I have, only give me ſo much of your time in exchange of it as to lay an amiable ſiege to the honeſty of this *Ford*'s wife; uſe your art of wooing, win her to conſent to you; if any man may, you may as ſoon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I ſhould win what you would enjoy? methinks you preſcribe to your ſelf very prepoſterouſly.

Ford. O, underſtand my drift; ſhe dwells ſo ſecurely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my ſoul dares not preſent it ſelf; ſhe is too bright to be look'd againſt. Now could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my deſires had inſtance and argument to commend themſelves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thouſand other defences, which now are too ſtrongly embattel'd againſt me. What ſay you to't, Sir *John?*

Fal. Maſter *Brook*, I will firſt make bold with your mony; next, give me your hand; and laſt, as I am a gentleman, you ſhall, if you will, enjoy *Ford*'s wife.

Ford. O good Sir!

Fal. I ſay, you ſhall.

Ford. Want no mony, Sir *John*, you ſhall want none.

Fal. Want no miſtreſs *Ford*, maſter *Brook*, you ſhall want none; I ſhall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment. Even as you came in to me, her aſſiſtant, or go-between, parted from me; I ſay, I ſhall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous raſcally knave, her huſband, will be forth; come you to me at night, you ſhall know how I ſpeed.

Ford. I am bleſt in your acquaintance: do you know *Ford*, Sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldy knave, I know him not: yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they ſay the jealous wittolly knave

hath maſſes of mony, for the which his wife ſeems to me well-favour'd. I will uſe her as the key of the cuckold-rogue's coffer; and there's my harveſt-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, Sir, that you might avoid him, if you ſaw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical ſalt-butter rogue; I will ſtare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it ſhall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Maſter *Brook*, thou ſhalt know I will predominate over the peaſant, and thou ſhalt lye with his wife: Come to me ſoon at night; *Ford*'s a knave, and I will aggravate his ſtile: thou, maſter *Brook*, ſhalt know him for knave and cuckold; come to me ſoon at night. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

Ford. What a damn'd *Epicurean* raſcal is this! my heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who ſays this is improvident jealouſie? my wife hath ſent to him, the hour is fixt, the match is made; would any man have thought this? ſee the hell of having a falſe woman; my bed ſhall be abus'd, my coffers ranſack'd, my reputation gnawn at, and I ſhall not only receive this villainous wrong, but ſtand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me the wrong; terms! names! *Amaimon* ſounds well, *Lucifer* well, *Barbaſon* well, yet they are devils additions, the names of fiends: but *cuckold*, *wittol*, *cuckold!* the devil himſelf hath not ſuch a name. *Page* is an aſs, a ſecure aſs, he will truſt his wife; he will not be jealous: I will rather truſt a *Fleming* with my butter, parſon *Hugh* the *Welchman* with my cheeſe, an *Iriſhman* with my *Aqua-vitæ* bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with her ſelf: then ſhe plots, then ſhe ruminates, then ſhe deviſes; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heav'n be prais'd for my jealouſie! Eleven o'clock the hour; I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on *Falſtaff*, and laugh at *Page:* I will about it: better three hours too ſoon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie; cuckold, cuckold, cuckold! [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE XI.

Windſor-Park.

Enter Caius *and* Rugby.

Caius. JAck Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, *Jack?*

Rug. 'Tis paſt the hour, Sir, that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has ſave his ſoul, dat he is no come; he has pray his pible well, dat he is no come: by gar, *Jack Rugby*, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wiſe, Sir; he knew your worſhip would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is not ſo dead as me vill make him. Take your rapier, *Jack*, I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, Sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Hoſt, Shallow, Slender *and* Page.

Hoſt. 'Bleſs thee, bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Now, good Mr. Doctor.

Slen. Give you good-morrow, Sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Hoſt. To ſee thee fight, to ſee thee foigne, to ſee thee traverſe, to ſee thee here, to ſee thee there, to ſee thee paſs thy puncto, thy ſtock, thy reverſe, thy diſtance, thy montant. Is he dead, my *Ethiopian?* Is he dead, my *Franciſco?* ha, bully? what ſays my *Eſculapius?* my *Galen?* my heart of elder? ha? is he dead, bully-ſtale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward *Jack*-prieſt of de varld; he is not ſhow his face.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. Thou art a *Cardalion* [a], *king Urinal*, *Hector* of *Greece*, my boy.

Caius. I pray you, bear witneſs dat me have ſtay from ſix or ſeven, two tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiſer man, Mr. Doctor; he is a curer of ſouls, and you a curer of bodies: if you ſhould fight, you go againſt the hair of your profeſſions: Is it not true, maſter *Page?*

Page. Maſter *Shallow*, you have your ſelf been a great fighter, tho' now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins, Mr. *Page*, tho' I now be old, and of peace, if I ſee a ſword out, my finger itches to make one; tho' we are Juſtices, and Doctors, and church-men, Mr. *Page*, we have ſome ſalt of our youth in us; we are the ſons of women, Mr. *Page*.

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found ſo, Mr. *Page*. Mr. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home; I am ſworn of the peace; you have ſhew'd your ſelf a wiſe phyſician, and Sir *Hugh* hath ſhown himſelf a wiſe and patient church-man: you muſt go with me, Mr. Doctor.

Hoſt. Pardon, gueſt-juſtice; ah! monſieur mock-water!

Caius. Mock-vater? vat is dat?

Hoſt. Mock-water, in our *Engliſh* tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, den I have as much mock-vater as de *Engliſhman*, ſcurvy-jack-dog-prieſt; by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Hoſt. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Hoſt. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he ſhall clapper-de-claw me; for by gar, me vill have it.

Hoſt. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Hoſt. And moreover, bully; but firſt, Mr. Gueſt, and Mr. *Page*, and eek *Cavaliero Slender*, go you through the town to *Frogmore*.

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

(a) *He means to ſay* Coeur de lion.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. He is there; ſee what humour he is in; and I will bring the Doctor about the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Mr. Doctor. [*Ex.* Page, Shal. *and* Slen.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de prieſt; for he ſpeak for a jack-anape to *Anne Page.*

Hoſt. Let him die; but ſheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler; go about the fields with me through *Frogmore*; I will bring thee where miſtreſs *Anne Page* is, at a farm-houſe a feaſting, and thou ſhalt woo her, cock o' th' game; ſaid I well?

Caius. By gar me tank you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I ſhall procure 'a you de good gueſt; de Earl, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Hoſt. For the which I will be thy adverſary toward *Anne Page*: ſaid I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell ſaid.

Hoſt. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, *Jack Rugby.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Frogmore *near* Windſor.

Enter Evans *and* Simple.

EVANS.

I Pray you now, good maſter *Slender*'s ſerving-man, and friend *Simple* by your name, which way have you look'd for maſter *Caius*, that calls himſelf *Doctor of Phyſick?*

Simp. Marry, Sir, the *Pitty-wary*, the *Park-ward*, old *Windſor* way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I moſt fehemently deſire you, you will alſo look that way.

Simp. I will, Sir.

Eva. 'Pleſs my ſoul, how full of chollars I am, and trempling of mind! I ſhall be glad if he have deceiv'd me; how melan-

chollies

chollies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's coſtard, when I have good opportunities for the orke: 'Pleſs my ſoul!

[*Sings, being afraid.*

By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls
Melodious birds ſing madrigalls;
There will we make our peds of roſes,
And a thouſand vragrant poſies.

By ſhallow —— 'Mercy on me, I have a great diſpoſitions to cry. *Melodious birds ſing madrigalls* — *when as I ſat in Pabilon*; — *and a thouſand vragrant poſies.* — *By ſhallow*, &c.

Simp. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir *Hugh.*

Eva. He's welcome. *By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls* — Heav'n proſper the right! what weapons is he?

Simp. No weapons, Sir; there comes my maſter Mr. *Shallow*, and another gentleman, from *Frogmore*, over the ſtile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown, or elſe keep it in your arms.

SCENE II.

Enter Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

Shal. How now, maſter Parſon? good-morrow, good Sir *Hugh.* Keep a gameſter from the dice, and a good ſtudent from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah ſweet *Anne Page!*

Page. 'Save you, good Sir *Hugh.*

Eva. 'Pleſs you from his mercy-ſake, all of you.

Shal. What? the ſword and the word? do you ſtudy them both, Mr. Parſon?

Page. And youthful ſtill, in your doublet and hoſe, this raw-rheumatick day?

Eva. There is reaſons and cauſes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, Mr. Parſon.

Eva. Ferry well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a moſt reverend gentleman, who belike having receiv'd wrong by ſome perſon, is at moſt odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you ſaw.

Shal.

Shal. I have liv'd fourſcore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity and learning, ſo wide of his own reſpect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Mr. Doctor *Caius*, the renowned *French* phyſician.

Eva. Got's will and his paſſion of my heart! I had as lief you ſhould tell me of a meſs of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*; and he is a knave beſides, a cowardly knave as you would deſire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man ſhould fight with him.

Slen. O ſweet *Anne Page!*

SCENE III.

Enter Hoſt, Caius, *and* Rugby.

Shal. It appears ſo by his weapons: keep them aſunder; here comes Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Nay, good Mr. Parſon, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

Hoſt. Diſarm them, and let them queſtion; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our *Engliſh*.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me ſpeak a vord vith your ear: verfore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, uſe your patience in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de *Jack* dog, *John* ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-ſtocks to other men's humours; I deſire you in friendſhip, and will one way or other make you amends; I will knog your urinal about your knave's cogs-comb for miſſing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable! Jack Rugby, mine hoſt *de Jartere*, have I not ſtay for him, to kill him? have I not at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a chriſtian's-ſoul, now look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine hoſt of the garter.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay, *Gallia* and *Wallia*, *French* and *Welch*, ſoul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good, excellent.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay; hear mine hoſt of the garter. Am I politick? am I ſubtle? am I a *Machiavel?* ſhall I loſe my Doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I loſe my prieſt? my Sir *Hugh?* no; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs. Give me thy hand, celeſtial, ſo. Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both: I have directed you to wrong places; your hearts are mighty, your ſkins are whole, and let burn'd ſack be the iſſue. Come, lay their ſwords to pawn. Follow me, lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Truſt me, a mad hoſt. Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O ſweet *Anne Page!* [*Ex.* Shal. Slen. Page *and* Hoſt.

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de ſot of us, ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his vlouting-ſtock. I deſire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this ſame ſcald-ſcurvy-cogging companion, the hoſt of the garter.

Caius. By gar, vith all my heart; he promiſe to bring me ver is *Anne Page*; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will ſmite his noddles; pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Street.

Enter Miſtreſs Page *and* Robin.

Mrs. *Page.* NAY, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your maſter's heels?

Rob. I had rather forſooth go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Page.* O, you are a flattering boy; now I ſee you'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, miſtreſs *Page*; whither go you?

Mrs. *Page.* Truly, Sir, to ſee your wife; is ſhe at home?

Ford. Ay, and as idle as ſhe may hang together for want of company; I think if your huſbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. *Page.* Be ſure of that, two other huſbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. *Page.* I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my huſband had him of: what do you call your Knight's name, ſirrah?

Rob. Sir *John Falſtaff.*

Ford. Sir *John Falſtaff?*

Mrs. *Page.* He, he; I can never hit on's name; there is ſuch a league between my good man and he. Is your wife at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed ſhe is.

Mrs. *Page.* By your leave, Sir; I am ſick 'till I ſee her.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* Page *and* Robin.

SCENE V.

Ford. Has *Page* any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? ſure they ſleep; he hath no uſe of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile as eaſy as a cannon will ſhoot point-blank twelve-ſcore; he pieces out his wife's inclination, he gives her folly motion and advantage, and now ſhe's going to my wife, and *Falſtaff*'s boy with her. A man may hear this ſhower ſing in the wind: and *Falſtaff*'s boy with her! good plots; they are laid, and our revolted wives ſhare damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modeſty from the ſo ſeeming miſtreſs *Page*, divulge *Page* himſelf for a ſecure and wilful *Acteon*, and to theſe violent proceedings all my neighbours ſhall cry aim. The clock gives me my cue, and my aſſurance bids me ſearch; there I ſhall find *Falſtaff*: I ſhall

be rather praiſed for this than mocked; for it is as poſitive as the earth is firm, that *Falſtaff* is there: I will go.

SCENE VI.

To him, Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Evans *and* Caius.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, Mr. *Ford.*

Ford. Truſt me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I muſt excuſe my ſelf, Mr. *Ford.*

Slen. And ſo muſt I, Sir; we have appointed to dine with Mrs. *Anne*, and I would not break with her for more mony than I'll ſpeak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between *Anne Page* and my couſin *Slender*, and this day we ſhall have our anſwer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father *Page.*

Page. You have, Mr. *Slender*, I ſtand wholly for you; but my wife, maſter Doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar, and de maid is love-a me: my nurſh-a *Quickly* tell me ſo muſh.

Hoſt. What ſay you to young Mr. *Fenton?* he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verſes, he ſpeaks holy-day, he ſmells *April* and *May*; he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my conſent, I promiſe you: the gentleman is of no having, he kept company with the wild Prince and *Poinz*: he is of too high a region, he knows too much; no, he ſhall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my ſubſtance. If he take her, let him take her ſimply; the wealth I have waits on my conſent, and my conſent goes not that way.

Ford. I beſeech you heartily, ſome of you go home with me to dinner; beſides your cheer you ſhall have ſport; I will ſhew you a monſter. Mr. Doctor, you ſhall go; ſo ſhall you, Mr. *Page*, and you, Sir *Hugh.*

Shal. Well, fare you well: we ſhall have the freer wooing at Mr. *Page*'s.

Caius.

Caius. Go home, *John Rugby*, I come anon.

Hoſt. Farewel, my hearts; I will to my honeſt Knight *Falſtaff*, and drink canary with him.

Ford. I think I ſhall drink in Pipe-wine firſt with him, I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you to ſee this monſter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Ford's *Houſe.*

Enter Mrs. Ford, *Mrs.* Page, *and Servants with a baſket.*

Mrs. *Ford.* WHat, *John!* what, *Robert!*

Mrs. *Page.* Quickly, quickly: is the buck-baſket ---

Mrs. *Ford.* I warrant. What, *Robin*, I ſay.

Mrs. *Page.* Come, come, come.

Mrs. *Ford.* Here ſet it down.

Mrs. *Page.* Give your men the charge, we muſt be brief.

Mrs. *Ford.* Marry, as I told you before, *John* and *Robert*, be ready here hard-by in the brew-houſe, and when I ſuddenly call you, come forth, and without any pauſe or ſtaggering take this baſket on your ſhoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haſte, and carry it among the whitſters in *Datchet*-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch cloſe by the *Thames* ſide.

Mrs. *Page.* You will do it?

Mrs. *Ford.* I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Here comes little *Robin.*

Enter Robin.

Mrs. *Ford.* How now, my eyas-muſket, what news with you?

Rob. My maſter Sir *John* is come in at your back-door, miſtreſs *Ford*, and requeſts your company.

Mrs. *Page.* You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob.

Rob. Ay, I'll be ſworn; my maſter knows not of your being here, and hath threaten'd to put me into everlaſting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he ſwears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. *Page.* Thou'rt a good boy; this ſecrecy of thine ſhall be a tailor to thee, and ſhall make thee a new doublet and hoſe. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. *Ford.* Do ſo; go tell thy maſter I am alone; miſtreſs *Page*, remember you your cue. [*Exit* Robin.

Mrs. *Page.* I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiſs me. [*Exit Mrs.* Page.

Mrs. *Ford.* Go to then; we'll uſe this unwholſome humidity, this groſs watry pumpion, --- we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heav'nly jewel? why, now let me die; for I have liv'd long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this bleſſed hour!

Mrs. *Ford.* O ſweet Sir *John!*

Fal. Mrs. *Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, miſtreſs *Ford*: now ſhall I ſin in my wiſh. I would thy huſband were dead, I'll ſpeak it before the beſt lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. *Ford.* I your lady, Sir *John*? alas, I ſhould be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of *France* ſhew me ſuch another; I ſee how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou haſt the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ſhip-tire, the tire-valiant [a], or any tire of *Venetian* addition.

Mrs. *Ford.* A plain kerchief, Sir *John*: my brows become nothing elſe, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to ſay ſo; thou would'ſt make an abſolute courtier, and the firm fixure of thy foot would give an ex-

(a) *'Tis probable this ſhould be* tire-volant *or* voilant, *and that both this and the* ſhip-tire *were names given to women's head-dreſſes by the* Venetians *from whom the fine Ladies heretofore took their faſhions, as the lace then moſt in eſteem was the* Point de Veniſe.

cellent

cellent motion to thy gate in a ſemi-circled farthingale. I ſee what thou wert; if fortune thy foe were not, nature is thy friend: come, thou canſt not hide it.

Mrs. *Ford.* Believe me, there's no ſuch thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that perſuade thee there's ſomething extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and ſay thou art this and that, like many of theſe liſping haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and ſmell like *Bucklers-Berry* in ſimpling-time; I cannot: but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deſerveſt it.

Mrs. *Ford.* Do not betray me, Sir; I fear you love miſtreſs *Page.*

Fal. Thou might'ſt as well ſay, I love to walk by the *Counter*-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. *Ford.* Well, heav'n knows how I love you, and you ſhall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deſerve it.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, I muſt tell you, ſo you do; or elſe I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*Within.*] Miſtreſs *Ford*, miſtreſs *Ford*, here's miſtreſs *Page* at the door, ſweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs ſpeak with you preſently.

Fal. She ſhall not ſee me; I will inſconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. *Ford.* Pray you, do ſo; ſhe's a very tattling woman.

SCENE IX.

Enter Miſtreſs Page.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. *Page.* O miſtreſs *Ford*, what have you done? you're ſham'd, y'are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. *Ford.* What's the matter, good miſtreſs *Page?*

Mrs. *Page.* O well-a-day, miſtreſs *Ford*, having an honeſt man to your huſband, to give him ſuch cauſe of ſuſpicion!

Mrs. *Ford.* What cauſe of ſuſpicion?

Mrs. *Page.* What cauſe of ſuſpicion? out upon you; how am I miſtook in you!

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. *Page.* Your huſband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in *Windſor*, to ſearch for a gentleman that he ſays is here now in the houſe, by your conſent, to take an ill advantage of his abſence. You are undone.

Mrs. *Ford.* 'Tis not ſo, I hope.

Mrs. *Page.* Pray heav'n it be not ſo that you have ſuch a man here; but 'tis moſt certain your huſband's coming with half *Windſor* at his heels, to ſearch for ſuch a one. I come before to tell you: if you know your ſelf clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your ſenſes to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewel to your good life for ever.

Mrs. *Ford.* What ſhall I do? there is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own ſhame ſo much as his peril. I had rather than a thouſand pound he were out of the houſe.

Mrs. *Page.* For ſhame, never ſtand *you had rather*, and *you had rather*; your huſband's here at hand, bethink you of ſome conveyance; in the houſe you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me! look, here is a baſket, if he be of any reaſonable ſtature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linnen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or it is whiting time, ſend him by your two men to *Datchet*-mead.

Mrs. *Ford.* He's too big to go in there: what ſhall I do?

Re-enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Let me ſee't, let me ſee't, O let me ſee't; I'll in, I'll in; follow your friend's counſel; I'll in.

Mrs. *Page.* What, Sir *John Falſtaff?* are theſe your letters, Knight?

Fal. I love thee, help me away; let me creep in here: I'll never —— [*He goes into the basket, they cover him with foul linnen.*

Mrs. *Page.* Help to cover your maſter, boy: call your men, miſtreſs *Ford.* You diſſembling Knight!

Mrs. *Ford.* What, *John*, *Robert*, *John*, go, take up theſe cloaths here, quickly. Where's the cowl-ſtaff? look how you drumble: carry them to the landreſs in *Datchet*-mead; quickly, come.

SCENE

SCENE X.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, *and* Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near; if I ſuſpect without cauſe, why then make ſport at me, then let me be your jeſt, I deſerve it. How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the landreſs, forſooth.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could waſh my ſelf of the buck: buck, buck, buck, ay buck: I warrant you buck, and of the ſeaſon too, it ſhall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night, I'll tell you my dream: here, here, here be my keys; aſcend my chambers, ſearch, ſeek, find out. I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox. Let me ſtop this way firſt; ſo, now uncouple.

Page. Good maſter *Ford*, be contented: you wrong your ſelf too much.

Ford. True, maſter *Page.* Up, gentlemen, you ſhall ſee ſport anon; follow me, gentlemen.

Eva. This is ferry fantaſtical humours and jealouſies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de faſhion of *France*; it is not jealous in *France* ---

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen, ſee the iſſue of his ſearch.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Manent Miſtreſs Page *and Miſtreſs* Ford.

Mrs. *Page.* Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. *Ford.* I know not which pleaſes me better, that my huſband is deceiv'd, or Sir *John.*

Mrs. *Page.* What a taking was he in when your huſband aſk'd who was in the baſket!

Mrs. *Ford.* I am half afraid he will have need of waſhing; ſo throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. *Page.* Hang him, diſhoneſt raſcal; I would all of the ſame ſtrain were in the ſame diſtreſs.

Mrs. *Ford.* I think my huſband hath ſome ſpecial ſuſpicion of *Falſtaff*'s being here: I never ſaw him ſo groſs in his jealouſie 'till now.

Mrs. *Page.* I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with *Falſtaff:* his diſſolute diſeaſe will ſcarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. *Ford.* Shall we ſend that fooliſh carrion miſtreſs *Quickly* to him, and excuſe his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another puniſhment?

Mrs. *Page.* We'll do it; let him be ſent for to-morrow by eight a clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, *&c.*

Ford. I cannot find him; may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compaſs.

Mrs. *Page.* Heard you that?

Mrs. *Ford.* You uſe me well, maſter *Ford*, do you?

Ford. Ay, ay, I do ſo.

Mrs. *Page.* Heav'n make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. *Page.* You do your ſelf mighty wrong, Mr. *Ford.*

Ford. Ay, ay; I muſt bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the houſe, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the preſſes, heav'n forgive my ſins!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Mr. *Ford*, are you not aſham'd? what ſpirit, what devil ſuggeſts this imagination? I would not ha' your diſtemper in this kind for the wealth of *Windſor Caſtle.*

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Mr. *Page:* I ſuffer for it.

Eva. You ſuffer for a pad conſcience; your wife is as honeſt a 'omans as I will deſires among five thouſand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I ſee 'tis an honeſt woman.

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a dinner; come, come, walk in the

the park. I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come, wife; come, miſtreſs *Page*; I pray you, pardon me: pray heartily pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but truſt me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my houſe to breakfaſt; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the buſh. Shall it be ſo?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I ſhall make two in the company.

Caius. If dere be one or two, I ſhall make-a de turd.

Ford. Pray you go, Mr. *Page.*

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lowſie knave mine hoſt.

Caius. Dat is good, by gar, vith all my heart.

Eva. A lowſie knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

Changes to Page's *houſe.*

Enter Fenton *and Miſtreſs* Anne Page.

Fent. I See I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, ſweet *Nan.*

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou muſt be thy ſelf.
He doth object I am too great of birth,
And that my ſtate being gall'd with my expence,
I ſeek to heal it only by his wealth.
Beſides theſe, other bars he lays before me,
My riots paſt, my wild ſocieties:
And tells me, 'tis a thing impoſſible
I ſhould love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fent. No, heav'n ſo ſpeed me in my time to come!

Albeit I will confeſs, thy father's wealth
Was the firſt motive that I woo'd thee, *Anne*:
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than ſtamps in gold, or ſums in ſealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thy ſelf
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Mr. *Fenton*,
Yet ſeek my father's love, ſtill ſeek it, Sir:
If importunity and humbleſt ſuit
Cannot attain it, why then --- hark you hither --- [*They go apart.*

SCENE XIII.

Enter Shallow, Slender, *and Miſtreſs* Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, miſtreſs *Quickly*; my kinſman ſhall ſpeak for himſelf.

Slen. I'll make a ſhaft or a bolt on't: 'd'slid 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not diſmaid.

Slen. No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me: I care not for that, but I am affeard.

Quic. Hark ye; Mr. *Slender* would ſpeak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Look handſome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quic. And how does good maſter *Fenton?* pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadſt a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mrs. *Anne*; my uncle can tell you good jeſts of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mrs. *Anne* the jeſt, how my father ſtole two geeſe out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Miſtreſs *Anne*, my couſin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do, as well as I love any woman in *Gloceſter-ſhire.*

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will; come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a Squire.

Shal.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good maſter *Shallow*, let him woo for himſelf.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that. Good comfort; ſhe calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, maſter *Slender*.

Slen. Now, good miſtreſs *Anne*.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? odd's-heart-lings, that's a pretty jeſt indeed, I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heav'n; I am not ſuch a ſickly creature, I give heav'n praiſe.

Anne. I mean, Mr. *Slender*, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly for my own part, I would little or nothing with you; your father and my uncle have made motions; if it be my luck, ſo; if not, happy man be his dole! they can tell you how things go better than I can; you may aſk your father; here he comes.

SCENE XIV.

Enter Page, *and Miſtreſs* Page.

Page. Now, maſter *Slender:* love him, daughter *Anne*.
--- Why, how now? what does maſter *Fenton* here?
You wrong me, Sir, thus ſtill to haunt my houſe:
I tell you, Sir, my daughter is diſpos'd of.

Fent. Nay, maſter *Page*, be not impatient.

Mrs. *Page.* Good maſter *Fenton*, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good maſter *Fenton*.
Come, maſter *Shallow*; come, ſon *Slender*, in.
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, maſter *Fenton*.

[*Exeunt* Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

Quic. Speak to miſtreſs *Page*.

Fent. Good miſtreſs *Page*, for that I love your daughter
In ſuch a righteous faſhion as I do,
Perforce, againſt all checks, rebukes and manners,
I muſt advance the colours of my love,

And

And not retire. Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yon fool.

Mrs. *Page*. I mean it not, I ſeek you a better huſband.

Quic. That's my maſter, maſter Doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be ſet quick i' th' earth,
And bowl'd to death with turneps.

Mrs. *Page*. Come, trouble not your ſelf, good maſter *Fenton*,
I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will I queſtion how ſhe loves you,
And as I find her, ſo am I affected.
'Till then, farewel, Sir; ſhe muſt needs go in,
Her father will be angry. [*Ex. Mrs.* Page *and* Anne.

Fent. Farewel, gentle miſtreſs; farewel, *Nan*.

Quic. This is my doing now. Nay, ſaid I, will you caſt away your child on a fool, or a phyſician? look on maſter *Fenton*: this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night
Give my ſweet *Nan* this ring: there's for thy pains. [*Exit*.

Quic. Now heav'n ſend thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath, a woman would run through fire and water for ſuch a kind heart. But yet, I would my maſter had miſtreſs *Anne*, or I would Mr. *Slender* had her; or, in ſooth, I would Mr. *Fenton* had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for ſo I have promis'd, and I'll be as good as my word, but ſpecioufly for Mr. *Fenton*. Well, I muſt of another errand to Sir *John Falſtaff* from my two miſtreſſes; what a beaſt am I to ſlack it! [*Exit*.

SCENE XV.

The Garter-Inn.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. BArdolph, I ſay.

Bard. Here, Sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of ſack, put a toaſt in't. [*Ex*. Bard.]

Have

Have I liv'd to be carry'd in a baſket, like a barrow of butchers offal, and to be thrown into the *Thames?* well, if I be ſerv'd ſuch another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues ſlighted me into the river with as little remorſe as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' th' litter; and you may know by my ſize that I have a kind of alacrity in ſinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I ſhould down. I had been drown'd, but that the ſhore was ſhelvy and ſhallow; a death that I abhor; for the water ſwells a man: and what a thing ſhould I have been when I had been ſwell'd! I ſhould have been a mountain of mummy. [*Enter* Bard.] — Now, is the ſack brew'd?

Bard. Here's Mrs. *Quickly*, Sir, to ſpeak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in ſome ſack to the *Thames*-water; for my belly's as cold as if I had ſwallow'd ſnow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

SCENE XVI.

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Quic. By your leave: I cry you mercy. Give your worſhip good-morrow.

Fal. Take away theſe challices: go brew me a pottle of ſack finely.

Bard. With eggs, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it ſelf: I'll no pullet-ſperm in my brewage. How now?

Quic. Marry, Sir, I come to your worſhip from miſtreſs *Ford.*

Fal. Miſtreſs *Ford?* I have had Ford enough; I was thrown into the Ford; I have my belly full of Ford.

Quic. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: ſhe does ſo take on with her men; they miſtook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build on a fooliſh woman's promiſe.

Quic. Well, ſhe laments, Sir, for it, that it would yern your heart to ſee it. Her huſband goes this morning a birding; ſhe

deſires

deſires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I muſt carry her word quickly; ſhe'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will viſit her; tell her ſo, and bid her think what a man is: let her conſider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do ſo. Between nine and ten, ſay'ſt thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone; I will not miſs her.

Quic. Peace be with you, Sir. [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel I hear not of maſter *Brook*; he ſent me word to ſtay within: I like his mony well. Oh, here he comes.

SCENE XVII.

Enter Ford.

Ford. 'Bleſs you, Sir.

Fal. Now, maſter *Brook*, you come to know what hath paſs'd between me and *Ford*'s wife.

Ford. That indeed, Sir *John*, is my buſineſs.

Fal. Maſter *Brook*, I will not lie to you; I was at her houſe the hour ſhe appointed me.

Ford. And you ſped, Sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, maſter *Brook*.

Ford. How, Sir! did ſhe change her determination?

Fal. No, maſter *Brook*; but the peaking cornuto her huſband, maſter *Brook*, dwelling in a continual larum of jealouſie, comes in the inſtant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiſs'd, proteſted, and as it were ſpoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and inſtigated by his diſtemper, and forſooth to ſearch his houſe for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he ſearch for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You ſhall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one

one miſtreſs *Page*, gives intelligence of *Ford*'s approach, and by her invention, and *Ford*'s wife's direction, they convey'd me into a buck-baſket.

Ford. A buck-baſket?

Fal. Yea, a buck-baſket; ramm'd me in with foul ſhirts and ſmocks, ſocks, foul ſtockings, and greaſie napkins, that, maſter *Brook*, there was the rankeſt compound of villainous ſmells that ever offended noſtril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you ſhall hear, maſter *Brook*, what I have ſuffer'd, to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the baſket, a couple of *Ford*'s knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their miſtreſs to carry me in the name of foul cloaths to *Datchet-lane*; they took me on their ſhoulders, met the jealous knave their maſter in the door, who aſk'd them once or twice what they had in their baſket; I quak'd for fear, leſt the lunatick knave would have ſearch'd it; but fate, ordaining he ſhould be a cuckold, held his hand. Well, on went he for a ſearch, and away went I for foul cloaths; but mark the ſequel, maſter *Brook*; I ſuffer'd the pangs of three egregious deaths: firſt, an intolerable fright, to be detected by a jealous rotten bell-weather; next to be compaſs'd like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then to be ſtopt in, like a ſtrong diſtillation, with ſtinking cloaths that fretted in their own greaſe: think of that, a man of my kidney; think of that, that am as ſubject to heat as butter; a man of continual diſſolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'ſcape ſuffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half ſtew'd in greaſe like a *Dutch* diſh, to be thrown into the *Thames*, and cool'd glowing hot in that ſurge, like a horſe-ſhoe; think of that; hiſſing hot; think of that, maſter *Brook*.

Ford. In good ſadneſs, Sir, I am ſorry that for my ſake you ſuffer'd all this. My ſuit is then deſperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Maſter *Brook*, I will be thrown into *Etna* as I have been into *Thames*, ere I will leave her thus. Her huſband is this morn-

ing gone a birding; I have receiv'd from her another embaſſie of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, maſter *Brook*.

Ford. 'Tis paſt eight already, Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then addreſs me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leiſure, and you ſhall know how I ſpeed; and the concluſion ſhall be crown'd with your enjoying her; adieu, you ſhall have her, maſter *Brook*; maſter *Brook*, you ſhall cuckold *Ford*. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a viſion? is this a dream? do I ſleep? maſter *Ford*, awake; awake, maſter *Ford*; there's a hole made in your beſt coat, maſter *Ford*; this 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linnen and buck-baſkets! well, I will proclaim my ſelf what I am; I will now take the leacher; he is at my houſe; he cannot 'ſcape me; 'tis impoſſible he ſhould; he cannot creep into a half-penny purſe, nor into a pepper-box. But leſt the devil that guides him ſhould aid him, I will ſearch impoſſible places; tho' what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not ſhall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Page's *Houſe.*

Enter Miſtreſs Page, *Miſtreſs* Quickly, *and* William.

Mrs. PAGE.

IS he at Mr. *Ford*'s already, think'ſt thou?

Quic. Sure he is by this, or will be preſently; but truly he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water; Mrs. *Ford* deſires you to come ſuddenly.

Mrs. *Page.* I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to ſchool. Look where his maſter comes; 'tis a playing-day I ſee. How now, Sir *Hugh*, no ſchool to-day?

Enter

Enter Evans.

Eva. No; maſter *Slender* is let the boys leave to play.

Quic. Bleſſing of his heart!

Mrs. *Page.* Sir *Hugh*, my huſband ſays my ſon profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, aſk him ſome queſtions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, *William*; hold up your head, come.

Mrs. *Page.* Come on, Sirrah, hold up your head; anſwer your maſter, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quic. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, becauſe they ſay, odd's nowns.

Eva. Peace your tatlings. What is *Fair*, *William?*

Will. Pulcher.

Quic. Poulcats? there are fairer things than poulcats, ſure.

Eva. You are a very ſimplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *Lapis*, *William?*

Will. A ſtone.

Eva. And what is a ſtone, *William?*

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *Lapis:* I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Eva. That is a good *William:* what is he, *William*, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrow'd of the pronoun, and be thus declin'd, *ſingulariter nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog; pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus:* well, what is your *accuſative caſe?*

Will. Accuſative, hinc.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *accuſative, hung, hang, hog.*

Quic. Hang hog is *Latin* for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the *focative caſe, William?*

Will. O, *vocativo*, *O*.

Eva. Remember, *William*, *focative* is *caret*.

Quic. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. *Page.* Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive caſe plural*, *William?*

Will. *Genitive caſe?*

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitive*, *horum*, *harum*, *horum*.

Quic. 'Vengeance of *Giney*'s caſe; fie on her! never name her, child, if ſhe be a whore.

Eva. For ſhame, 'oman.

Quic. You do ill to teach the child ſuch words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do faſt enough of themſelves; and to call horum; fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunacies? haſt thou no underſtandings for thy caſes, and the numbers of the genders? thou art as fooliſh chriſtian creatures as I would deſire.

Mrs. *Page.* Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, *William*, ſome declenſions of your pronouns.

Will. Forſooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *qui*, *quæ*, *quod*; if you forget your *quies*, your *quæs*, and your *quods*, you muſt be preeches: go your ways and play, go.

Mrs. *Page.* He is a better ſcholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good ſprag memory. Farewel, Mrs. *Page*.

Mrs. *Page.* Adieu, good Sir *Hugh*. Get you home, boy. Come, we ſtay too long. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE II.

Ford's *Houſe*.

Enter Falſtaff *and Miſtreſs* Ford.

Fal. MIſtreſs *Ford*, your ſorrow hath eaten up my ſufferance; I ſee you are obſequious in your love, and I profeſs requital

requital to a hair's breadth, not only, miſtreſs *Ford*, in the ſimple office of love, but in all the accouſtrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you ſure of your huſband now?

Mrs. *Ford*. He's a birding, ſweet Sir *John*.

Mrs. *Page*. [*Within*.] What hoa, goſſip *Ford!* what hoa!

Mrs. *Ford*. Step into th' chamber, Sir *John*. [*Ex*. Falſtaff.

Enter Miſtreſs Page.

Mrs. *Page*. How now, ſweet heart, who's at home beſides your ſelf?

Mrs. *Ford*. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. *Page*. Indeed?

Mrs. *Ford*. No certainly. --- Speak louder.

Mrs. *Page*. Truly, I am ſo glad you have no body here.

Mrs. *Ford*. Why?

Mrs. *Page*. Why, woman, your huſband is in his old lunes again; he ſo takes on yonder with my huſband, ſo rails againſt all married mankind, ſo curſes all *Eve*'s daughters of what complexion ſoever, and ſo buffets himſelf on the fore-head, crying peer-out, peer-out, that any madneſs I ever yet beheld ſeem'd but tameneſs, civility and patience to this diſtemper he is in now; I am glad the fat Knight is not here.

Mrs. *Ford*. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. *Page*. Of none but him, and ſwears he was carry'd out, the laſt time he ſearch'd for him, in a baſket; proteſts to my huſband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the reſt of their company from their ſport, to make another experiment of his ſuſpicion; but I am glad the Knight is not here; now he ſhall ſee his own foolery.

Mrs. *Ford*. How near is he, miſtreſs *Page?*

Mrs. *Page*. Hard by, at ſtreet's end, he will be here anon.

Mrs. *Ford*. I am undone, the Knight is here.

Mrs. *Page*. Why then thou art utterly ſham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you? away with him, away with him; better ſhame than murther.

Mrs. *Ford*. Which way ſhould he go? how ſhould I beſtow him? ſhall I put him into the baſket again?

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i'th' baſket: may I not go out ere he come?

Mrs. *Page.* Alas, alas, three of maſter *Ford*'s brothers watch the door with piſtols, that none ſhould iſſue out, otherwiſe you might ſlip ere he came: but what make you here?

Fal. What ſhall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. *Ford.* There they always uſe to diſcharge their birding-pieces; creep into the kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. *Ford.* He will ſeek there, on my word: neither preſs, coffer, cheſt, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abſtract for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his note; there is no hiding you in the houſe.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. *Ford.* If you go out in your own ſemblance, you die, Sir *John*, unleſs you go out diſguis'd. How might we diſguiſe him?

Mrs. *Page.* Alas-the-day, I know not; there is no woman's gown big enough for him, otherwiſe he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and ſo eſcape.

Fal. Good heart, deviſe ſomething; any extremity rather than miſchief.

Mrs. *Ford.* My maid's aunt, the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gown above.

Mrs. *Page.* On my word, it will ſerve him; ſhe's as big as he is, and there's her thrumb hat, and her muffler too. Run up, Sir *John*.

Mrs. *Ford.* Go, go, ſweet Sir *John*, miſtreſs *Page* and I will look ſome linnen for your head.

Mrs. *Page.* Quick, quick, we'll come dreſs you ſtraight; put on the gown the while. [*Exit* Falſtaff.

Mrs. *Ford.* I would my huſband would meet him in this ſhape; he cannot abide the old woman of *Brainford*; he ſwears ſhe's a witch, forbad her my houſe, and hath threatned to beat her.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Page*. Heav'n guide him to thy huſband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. *Ford*. But is my huſband coming?

Mrs. *Page*. Ay in good ſadneſs is he, and talks of the baſket too, however he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. *Ford*. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the baſket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did laſt time.

Mrs. *Page*. Nay, but he'll be here preſently; let's go dreſs him like the witch of *Brainford*.

Mrs. *Ford*. I'll firſt direct my men what they ſhall do with the baſket; go up, I'll bring linnen for him ſtraight.

Mrs. *Page*. Hang him, diſhoneſt varlet, we cannot miſuſe him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honeſt too.
We do not act, that often jeſt and laugh:
'Tis old but true, ſtill ſwine eat all the draugh.

Mrs. *Ford*. Go, Sirs, take the baſket again on your ſhoulders; your maſter is hard at door; if he bid you ſet it down, obey him: quickly, diſpatch. [*Ex. Mrs.* Page *and Mrs.* Ford.

Enter ſervants with the basket.

1 *Serv*. Come, come, take up.

2 *Serv*. Pray heav'n it be not full of the Knight again.

1 *Serv*. I hope not. I had as lief bear ſo much lead.

SCENE IV.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius *and* Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, maſter *Page*, have you any way then to unfool me again? ſet down the baſket, villain; ſomebody call my wife: youth in a baſket! oh, you panderly raſcals! there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conſpiracy againſt me; now ſhall the devil be ſham'd. What, wife, I ſay; come, come forth, behold what honeſt cloaths you ſend forth to bleaching.

Page.

Page. Why, this paſſes [a], maſter *Ford*; you are not to go looſe any longer, you muſt be pinnion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunaticks; this is mad as a mad dog.

Shal. Indeed, maſter *Ford*, this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So ſay I too, Sir.

Enter Miſtreſs Ford.

Come hither, miſtreſs *Ford*, miſtreſs *Ford*, the honeſt woman, the modeſt wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her huſband: I ſuſpect without cauſe, miſtreſs, do I?

Mrs. *Ford.* Heav'n be my witneſs you do, if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſty.

Ford. Well ſaid, brazen-face, hold it out: come forth, Sirrah. [*Pulls the cloaths out of the basket.*

Page. This paſſes. [a]

Mrs. *Ford.* Are you not aſham'd? let the cloaths alone.

Ford. I ſhall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreaſonable; will you take up your wife's cloaths? come away.

Ford. Empty the baſket, I ſay.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, man, why ---

Ford. Maſter *Page*, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my houſe yeſterday in this baſket; why may not he be there again? in my houſe I am ſure he is; my intelligence is true, my jealouſie is reaſonable; pluck me out all the linnen.

Mrs. *Ford.* If you find a man there, he ſhall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, maſter *Ford*; this wrongs you.

Eva. Maſter *Ford*, you muſt pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart; this is jealouſies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I ſeek for.

Page. No, nor no where elſe but in your brain.

Ford. Help to ſearch my houſe this one time; if I find not what I ſeek, ſhew no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-ſport; let them ſay of me, as jealous as *Ford*, that ſearched a hol-

(a) *See the note, p.* 223.

a hollow wall-nut for his wife's leman. Satisfie me once more, once more ſearch with me.

Mrs. *Ford.* What hoa, miſtreſs *Page*! come you and the old woman down; my huſband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, it is my maid's aunt of *Brainford.*

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean; have I not forbid her my houſe? ſhe comes of errands, does ſhe? we are ſimple men, we do not know what's brought to paſs under the profeſſion of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by ſpells, by th' figure, and ſuch dawbry as this is, beyond our element; we know nothing. Come down, you witch, you hag you, come down, I ſay.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, good ſweet huſband; good gentlemen, let him not ſtrike the old woman.

SCENE V.

Enter Falſtaff *in womens cloaths, and Mrs.* Page.

Mrs. *Page.* Come, mother *Prat*, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll *Prat* her. Out of my door, you witch, [*Beats him.*] you hag, you baggage, you poulcat, you runnion! out, out, out; I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit* Fal.

Mrs. *Page.* Are you not aſham'd? I think you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, he will do it; 'tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch.

Eva. By yea and no I think the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I ſpy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beſeech you, follow; ſee but the iſſue of my jealouſie; if I cry out thus upon no trayle, never truſt me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Mrs. *Page.* Truſt me, he beat him moſt pitifully.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, by th' maſs that he did not; he beat him moſt unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. *Page.* I'll have the cudgel hallow'd and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious ſervice.

Mrs. *Ford.* What think you? may we, with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witneſs of a good conſcience, purſue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. *Page.* The ſpirit of wantonneſs is ſure ſcar'd out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-ſimple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waſte, attempt us again.

Mrs. *Ford.* Shall we tell our huſbands how we have ſerved him?

Mrs. *Page.* Yes, by all means; if it be but to ſcrape the figures out of your huſband's brain. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat Knight ſhall be any further afflicted, we two will ſtill be the miniſters.

Mrs. *Ford.* I'll warrant they'll have him publickly ſham'd; and methinks there would be no right period to the jeſt, ſhould he not be publickly ſham'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Come, to the forge with it then, ſhape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Garter-Inn.

Enter Hoſt *and* Bardolph.

Bard. SIR, the *German* deſires to have three of your horſes; the Duke himſelf will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Hoſt. What Duke ſhould that be comes ſo ſecretly? I hear not of him in the court: let me ſpeak with the gentlemen; they ſpeak *Engliſh?*

Bard. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Hoſt. They ſhall have my horſes, but I'll make them pay, I'll ſawce them. They have had my houſe a week at command; I have turn'd away my other gueſts; they muſt count off; I'll ſawce them, come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Changes to Ford's *Houſe.*

Enter Page, Ford, *Miſtreſs* Page, *Miſtreſs* Ford *and* Evans.

Eva. 'TIS one of the beſt diſcretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he ſend you both theſe letters at an inſtant?

Mrs. *Page.* Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will ſuſpect the ſun with cold,
Than thee with wantonneſs; thy honour ſtands,
In him that was of late an heretick,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extream in ſubmiſſion
As in offence, but let our plot go forward:
Let our wives once again, to make us ſport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and diſgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they ſpoke of.

Page. How? to ſend him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? fie, fie, he'll never come.

Eva. You ſay he hath been thrown into the river; and has been grievouſly peaten, as an old 'oman; methinks there ſhould be terrors in him, that he ſhould not come; methinks his fleſh is puniſh'd, he ſhall have no deſires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. *Ford.* Deviſe but how you'll uſe him when he comes;
And let us two deviſe to bring him thither.

Mrs. *Page.* There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the hunter,
Sometime a keeper in our *Windſor* foreſt,
Doth all the winter-time at ſtill of midnight
Walk round about an Oak, with ragged horns,

And there he blaſts the trees, and takes the cattle,
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and ſhakes a chain
In a moſt hideous and dreadful manner.
You've heard of ſuch a ſpirit, and well you know
The ſuperſtitious idle-headed *Eld*
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age
This tale of *Herne* the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this *Herne*'s Oak;
But what of this?

Mrs. *Ford.* Marry, this is our device,
That *Falſtaff* at that oak ſhall meet with us.
We'll ſend him word to meet us in the field
Diſguis'd like *Herne* with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come.
And in this ſhape when you have brought him thither,
What ſhall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. *Page.* That likewiſe we have thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page, (my daughter) and my little ſon,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dreſs
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a ſudden,
As *Falſtaff*, ſhe, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a ſaw-pit ruſh at once
With ſome diffuſed [a] ſong: upon their ſight,
We two in great amazedneſs will fly;
Then let them all encircle him about,
And like to fairies pinch the unclean Knight;
And aſk him why, that hour of fairy-revel,
In their ſo ſacred paths he dares to tread
In ſhape prophane?

Mrs. *Ford.* And 'till he tell the truth,
Let the ſuppoſed fairies pinch him round,
And burn him with their tapers.

(a) Diffuſed *here means* wild, irregular, extravagant.

Mrs. *Page.* The truth being known,
We'll all preſent our ſelves; diſ-horn the ſpirit,
And mock him home to *Windſor.*

Ford. The children muſt
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-a-napes alſo, to burn the Knight with my taper.

Ford. This will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. *Page.* My *Nan* ſhall be the Queen of all the fairies;
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That ſilk will I go buy, and in that 'tire
Shall Mr. *Slender* ſteal my *Nan* away, [*Aſide.*
And marry her at *Eaton.* Go, ſend to *Falſtaff* ſtraight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in the name of *Brook*; he'll tell me all his purpoſe. Sure he'll come.

Mrs. *Page.* Fear not you that; go get us properties and tricking for your fairies.

Eva. Let us about it, it is admirable pleaſures, and ferry honeſt knaveries. [*Exeunt* Page, Ford *and* Evans.

Mrs. *Page.* Go, Mrs. *Ford,*
Send *Quickly* to Sir *John,* to know his mind. [*Exit Mrs.* Ford.
I'll to the Doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with *Nan Page.*
That *Slender,* tho' well landed, is an ideot;
And him my huſband beſt of all affects:
The Doctor is well mony'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he ſhall have her,
Tho' twenty thouſand worthier came to crave her. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

The Garter-Inn.

Enter Hoſt *and* Simple.

Hoſt. WHat wouldſt thou have, boor? what, thick-ſkin? ſpeak, breathe, diſcuſs; brief, ſhort, quick, ſnap.

Simp.

Simp. Marry, Sir, I come to ſpeak with Sir *John Falſtaff* from Mr. *Slender*.

Hoſt. There's his chamber, his houſe, his caſtle, his ſtanding-bed and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the ſtory of the prodigal, freſh and new; go, knock and call; he'll ſpeak like an anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I ſay.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up into his chamber; I'll be ſo bold as ſtay, Sir, 'till ſhe come down; I come to ſpeak with her indeed.

Hoſt. Hà! a fat woman? the Knight may be robb'd: I'll call. Bully-Knight! bully-Sir *John!* ſpeak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine hoſt, thine *Epheſian* [a] calls.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. How now, mine hoſt?

Hoſt. Here's a *Bohemian-Tartar* tarries the coming down of thy fat woman: let her deſcend, bully, let her deſcend; my chambers are honourable. Fie, privacy? fie!

Fal. There was, mine hoſt, an old fat woman even now with me, but ſhe's gone.

Simp. Pray you, Sir, was't not the wiſe woman of *Brainford?*

Fal. Ay marry was it, muſcle-ſhell, what would you with her?

Simp. My maſter, Sir, my maſter *Slender* ſent to her, ſeeing her go thro' the ſtreet, to know, Sir, whether one *Nym*, Sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain or no.

Fal. I ſpake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what ſays ſhe, I pray, Sir?

Fal. Marry, ſhe ſays, that the very ſame man that beguil'd maſter *Slender* of his chain cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have ſpoken with the woman her ſelf; I had other things to have ſpoken with her too from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Hoſt. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, Sir?

Hoſt. Conceal them, and thou dy'ſt.

(a) *He means to ſay, thine* Ephæſtion.

Simp.

Simp. Why, Sir, they were nothing but about miſtreſs *Anne Page*, to know if it were my maſter's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, Sir?

Fal. To have her, or no: go; ſay the woman told me ſo.

Simp. May I be ſo bold to ſay ſo, Sir?

Hoſt. Ay, Sir; like who more bold.

Simp. I thank your worſhip: I ſhall make my maſter glad with theſe tidings. [*Exit* Simple.

Hoſt. Thou art clarkly; thou art clarkly, Sir *John*: was there a wiſe woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine hoſt, one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

SCENE IX.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, Sir, cozenage! meer cozenage!

Hoſt. Where be my horſes? ſpeak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners; for ſo ſoon as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off from behind one of them in a ſlough of mire, and ſet ſpurs, and away; like three *German* devils, three Doctor *Fauſtus's*.

Hoſt. They are gone but to meet the Duke; villain, do not ſay they be fled; *Germans* are honeſt men.

Enter Evans.

Eva. Where is mine hoſt?

Hoſt. What is the matter, Sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments; there is a friend o' mine come to town tells me there is three cozen-jermans that has cozen'd all the hoſts of *Reading*, of *Maiden-head*, of *Colebrook*, of horſes and mony. I tell you for good will, look you; you are wiſe, and full of gibes and vlouting-ſtocks, and 'tis not convenient you ſhould be cozened; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver is mine hoſt *de Jartere?*

Hoſt. Here, maſter Doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a me, dat you make a grand preparation for a Duke *de Jamany*; by my trot, dere is no Duke, dat de court is know, to come: I tell you for good will; adieu. [*Exit.*

Hoſt. Hue and cry, villain, go; aſſiſt me, Knight, I am undone; fly, run, hue and cry! Villain, I am undone. [*Exit.*

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it ſhould come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been waſh'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fiſhermens boots with me. I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, 'till I were as creſt-faln as a dry'd pear. I never proſper'd ſince I forſwore my ſelf at *Primero*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to ſay my prayers, I would repent. Now, whence come you?

SCENE X.

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Quic. From the two parties, forſooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and ſo they ſhall be both beſtow'd. I have ſuffer'd more for their ſakes, more than the villainous inconſtancy of man's diſpoſition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they ſuffer'd? yes, I warrant, ſpeciouſly one of them; miſtreſs *Ford*, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot ſee a white ſpot about her.

Fal. What tell'ſt thou me of black and blue? I was beaten my ſelf into all the colours of the rain-bow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of *Brainford*; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, counterfeiting the action of a wode woman, deliver'd me, the knave conſtable had ſet me i' th' ſtocks, i' th' common ſtocks, for a witch.

Quic.

Quic. Sir, let me ſpeak with you in your chamber, you ſhall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will ſay ſomewhat. Good hearts, what ado is here to bring you together! ſure one of you does not ſerve heav'n well, that you are ſo croſs'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Enter Fenton *and* Hoſt.

Hoſt. Maſter *Fenton*, talk not to me, my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me ſpeak; aſſiſt me in my purpoſe,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loſs.

Hoſt. I will hear you, maſter *Fenton*; and I will, at the leaſt, keep your counſel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair *Anne Page*,
Who, mutually, hath anſwer'd my affection,
(So far forth as her ſelf might be her chuſer)
Ev'n to my wiſh. I have a letter from her
Of ſuch contents, as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof's ſo larded with my matter,
That neither ſingly can be manifeſted,
Without the ſhew of both. Fat Sir *John Falſtaff*
Hath a great ſcene; the image of the jeſt
I'll ſhew you here at large. Hark, good mine hoſt;
To-night at *Herne*'s Oak, juſt 'twixt twelve and one,
Muſt my ſweet *Nan* preſent the fairy Queen;
The purpoſe why, is here; in which diſguiſe,
While other jeſts are ſomething rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to ſlip
Away with *Slender*, and with him at *Eaton*
Immediately to marry; ſhe hath conſented. — Now, Sir,
Her mother, ever ſtrong againſt that match,

And firm for Doctor *Caius*, hath appointed
That he ſhall likewiſe ſhuffle her away,
While other ſports are taſking of their minds,
And at the Deanry, where a prieſt attends,
Straight marry her; To this her mother's plot
She, ſeemingly obedient, likewiſe hath
Made promiſe to the Doctor. --- Now, thus it reſts;
Her father means ſhe ſhall be all in white,
And in that dreſs when *Slender* ſees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She ſhall go with him. --- Her mother hath intended,
The better to devote her to the Doctor,
(For they muſt all be maſk'd and vizarded)
That, quaint in green, ſhe ſhall be looſe enrob'd,
With ribbands-pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor ſpies his vantage ripe
To pinch her by the hand, upon that token
The maid hath given conſent to go with him.

Hoſt. Which means ſhe to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good hoſt, to go along with me;
And here it reſts, that you'll procure the vicar
To ſtay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Hoſt. Well, huſband your device; I'll to the vicar.
Bring you the maid, you ſhall not lack a prieſt.

Fent. So ſhall I evermore be bound to thee;
Beſide, I'll make a preſent recompence. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

Re-enter Falſtaff *and Miſtreſs* Quickly.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more pratling; go, I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good luck lyes in odd numbers; away, go; they ſay there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance or death; away.

Quic.

Quic. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns. [*Exit Mrs.* Quickly.

Fal. Away, I ſay, time wears: hold up your head and mince.

Enter Ford.

How now, maſter *Brook?* maſter *Brook*, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the park about mid-night at *Herne*'s Oak, and you ſhall ſee wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yeſterday, Sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, maſter *Brook*, as you ſee, like a poor old man; but I came from her, maſter *Brook*, like a poor old woman. That ſame knave, *Ford* her huſband, hath the fineſt mad devil of jealouſie in him, maſter *Brook*, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you, he beat me grievouſly, in the ſhape of a woman; for in the ſhape of a man, maſter *Brook*, I fear not *Goliah* with a weaver's beam; becauſe I know alſo life is a ſhuttle; I am in haſte; go along with me, I'll tell you all, maſter *Brook*. Since I pluckt geeſe, play'd truant, and whipt top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately. Follow me, I'll tell you ſtrange things of this knave *Ford*, on whom to-night I will be reveng'd, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow; ſtrange things in hand, maſter *Brook*; follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Windſor-Park.

Enter Page, Shallow *and* Slender.

PAGE.

COme, come; we'll couch i'th' caſtle-ditch, 'till we ſee the light of our fairies. Remember, ſon *Slender*, my daughter.

Slen. Ay forſooth, I have ſpoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white

and cry mum, ſhe cries budget, and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; but what needs either your mum, or her budget? the white will decipher her well enough. It hath ſtruck ten a-clock.

Page. The night is dark, light and ſpirits will become it well; heav'n proſper our ſport! No one means evil but the devil, and we ſhall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Miſtreſs Page, *Miſtreſs* Ford *and* Caius.

Mrs. *Page.* Mr. Doctor, my daughter is in green; when you ſee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanry, and diſpatch it quickly; go before into the park; we two muſt go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; adieu. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Page.* Fare you well, Sir. My huſband will not rejoice ſo much at the abuſe of *Falſtaff*, as he will chafe at the Doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. *Ford.* Where is *Nan* now, and her troop of fairies, and the *Welch* devil *Evans?*

Mrs. *Page.* They are all couch'd in a pit hard by *Herne*'s Oak, with obſcur'd lights; which at the very inſtant of *Falſtaff*'s and our meeting they will at once diſplay to the night.

Mrs. *Ford.* That cannot chuſe but amaze him.

Mrs. *Page.* If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd he will be mock'd.

Mrs. *Ford.* We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. *Page.* Againſt ſuch lewdſters, and their leachery,
Thoſe that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. *Ford.* The hour draws on; to the Oak, to the Oak. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Evans *and Fairies.*

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come and remember your parts: be-

pold

pold, I pray you, follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-'ords do as I pid you: come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Falſtaff, *with a Buck's head on.*

Fal. The *Windſor* bell hath ſtruck twelve, the minute draws on; now the hot-blooded gods aſſiſt me! Remember, *Jove*, thou waſt a bull for thy *Europa*; love ſet on thy horns. Oh powerful love! that in ſome reſpects makes a beaſt a man; in ſome other, a man a beaſt. You were alſo, *Jupiter*, a ſwan, for the love of *Leda*: oh omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a gooſe! A fault done firſt in the form of a beaſt, O *Jove*, a beaſtly fault; and then another fault in the ſemblance of a fowl; think on't, *Jove*, a foul fault. When gods have hot backs, what ſhall poor men do? for me, I am here a *Windſor* ſtag, and the fatteſt, I think, i' th' foreſt. Send me a cool rut-time, *Jove*, or who can blame me to piſs my tallow? who comes here? my doe?

Enter Miſtreſs Ford *and Miſtreſs* Page.

Mrs. *Ford.* Sir *John?* art thou there, my deer? my male-deer?

Fal. My doe with the black ſcut? let the ſky rain potatoes, let it thunder to the tune of *Green-Sleeves*, hail kiſſing-comfits, and ſnow eringoes; let there come a tempeſt of provocation, I will ſhelter me here.

Mrs. *Ford.* Miſtreſs *Page* is come with me, ſweet heart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch; I will keep my ſides to my ſelf, my ſhoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your huſbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like *Herne* the hunter? why, now is *Cupid* a child of conſcience, he makes reſtitution. As I am a true ſpirit, welcome.

[*Noiſe within.*

Mrs. *Page.* Alas! what noiſe?

Mrs. *Ford.* Heav'n forgive our ſins!

Fal. What ſhould this be?

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ford.* Mrs. *Page.* Away, away. [*The women run out.*

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, leſt the oil that is in me ſhould ſet hell on fire; he would never elſe croſs me thus.

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir Hugh *dreſt like a Satyr,* Quickly *and others like Fairies, with tapers.*

Quic. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moon-ſhine revellers, and ſhades of night,
You ouphen-heirs of fixed deſtiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Eva. Elves, liſt your names; ſilence, you airy toys.
[*To be ſpoken with a* Welch *accent.*
Cricket, to *Windſor* chimneys ſhalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'ſt unrak'd, and hearths unſwept,
There pinch the maids as blew as bilbery.
Our radiant Queen hates ſluts and ſluttery.

Fal. They're fairies, he that ſpeaks to them ſhall die.
I'll wink and couch; no man their works muſt eye.
[*Lyes down upon his face.*

Eva. Where's *Bede?* go you, and where you find a maid
[*With a* Welch *accent.*
That ere ſhe ſleep hath thrice her prayers ſaid,
Rein up the organs of her fantaſie,
Sleep ſhe as ſound as careleſs infancy!
But thoſe that ſleep and think not on their ſins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, ſhoulders, ſides and ſhins.

Quic. About, about;
Search *Windſor* caſtle, elves, within and out.
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every ſacred room,
That it may ſtand 'till the perpetual doom,
In ſite as wholſome, as in ſtate 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, as the owner it.
The ſeveral chairs of Order look you ſcour

With

With juice of balm and ev'ry precious flow'r;
Each fair inſtalment, coat and ſev'ral creſt,
With loyal blazon evermore be bleſt!
And nightly-meadow-fairies, look you ſing,
Like to the *Garter*-compaſs, in a ring:
Th' expreſſure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile freſh than all the field to ſee;
And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Penſe* write,
In emrold-tuffs, flow'rs purple, blue and white,
Like ſaphire-pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair Knight-hood's bending knee;
Fairies uſe flow'rs for their charactery.
Away, diſperſe; but 'till 'tis one a clock
Our dance of cuſtom round about the Oak
Of *Herne* the hunter let us not forget.

Eva. Lock hand in hand, your ſelves in order ſet:
[*With a* Welch *accent.*
And twenty glow-worms ſhall our lanthorns be
To guide our meaſure round about the tree.
But ſtay, I ſmell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heav'ns defend me from that *Welch* fairy, leſt he tranſform me to a piece of cheeſe!

Eva. Vile worm, thou waſt o'er-look'd even in thy birth.

Quick. With tryal-fire touch me his finger end;
If he be chaſte, the flame will back deſcend
And turn him to no pain; but if he ſtart,
It is the fleſh of a corrupted heart.

Eva. A tryal, come.
[*They burn him with their tapers, and pinch him.*
Come, will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in deſire;
About him, fairies, ſing a ſcornful rhime.
And as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time.

The SONG.

Fie on ſimple phantaſie:
Fie on luſt and luxury:
Luſt is but i' th' blood a fire,
Kindled with unchaſte deſire,
Fed in the heart, whoſe flames aſpire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
'Till candles, and ſtar-light, and moon-ſhine be out.

[*He offers to run out.*

SCENE V.

Enter Page, Ford, &c. *They lay hold on him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly, I think I've watcht you now;
Will none but *Herne* the hunter ſerve your turn?

Mrs. *Page.* I pray you, come, hold up the jeſt no higher.
Now, good Sir *John*, how like you *Windſor* wives?
See you theſe, huſbands? do not theſe fair Oaks

[*Pointing to the horns.*

Become the foreſt better than the town?

Ford. Now, Sir, who's a cuckold now? maſter *Brook*, *Falſtaff*'s a knave, a cuckoldy knave, here are his horns, maſter *Brook*; and, maſter *Brook*, he hath enjoy'd nothing of *Ford*'s but his buck-baſket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of mony, which muſt be paid to maſter *Brook*; his horſes are arreſted for it, maſter *Brook*.

Mrs. *Ford.* Sir *John*, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an aſs.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And theſe are not fairies: I was three or four times in the thought

thought they were not fairies, and yet the guiltineſs of my mind, with the ſudden ſurprize of my powers, drove the groſsneſs of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in deſpight of the teeth of all rhime and reaſon, that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill imployment.

Eva. Sir *John Falſtaff*, ſerve Got, and leave your deſires, and fairies will not pinſe you.

Ford. Well ſaid, fairy *Hugh*.

Eva. And leave you your jealouſies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never miſtruſt my wife again, 'till thou art able to woo her in good *Engliſh*.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the ſun and dry'd it, that it wants matter to prevent ſo groſs o'er-reaching as this? am I ridden with a *Welch* goat too? ſhall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis time I were choak'd with a piece of toaſted cheeſe.

Eva. Seeſe is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seeſe and putter? have I liv'd to ſtand in the taunt of one that makes fritters of *Engliſh?* this is enough to be the decay of luſt and late-walking, through the realm.

Mrs. *Page.* Why, Sir *John*, do you think, though we would have thruſt virtue out of our hearts by the head and ſhoulders, and have given our ſelves without ſcruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. *Page.* A puft man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as ſlanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as *Job?*

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and ſacks and wines and metheglins, and to drinkings, and ſwearings, and ſtarings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the ſtart of me, I am dejected; I am not able to anſwer the *Welch* flannel; ignorance it ſelf is a plummet o'er me; uſe me as you will.

Ford. Marry, Sir, we'll bring you to *Windſor* to one Mr. *Brook*,

that you have cozen'd of mony, to whom you ſhould have been a pander: over and above that you have ſuffer'd, I think, to repay that mony will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, Knight, thou ſhalt eat a poſſet to-night at my houſe, where I will deſire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her Mr. *Slender* hath marry'd her daughter.

Mrs. *Page.* Doctors doubt that; if *Anne Page* be my daughter, ſhe is, by this, Doctor *Caius*'s wife.

SCENE VI.

Enter Slender.

Slen. What hoe! hoe! father *Page!*

Page. Son, how now? how now, ſon, have you diſpatch'd?

Slen. Diſpatch'd? I'll make the beſt in *Glouceſterſhire* know on't; would I were hang'd la, elſe.

Page. Of what, ſon?

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry miſtreſs *Anne Page*, and ſhe's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i'th' church, I would have ſwing'd him, or he ſhould have ſwing'd me. If I did not think it had been *Anne Page*, would I might never ſtir, and 'tis a poſt-maſter's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think ſo, when I took a boy for a girl: if I had been marry'd to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you ſhould know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white and cry'd mum, and ſhe cry'd budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a poſt-maſter's boy.

Mrs. *Page.* Good *George*, be not angry; I knew of your purpoſe, turn'd my daughter into green, and indeed ſhe is now with the Doctor at the Deanry, and there marry'd.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver is miſtreſs *Page?* by gar, I am cozen'd, I ha' marry'd one garſoon, a boy; one peſant, by gar. A boy; it is not *Anne Page*, by gar, I am cozen'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Why? did you not take her in green?

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy; by gar, I'll raiſe all *Windſor.*

Ford. This is ſtrange: who hath got the right *Anne?*

Page. My heart miſgives me; here comes Mr. *Fenton.*

Enter Fenton *and* Anne Page.

How now, Mr. *Fenton?*

Anne. Pardon, good father; good my mother, pardon.

Page. Now, miſtreſs, how chance you went not with Mr. *Slender?*

Mrs. *Page.* Why went you not with Mr. Doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her. Hear the truth of it.
You would have marry'd her moſt ſhamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love:
The truth is, ſhe and I, long ſince contracted,
Are now ſo ſure that nothing can diſſolve us.
Th' offence is holy that ſhe hath committed,
And this deceit loſes the name of craft,
Of diſobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein ſhe doth evitate and ſhun
A thouſand irreligious curſed hours
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedy.
In love, the heav'ns themſelves do guide the ſtate;
Mony buys lands, and wives are ſold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, tho' you have ta'en a ſpecial ſtand to ſtrike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

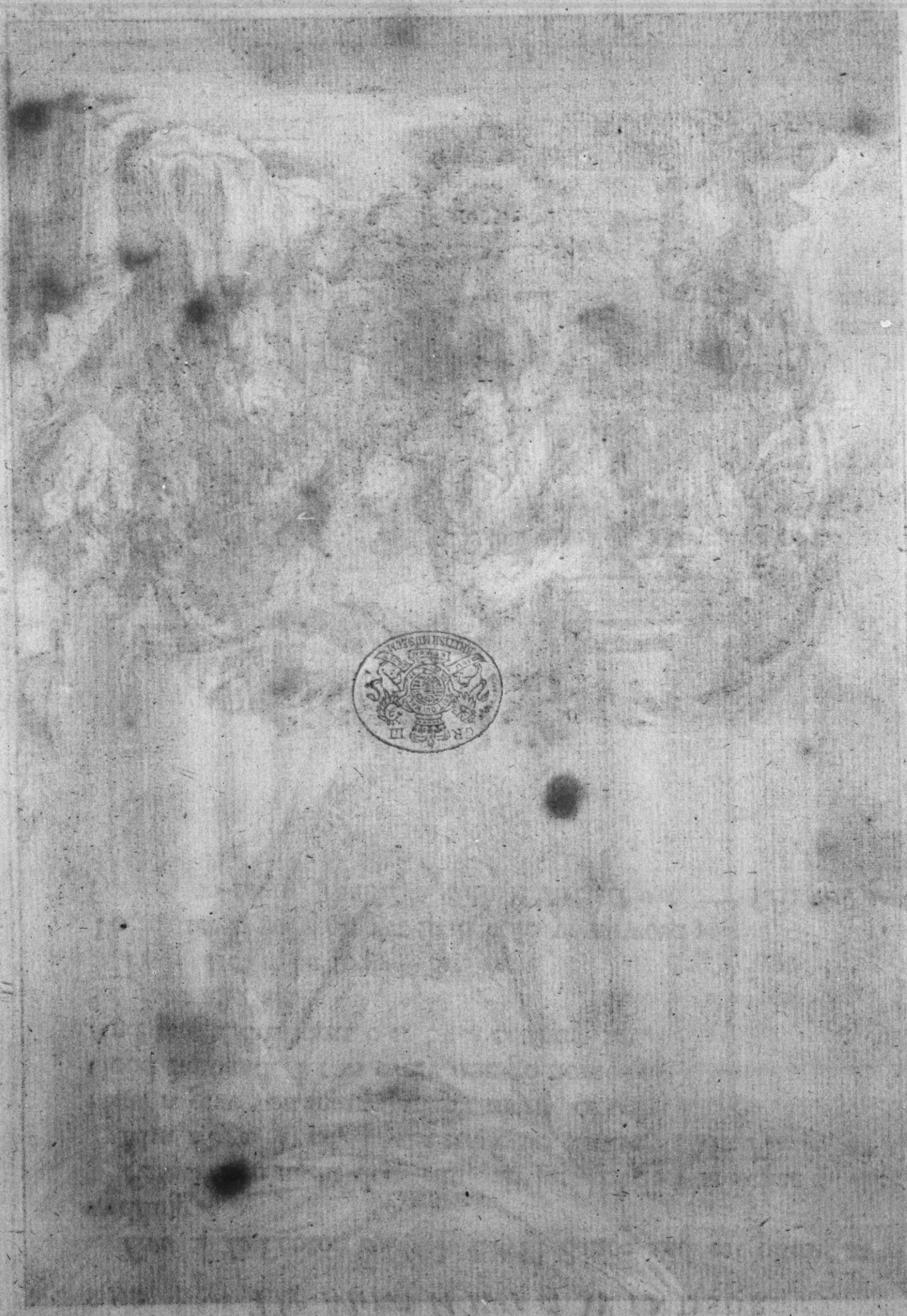
Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heav'n give thee joy!
What cannot be eſchew'd, muſt be embrac'd.

Eva. [*To* Fenton *aſide.*] I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all ſorts of deer are chac'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Well, I will muſe no further. Mr. *Fenton*,
Heav'n give you many, many merry days!
Good huſband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this ſport o'er by a country fire,
Sir *John* and all.

Ford. Let it be ſo; — Sir *John*,
To maſter *Brook* you yet ſhall hold your word;
For he, to-night, ſhall lye with miſtreſs *Ford.* [*Exeunt omnes.*



F. Hayman Inv. H. Gravelot Sculps.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. Act 5. Sc. 4.

MEASURE

FOR

MEASURE.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of* Vienna.
Angelo, *Lord-deputy in the Duke's abſence.*
Eſcalus, *an ancient Lord, joint Deputy with* Angelo.
Claudio, *a young Gentleman.*
Lucio, *a Fantaſtick.*
Two Gentlemen.
Varrius, *a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.*
Provoſt.
Thomas, } *two Friars.*
Peter, }
Elbow, *a ſimple Conſtable.*
Froth, *a fooliſh Gentleman.*
Clown, *Servant to Mrs.* Over-don.
Abhorſon, *an Executioner.*
Barnardine, *a diſſolute Priſoner.*

Iſabella, *Siſter to* Claudio.
Mariana, *betrothed to* Angelo.
Juliet, *beloved of* Claudio.
Franciſca, *a Nun.*
Miſtreſs Over-don, *a Bawd.*

Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE *Vienna.*

The Story is taken from Cinthio's *Novels. Dec.* 8. *Nov.* 5.

MEA-

MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

A PALACE.

Enter Duke, Eſcalus, *and Lords.*

DUKE.

Eſcalus!

Eſcal. My lord.

Duke. Of Government the properties t' unfold
Would ſeem in me t' affect ſpeech and diſcourſe;
Since I am not to know, that your own ſcience
Exceeds, in that, the liſts of all advice
My ſtrength can give you: then no more remains,
But that to your ſufficiency you joyn
A will to ſerve us as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's inſtitutions, and the terms
Of common juſtice, y'are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commiſſion,
From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,
[*To the Attendants.*
I ſay, bid come before us *Angelo:*
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you muſt know, we have with ſpecial ſoul
Elected him our abſence to ſupply;
Lent him our terror, dreſt him with our love;
And giv'n his deputation all the organs

Of

Of our own power: ſay, what think you of it?

Eſcal. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
To undergo ſuch ample grace and honour,
It is lord *Angelo*.

SCENE II.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
I come to know your pleaſure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to th' obſerver, doth thy hiſtory
Fully unfold: thy ſelf and thy belongings
Are not thine own ſo proper, as to waſte
Thy ſelf upon thy virtues, them on thee:
Heav'n doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themſelves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all as if
We had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine iſſues; nature never lends
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddeſs, ſhe determines
Her ſelf the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks, and uſe. But I do bend my ſpeech
To one that can in my part me advertiſe;
Hold therefore, *Angelo:* [*Giving him his commiſſion.*
In our remove, be thou at full our ſelf.
Mortality and mercy in *Vienna*
Live in thy tongue and heart: old *Eſcalus*,
Though firſt in queſtion, is thy ſecondary.
Take thy commiſſion.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be ſome more teſt made of my metal,
Before ſo noble and ſo great a figure
Be ſtampt upon it.

Duke.

Duke. Come, no more evaſion:
We have with a prepar'd and leaven'd choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haſte from hence is of ſo quick condition,
That it prefers it ſelf, and leaves unqueſtion'd
Matters of needful value. We ſhall write,
As time and our concernings ſhall importune,
How it goes with us, and do look to know
What doth befal you here. So fare you well.
To th' hopeful execution do I leave you
Of our commiſſion.

Ang. Yet give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you ſomething on the way.

Duke. My haſte may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any ſcruple; your ſcope is as mine own,
So to inforce, or qualifie the law,
As to your ſoul ſeems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away. I love the people,
But do not like to ſtage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not reliſh well
Their loud applauſe, and *Ave's* vehement:
Nor do I think the man of ſafe diſcretion
That does affect it. Once more fare you well.

Ang. The heav'ns give ſafety to your purpoſes!

Eſcal. Lead forth and bring you back in happineſs!

Duke. I thank you, fare you well. [*Exit.*

Eſcal. I ſhall deſire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free ſpeech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A pow'r I have, but of what ſtrength and nature
I am not yet inſtructed.

Ang. 'Tis ſo with me: let us withdraw together,
And we may ſoon our ſatisfaction have
Touching that point.

Eſcal. I'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Street.

Enter Lucio, *and two Gentlemen.*

Lucio. IF the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to compoſition with the King of *Hungary*, why then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1 *Gent.* Heav'n grant us its peace, but not the King of *Hungary*'s!

2 *Gent.* Amen!

Lucio. Thou conclud'ſt like the ſanctimonious pyrate, that went to ſea with the ten commandments, but ſcrap'd one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* Thou ſhalt not ſteal?

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the reſt from their functions; they put forth to ſteal: there's not a ſoldier of us all, that in the thankſgiving after meat doth reliſh the petition well that prays for Peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any ſoldier diſlike it.

Lucio. I believe thee: for I think thou never waſt where grace was ſaid.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at leaſt.

1 *Gent.* What? in meeter?

Lucio. Not in any profeſſion, or in any language, I think, or in any religion.

2 *Gent.* And why not? grace is grace, deſpight of all controverſie.

Lucio. As for example, thou thy ſelf art a wicked villain, deſpight of all grace.

2 *Gent.* Well; there went but a pair of ſheers between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the liſts and the velvet. Thou art the liſt.

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* And thou the velvet; thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a liſt of an *Engliſh* kerſey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a *French* velvet. Do I ſpeak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou doſt; and indeed with moſt painful feeling of thy ſpeech: I will, out of thine own confeſſion, learn to begin thy health; but, whilſt I live, forget to drink after thee.

2 *Gent.* I think I have done my ſelf wrong, have I not?

1 *Gent.* Yes, that thou haſt; whether thou art tainted, or free.

SCENE IV.

Bawd, *coming at a diſtance.*

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes.

1 *Gent.* I have purchas'd as many diſeaſes under her roof, as come to ---

2 *Gent.* To what, pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thouſand dollars[a] a year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A *French* crown more.[b]

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diſeaſes in me; but thou art full of error; I am ſound.

Lucio. Nay, not, as one would ſay, healthy; but ſo ſound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; impiety hath made a feaſt of thee.

1 *Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the moſt profound ſciatica? [*To the Bawd.*

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arreſted, and carry'd to priſon, was worth five thouſand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pr'ythee?

Bawd. Marry, Sir, that's *Claudio*, Signior *Claudio*.

1 *Gent.* *Claudio* to priſon? 'tis not ſo.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis ſo; I ſaw him arreſted; ſaw him

(a) *A quibble intended between* dollars *and* dolours.
(b) *Alluding to the venereal ſcab upon the head call'd* Corona Veneris.

carry'd away; and which is more, within theſe three days his head is to be chopt off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it ſo: art thou ſure of this?

Bawd. I am too ſure of it; and it is for getting Madam *Julietta* with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be; he promiſed to meet me two hours ſince, and he was ever preciſe in promiſe-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Beſides, you know it draws ſomething near to the ſpeech we had to ſuch a purpoſe.

1 *Gent.* But moſt of all agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away, let's go learn the truth of it. [*Exeunt.*

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the ſweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am cuſtom-ſhrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

SCENE IV.

Enter Clown.

Clown. Yonder man is carry'd to priſon.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clown. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clown. No; but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clown. All houſes in the ſuburbs of *Vienna* muſt be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what ſhall become of thoſe in the city?

Clown. They ſhall ſtand for ſeed; they had gone down too, but that a wiſe burger put in for them.

Bawd. But ſhall our houſes of reſort in the ſuburbs be pull'd down?

Clown. To the ground, miſtreſs.

Bawd.

Bawd. Why, here's a change indeed in the common-wealth; what ſhall become of me?

Clown. Come, fear not you; good counſellors lack no clients; though you change your place, you need not change your trade: I'll be your tapſter ſtill. Courage, there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almoſt out in the ſervice, you will be conſidered.

Bawd. What's to do here, *Thomas Tapſter?* let's withdraw.

Clown. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Provoſt to priſon; and there's Madam *Juliet*. [*Exe.* Bawd *and* Clown.

SCENE VI.

Enter Provoſt, Claudio, Juliet, *and Officers.* Lucio *and two Gentlemen.*

Claud. Fellow, why doſt thou ſhow me thus to th' world?
Bear me to priſon, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil diſpoſition,
But from lord *Angelo* by ſpecial charge.

Claud. Thus can the Demi-god Authority
Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight;
I' th' words of heav'n, on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, ſo; yet ſtill 'tis juſt.

Lucio. Why, how now, *Claudio?* whence comes this reſtraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my *Lucio*, liberty;
As ſurfeit is the father of much faſt,
So every ſcope by the immod'rate uſe
Turns to reſtraint: our natures do purſue
(Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,)
A thirſty evil, and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could ſpeak ſo wiſely under an arreſt, I would ſend for certain of my creditors; and yet, to ſay the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of impriſonment: what's thy offence, *Claudio?*

Claud. What but to ſpeak of would offend again.

Lucio. What is't, murder?

Claud.

Claud. No.
Lucio. Letchery?
Claud. Call it ſo.
Prov. Away, Sir, you muſt go.
Claud. One word, good friend: *Lucio*, a word with you.
Lucio. A hundred; if they'll do you any good:
Is letchery ſo look'd after?
Claud. Thus ſtands it with me; upon a true contract
I got poſſeſſion of *Julietta*'s bed,
You know the lady, ſhe is faſt my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order. This we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dowre
Remaining in the coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
'Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The ſtealth of our mutual entertainment,
With character too groſs, is writ in *Juliet*.
Lucio. With child, perhaps?
Claud. Unhappily, even ſo.
And the new Deputy now for the Duke,
(Whether it be the fault and glimpſe of newneſs;
Or whether that the body publick be
A horſe whereon the governor doth ride,
Who newly in the ſeat, that it may know
He can command, lets it ſtrait feel the ſpur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I ſtagger in: but) this new governor
Awakes me all th' enrolled penalties
Which have like unſcour'd armour hung by th' wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and for a name,
Now puts the drowſie and neglected act
Freſhly on me; 'tis ſurely for a name.
Lucio. I warrant, ſo it is; and thy head ſtands

So tickle on thy ſhoulders, that a milk-maid,
If ſhe be but in love, may ſigh it off.
Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done ſo, but he's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, *Lucio*, do me this kind ſervice:
This day my ſiſter ſhould the cloiſter enter,
And there receive her approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my ſtate,
Implore her in my voice, that ſhe make friends
To the ſtrict Deputy; bid her ſelf aſſay him,
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and ſpeechleſs dialect,
Such as moves men: beſide, ſhe hath proſp'rous art
When ſhe will play with reaſon and diſcourſe,
And well ſhe can perſuade.

Lucio. I pray ſhe may;
As well for the encouragement of the like,
Which elſe would ſtand on grievous impoſition;
As for thy life, which I'd be ſorry ſhould be
Thus fooliſhly loſt at a game of tick-tack.
I'll to her ſtrait.

Claud. I thank you, good friend *Lucio*.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A MONASTERY.

Enter Duke *and Friar* Thomas.

Duke. NO; holy father, throw away that thought,
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a compleat breaſt: why I deſire thee
To give me ſecret harbour, hath a purpoſe
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri.

Fri. May your Grace ſpeak of it?

Duke. My holy Sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt aſſemblies,
Where youth, and coſt, and witleſs bravery keep.
I have deliver'd to lord *Angelo*
(A man of ſtricture and firm abſtinence)
My abſolute pow'r and place here in *Vienna*,
And he ſuppoſes me travell'd to *Poland*;
For ſo I've ſtrew'd it in the common ear,
And ſo it is receiv'd: now, pious Sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have ſtrict ſtatutes and moſt biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs for head-ſtrong ſteeds)
Which for this nineteen years we have let ſleep;
Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to ſtick it in their childrens ſight,
For terror, not to uſe; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd: ſo our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themſelves are dead,
And liberty plucks juſtice by the noſe;
The baby beats the nurſe, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It reſted in your Grace
T' unlooſe this ty'd-up juſtice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have ſeem'd
Than in lord *Angelo*.

Duke. I fear, too dreadful.
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people ſcope,
'Twould be my tyranny to ſtrike and gall them
For what I bid them do. For we bid this
When evil deeds have their permiſſive paſs,
And not the puniſhment. Therefore, my father,

I have

I have on *Angelo* impos'd the office:
Who may in th' ambuſh of my name ſtrike home,
And yet, my nature never in the ſight
To do it ſlander: To behold his ſway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Viſit both Prince and people; therefore pr'ythee
Supply me with the habit, and inſtruct me
How I may formally my perſon bear
Like a true *Friar*. More reaſons for this action
At your more leiſure ſhall I render you;
Only this one: lord *Angelo* is preciſe,
Stands at a guard with envy, ſcarce confeſſes
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than ſtone: hence ſhall we ſee,
If power change purpoſe, what our ſeemers be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

A NUNNERY.

Enter Iſabella *and* Franciſca.

Iſab. AND have you Nuns no farther privileges?
Nun. Are not theſe large enough?
Iſab. Yes truly; I ſpeak not as deſiring more,
But rather wiſhing a more ſtrict reſtraint
Upon the ſiſter votariſts of Saint *Clare*.

Lucio *within*.

Lucio. Hoa! peace be in this place!
Iſab. Who's that which calls?
Nun. It is a man's voice: gentle *Iſabella*,
Turn you the key, and know his buſineſs of him;
You may; I may not; you are yet unſworn:
When you have vow'd, you muſt not ſpeak with men
But in the preſence of the Prioreſs;

Then if you ſpeak, you muſt not ſhew your face,
Or if you ſhew your face, you muſt not ſpeak.
He calls again; I pray you, anſwer him. [*Exit* Franc.

Iſab. Peace and proſperity! who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be, as thoſe cheek-roſes
Proclaim you are no leſs, can you ſo ſtead me,
As bring me to the ſight of *Iſabella*,
A novice of this place, and the fair ſiſter
To her unhappy brother *Claudio*?

Iſab. Why her unhappy brother? let me aſk
The rather, for I now muſt make you know
I am that *Iſabella*, and his ſiſter.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you, he's in priſon.

Iſab. Wo me, for what?

Lucio. For that, which, if my ſelf might be his judge,
He ſhould receive his puniſhment in thanks;
He hath got his friend with child.

Iſab. Sir, make me not your ſtory.

Lucio. I would not, tho' 'tis my familiar ſin
With maids to ſeem the lapwing[a], and to jeſt,
Tongue far from heart, play with all virgins ſo.
I hold you as a thing en-ſky'd and ſainted,
By your renouncement an immortal ſpirit,
And to be talk'd with in ſincerity,
As with a ſaint.

Iſab. You do blaſpheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewneſs and truth, 'tis thus;
Your brother and his lover having embrac'd,
As thoſe that feed grow full, as bloſſoming time
Doth from the ſeedneſs the bare fallow bring
To teeming foyſon; ſo her plenteous womb

(a) *The Lapwings fly with ſeeming fright and anxiety far from their neſts to deceive thoſe who ſeek their young.*

Ex-

Expreſſeth its full tilth and huſbandry.
Iſab. Some one with child by him? my couſin *Juliet?*
Lucio. Is ſhe your couſin?
Iſab. Adoptedly, as ſchool-maids change their names,
By vain, tho' apt, affection.
Lucio. She it is.
Iſab. Let him then marry her.
Lucio. This is the point.
The Duke is very ſtrangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, my ſelf being one,
In hand and hope of action; but we learn,
By thoſe that know the very nerves of ſtate,
His givings out were of an infinite diſtance
From his true-meant deſign. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord *Angelo*; a man whoſe blood
Is very ſnow-broth, one who never feels
The wanton ſtings and motions of the ſenſe;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, ſtudy and faſt.
He, to give fear to uſe and liberty,
Which have long time run by the hideous law
As mice by lions; hath pickt out an act,
Under whoſe heavy ſenſe your brother's life
Falls into forfeit; he arreſts him on it,
And follows cloſe the rigor of the ſtatute,
To make him an example; all hope's gone,
Unleſs you have the grace by your fair prayer
To ſoften *Angelo*; and that's my pith
Of buſineſs betwixt you and your poor brother.
Iſab. Doth he ſo ſeek his life?
Lucio. H'as cenſur'd him
Already, and, I hear, the Provoſt hath
A warrant for his execution.
Iſab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?

Lucio. Aſſay the power you have.
Iſab. My power alas! I doubt.
Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us loſe the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to lord *Angelo*,
And let him learn to know, when maidens ſue
Men give like Gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs,
As they themſelves would owe them.
Iſab. I'll ſee what I can do.
Lucio. But ſpeedily.
Iſab. I will about it ſtrait;
No longer ſtaying, but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you;
Commend me to my brother: ſoon at night
I'll ſend him certain word of my ſucceſs.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Iſab. Good Sir, adieu. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter Angelo, Eſcalus, *a Juſtice, and Attendants.*

ANGELO.

WE muſt not make a ſcare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one ſhape, 'till cuſtom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
Eſcal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruiſe to death. Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would ſave, had a moſt noble father;
Let but your honour know, whom I believe

To

To be moſt ſtrait in virtue, whether in
The working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wiſhing,
Or that the reſolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpoſe,
Whether you had not ſometime in your life
Err'd in this point you cenſure now in him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Eſcalus*,
Another thing to fall. I not deny
The jury paſſing on the priſoner's life
May in the ſworn twelve have a thief or two,
Guiltier than him they try; what's open made
To juſtice, that it ſeizes on. What know
The laws that thieves do paſs on thieves? 'tis pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we ſtoop and take't,
Becauſe we ſee it; but what we do not ſee,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not ſo extenuate his offence,
For I have had ſuch faults; but rather tell me
When I, that cenſure him, do ſo offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. He muſt die.

Enter Provoſt.

Eſcal. Be't as your wiſdom will.

Ang. Where is the *Provoſt?*

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that *Claudio*
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning.
Bring him his confeſſor, let him be prepar'd,
For that's the utmoſt of his pilgrimage. [*Exit* Provoſt.

Eſcal. Well, heav'n forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some riſe by ſin, and ſome by virtue fall:
Some run through brakes of vice, and anſwer none;
And ſome condemned for one fault alone.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, *and* Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away; if theſe be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but uſe their abuſes in common houſes, I know no law; bring them away.

Ang. How now, Sir, what's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it pleaſe your honour, I am the poor Duke's conſtable, and my name is *Elbow*; I do lean upon juſtice, Sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it pleaſe your honour, I know not well what they are; but preciſe villains they are, that I am ſure of, and void of all profanation in the world, that good chriſtians ought to have.

Eſcal. This comes off well; here's a wiſe officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are you of? *Elbow* is your name? Why doſt thou not ſpeak, *Elbow?*

Clown. He cannot, Sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, Sir?

Elb. He, Sir? a tapſter, Sir; parcel-bawd; one that ſerves a bad woman; whoſe houſe, Sir, was, as they ſay, pluckt down in the ſuburbs; and now ſhe profeſſes a hot-houſe; which, I think, is a very ill houſe too.

Eſcal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, Sir, whom I deteſt before heav'n and your honour.

Eſal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, Sir; whom I thank heav'n is an honeſt woman.

Eſcal. Doſt thou deteſt her therefore?

Elb. I ſay, Sir, I will deteſt my ſelf alſo, as well as ſhe, that this houſe, if it be not a bawd's houſe, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty houſe.

Eſcal. How doſt thou know that, conſtable?

Elb.

Elb. Marry, Sir, by my wife; who, if ſhe had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accuſed in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanneſs there.

Eſcal. By that woman's means?

Elb. Ay, Sir, by miſtreſs *Over-don*'s means; but as ſhe ſpit in his face, ſo ſhe defy'd him.

Clown. Sir, if it pleaſe your honour, this is not ſo.

Elb. Prove it before theſe varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Eſcal. Do you hear how he miſplaces?

Clown. Sir, ſhe came in great with child; and longing (ſaving your honour's reverence) for ſtew'd prunes; we had but two in the houſe, which at that very inſtant time ſtood, as it were, in a fruit-diſh, a diſh of ſome three pence; (your honours have ſeen ſuch diſhes, they are not *China* diſhes, but very good diſhes.)

Eſcal. Go to, go to; no matter for the diſh, Sir.

Clown. No indeed, Sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point; as I ſay, this miſtreſs *Elbow*, being, as I ſay, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I ſaid, for prunes; and having no more in the diſh, as I ſaid; maſter *Froth* here, this very man, having eaten the reſt, as I ſaid, and, as I ſay, paying for them very honeſtly; for, as you know, maſter *Froth*, I could not give you three pence again.

Froth. No indeed.

Clown. Very well; you being then, if you be remembred, cracking the ſtones of the foreſaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, ſo I did indeed.

Clown. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembred, that ſuch a one, and ſuch a one, were paſt cure of the thing you wot of, unleſs they kept good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. Why, very well then.

Eſcal. Come, you are a tedious fool; to the purpoſe: what was done to *Elbow*'s wife, that he hath cauſe to complain of? come to what was done to her.

Clown. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Eſcal.

Eſcal. No, Sir, I mean it not.

Clown. Sir, but you ſhall come to it, by your honour's leave: and I beſeech you, look into maſter *Froth* here, Sir, a man of four-ſcore pound a year; whoſe father dy'd at *Hallowmas*. Was't not at *Hallowmas*, maſter *Froth*?

Froth. *All-holland* eve.

Clown. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, Sir, ſitting, as I ſay, in a lower chair, Sir; 'twas in the bunch of grapes, where indeed you have a delight to ſit, have you not?

Froth. I have ſo, becauſe it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clown. Why, very well then; I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will laſt out a night in *Ruſſia*,
When nights are longeſt there. I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cauſe,
Hoping you'll find good cauſe to whip them all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Eſcal. I think no leſs. Good-morrow to your lordſhip. Now, Sir, come on: what was done to *Elbow*'s wife, once more?

Clown. Once, Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beſeech you, Sir, aſk him what this man did to my wife.

Clown. I beſeech your honour, aſk me.

Eſcal. Well, Sir, what did this gentleman to her?

Clown. I beſeech you, Sir, look in this gentleman's face; good maſter *Froth*, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpoſe; doth your honour mark his face?

Eſcal. Ay, Sir, very well.

Clown. Nay, I beſeech you, mark it well.

Eſcal. Well, I do ſo.

Clown. Doth your honour ſee any harm in his face?

Eſcal. Why, no.

Clown. I'll be ſuppos'd upon a book, his face is the worſt thing about him: good then; if his face be the worſt thing about him, how could maſter *Froth* do the conſtable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Eſcal.

Eſcal. He's in the right; conſtable, what ſay you to it?

Elb. Firſt, an it like you, the houſe is a reſpected houſe; next, this is a reſpected fellow; and his miſtreſs is a reſpected woman.

Clown. By this hand, Sir, his wife is a more reſpected perſon than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou lieſt; thou lieſt, wicked varlet; the time is yet to come, that ſhe was ever reſpected with man, woman, or child.

Clown. Sir, ſhe was reſpected with him before he marry'd with her.

Eſcal. Which is the wiſer here; *Juſtice*, or *Iniquity?* Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked [a]*Hannibal!* I reſpected with her, before I was marry'd to her? If ever I was reſpected with her, or ſhe with me, let not your worſhip think me the poor Duke's officer; prove this, thou wicked [a]*Hannibal*, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Eſcal. If he took you a box o'th' ear, you might have your action of ſlander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worſhip for it: what is't your worſhip's pleaſure I ſhall do with this wicked caitiff?

Eſcal. Truly, officer, becauſe he hath ſome offences in him, that thou wouldſt diſcover if thou couldſt, let him continue in his courſes, 'till thou know'ſt what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worſhip for it; thou ſeeſt, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Eſcal. Where were you born, friend? [*To* Froth.

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Eſcal. Are you of fourſcore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an't pleaſe you, Sir.

Eſcal. So. What trade are you of, Sir? [*To the* Clown.

Clown. A tapſter, a poor widow's tapſter.

Eſcal. Your miſtreſs's name?

Clown. Miſtreſs *Over-don.*

(a) *He means to ſay* Animal.

Eſcal. Hath ſhe had any more than one huſband?

Clown. Nine, Sir: *Over-don* by the laſt.

Eſcal. Nine? Come hither to me, maſter *Froth*: maſter *Froth*, I would not have you acquainted with tapſters; they will draw you, maſter *Froth*, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worſhip; for mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouſe, but I am drawn in.

Eſcal. Well; no more of it, maſter *Froth*; farewel. [*Exit* Froth.

SCENE IV.

Come you hither to me, maſter tapſter; what's your name, maſter tapſter?

Clown. Pompey.

Eſcal. What elſe?

Clown. Bum, Sir.

Eſcal. Troth, and your bum is the greateſt thing about you, ſo that, in the beaſtlieſt ſenſe, you are *Pompey* the great. *Pompey*, you are partly a bawd, *Pompey*; howſoever you colour it in being a tapſter; are you not? come, tell me true, it ſhall be the better for you.

Clown. Truly, Sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Eſcal. How would you live, *Pompey?* by being a bawd? what do you think of the trade, *Pompey?* is it a lawful trade?

Clown. If the law will allow it, Sir.

Eſcal. But the law will not allow it, *Pompey*, and it ſhall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

Clown. Does your worſhip mean to geld and ſplay all the youth in the city?

Eſcal. No, *Pompey*.

Clown. Truly, Sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your worſhip will take order for the drabs and knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Eſcal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clown.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten years together, you'll be glad to give out a commiſſion for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten years, I'll rent the faireſt houſe in it after three pence a bay: if you live to ſee this come to paſs, ſay *Pompey* told you ſo.

Eſcal. Thank you, good *Pompey*; and in requital of your prophecy, hark you, I adviſe you let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatſoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, *Pompey*, I ſhall beat you to your tent, and prove a ſhrewd *Cæſar* to you: in plain dealing, *Pompey*, I ſhall have you whipt: ſo for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clown. I thank your worſhip for your good counſel; but I ſhall follow it, as the fleſh and fortune ſhall better determine.

Whip me? no, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Eſcal. Come hither to me, maſter *Elbow*; come hither, maſter conſtable; how long have you been in this place of conſtable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, Sir.

Eſcal. I thought, by your readineſs in the office, you had continued in it ſome time: you ſay ſeven years together?

Elb. And a half, Sir.

Eſcal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you; they do you wrong to put you ſo oft upon't: are there not men in your ward ſufficient to ſerve it?

Elb. 'Faith, Sir, few of any wit in ſuch matters; as they are choſen they are glad to chuſe me for them. I do it for ſome piece of mony, and go through with all.

Eſcal. Look you, bring me in the names of ſome ſix or ſeven, the moſt ſufficient of your pariſh.

Elb. To your worſhip's houſe, Sir?

Eſcal. To my houſe; fare you well. What's a clock, think you? [*Exit* Elbow.

Juſt. Eleven, Sir.

Eſcal. I pray you, go home to dinner with me.
Juſt. I humbly thank you.
Eſcal. It grieves me for the death of *Claudio:*
But there's no remedy.
Juſt. Lord *Angelo* is ſevere.
Eſcal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not it ſelf, that oft looks ſo;
Pardon is ſtill the nurſe of ſecond woe:
But yet poor *Claudio!* there's no remedy.
Come, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Provoſt, *and a Servant.*

Serv. He's hearing of a cauſe; he will come ſtraight:
I'll tell him of you.
Prov. Pray you, do; I'll know
His pleaſure; may be he'll relent; alas!
He hath but as offended in a dream:
All ſects, all ages ſmack o'th' vice; and he
To die for it!

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, *Provoſt?*
Prov. Is it your will *Claudio* ſhall die to-morrow?
Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadſt thou not order?
Why aſk again?
Prov. Leſt I might be too raſh.
Under your good correction, I have ſeen
When after execution judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.
Ang. Let that be mine;
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you ſhall well be ſpar'd.
Prov. I crave your pardon.
What ſhall be done, Sir, with the groaning *Juliet?*
She's very near her hour.

Ang.

Ang. Diſpoſe of her
To ſome more fitting place, and that with ſpeed.
Serv. Here is the ſiſter of the man condemn'd,
Deſires acceſs to you.
Ang. Hath he a ſiſter?
Prov. Ay, my good lord, a very virtuous maid,
And to be ſhortly of a ſiſter-hood,
If not already.
Ang. Let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*
See you the fornicatreſs be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not laviſh means;
There ſhall be order for it.

SCENE VII.

Enter Lucio *and* Iſabella.

Prov. 'Save your honour!
Ang. Stay yet a while. Y'are welcome; what's your will?
Iſab. I am a woful ſuitor to your honour,
Pleaſe but your honour hear me.
Ang. What's your ſuit?
Iſab. There is a vice that moſt I do abhor,
And moſt deſire ſhould meet the blow of juſtice,
For which I would not plead, but that I muſt;
For which I muſt plead, albeit I am
At war 'twixt will, and will not.
Ang. Well; the matter?
Iſab. I have a brother is condemn'd to-day;
I do beſeech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.
Prov. Heav'n give thee moving graces!
Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done;
Mine were the very cipher of a function
To fine the faults, whoſe fine ſtands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Iſab.

Iſab. O juſt, but ſevere law!
I had a brother then; — heav'n keep your honour!
Lucio. Give't not o'er ſo: to him again, intreat him,
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold; if you ſhould need a pin,
You could not with a more tame tongue deſire it.
To him, I ſay.
Iſab. Muſt he needs die?
Ang. Maiden, no remedy.
Iſab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heav'n nor man grieve at the mercy.
Ang. I will not do't.
Iſab. But can you if you would?
Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.
Iſab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If ſo your heart were touch'd with that remorſe
As mine is to him?
Ang. He's ſentenc'd; 'tis too late.
Lucio. You are too cold.
Iſab. Too late? why, no; I that do ſpeak a word,
May call it back again: and believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones belongs,
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed ſword,
The marſhal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half ſo good a grace
As mercy does: if he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have ſlipt like him;
But he, like you, would not have been ſo ſtern.
Ang. Pray you, be gone.
Iſab. I would to heav'n I had your potency,
And you were *Iſabel*; ſhould it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a priſoner.
Lucio. Ay, touch him; there's the vein.
Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waſte your words.

Iſab.

Iſab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the ſouls that were, were forfeit once;
And he that might the 'vantage beſt have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, ſhould
But judge you as you are? oh, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother.
Were he my kinſman, brother, or my ſon,
It ſhould be thus with him; he dies to-morrow.

Iſab. To-morrow? oh! that's ſudden. Spare him, ſpare him.
He's not prepar'd for death: even for our kitchins
We kill the fowl of ſeaſon; ſerve we heav'n
With leſs reſpect than we do miniſter
To our groſs ſelves? good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath dy'd for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well ſaid.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, tho' it hath ſlept:
Thoſe many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the firſt man that did th' edict infringe
Had anſwer'd for his deed. Now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and like a prophet,
Looks in a glaſs which ſhews that future evils
Or new, or by remiſsneſs new conceiv'd,
And ſo in progreſs to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no ſucceſſive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Iſab. Yet ſhew ſome pity.

Ang. I ſhew it moſt of all when I ſhew juſtice;
For then I pity thoſe I do not know,
Which a diſmiſs'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that anſwering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Then be ſatisfy'd;

Your

Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Iſab. So you muſt be the firſt that gives this ſentence,
And he that ſuffers: oh, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's ſtrength; but tyrannous
To uſe it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well ſaid.

Iſab. Could great men thunder
As *Jove* himſelf does, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty officer
Inceſſantly would uſe his heav'n for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: merciful, ſweet heav'n!
Thou rather with thy ſharp and ſulph'rous bolt
Split'ſt the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the ſoft myrtle: O, but man! proud man,
Dreſt in a little brief authority,
(Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſur'd,
His glaſſy eſſence) like an angry ape,
Plays ſuch fantaſtick tricks before high heav'n,
As makes the angels weep; who with our ſpleens
Would all themſelves laugh mortal.

Lucio. Oh, to him, to him, wench; he will relent;
He's coming: I perceive't.

Prov. Pray heav'n ſhe win him.

Iſab. We cannot weigh our brother with your ſelf:
Great men may jeſt with ſaints; 'tis wit in them,
But in the leſs foul prophanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt right, girl; more o' that.

Iſab. That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the ſoldier is flat blaſphemy.

Lucio. Art thou advis'd o' that? more on't, yet more.

Ang. Why do you put theſe ſayings upon me?

Iſab. Becauſe authority, tho' it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in it ſelf,
That ſkins the vice o' th' top: go to your boſom,
Knock there, and aſk your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault; if it confeſs

A na-

A natural guiltineſs, ſuch as is his,
Let it not ſound a thought upon your tongue
Againſt my brother's life.
Ang. She ſpeaks, and 'tis
Such ſenſe, that my ſenſe bleeds with't. Fare you well.
Iſab. Gentle my lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me: come again to-morrow.
Iſab. Hark how I'll bribe you: good my lord, turn back.
Ang. How? bribe me?
Iſab. Ay, with ſuch gifts that heav'n ſhall ſhare with you.
Lucio. You had marr'd all elſe.
Iſab. Not with fond ſhekles of the teſted gold,
Or ſtones, whoſe rate is either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That ſhall be up at heav'n, and enter there,
Ere ſun riſe: prayers from preſerved ſouls,
From faſting maids whoſe minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well; come to-morrow.
Iſab. Heav'n keep your honour ſafe!
Ang. Amen! I ſay: [*Aſide.*
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers croſs.
Iſab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend you?
Ang. At any time 'fore noon.
Iſab. 'Save your honour! [*Exeunt* Lucio *and* Iſabella.

SCENE VIII.

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!
What's this? what's this? is this her fault or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who ſins moſt?
Not ſhe; nor doth ſhe tempt; but it is I
That lying by the violet in the ſun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,

Corrupt with virtuous ſeaſon. Can it be,
That modeſty may more betray our ſenſe,
Than woman's lightneſs? having waſte ground enough,
Shall we deſire to raze the ſanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? oh, fie, fie, fie!
What doſt thou? or what art thou, *Angelo?*
Doſt thou deſire her foully, for thoſe things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges ſteal themſelves. What! do I love her,
That I deſire to hear her ſpeak again,
And feaſt upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a ſaint
With ſaints doſt bait thy hook! moſt dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To ſin in loving virtue; ne'er could the ſtrumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once ſtir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite: Ev'n 'till this very Now,
When men were fond, I ſmil'd, and wonder'd how. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

A PRISON.

Enter Duke *habited like a Friar, and Provoſt.*

Duke. HAil to you, *Provoſt*; ſo I think you are.
Prov. I am the *Provoſt*; what's your will, good *Friar?*
Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bleſt order,
I come to viſit the afflicted ſpirits
Here in the priſon; do me the common right
To let me ſee them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes; that I may miniſter
To them accordingly.
Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flaws of her own youth,
Hath blifter'd her report: ſhe is with child,
And he that got it, ſentenc'd: a young man
More fit to do another ſuch offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When muſt he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.
I have provided for you; ſtay a while, [*To* Juliet.
And you ſhall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the ſin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the ſhame moſt patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you ſhall arraign your conſcience,
And try your penitence if it be found,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then it ſeems your moſt offenceful act
Was mutually committed.

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your ſin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confeſs it and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet ſo, daughter; but repent you not
As that the ſin hath brought you to this ſhame?
Which ſorrow's always tow'rds our ſelves, not heaven,
Showing we'd not ſeek heaven, as we love it,
But as we ſtand in fear.

Juliet. I do repent me as it is an evil,
And take the ſhame with joy.

Duke. 'Tis well, there reſt.
Your partner, as I hear, muſt die to-morrow,
And I am going with inſtruction to him;
So grace go with you; *benedicite!* [*Exit.*

Juliet. Muſt die to-morrow! oh injurious law,
That reſpites me a life, whoſe very comfort
Is ſtill a dying horror!
Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

The PALACE.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. WHen I would pray and think, I think and pray
To ſev'ral ſubjects: heav'n hath my empty words,
Whilſt my intention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on *Iſabel:* heav'n's in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew its name,
And in my heart the ſtrong and ſwelling evil
Of my conception: the ſtate whereon I ſtudied
Is, like a good thing being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. Oh place! oh form!
How often doſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls
To thy falſe ſeeming! blood, thou art but blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;
Is't not the devil's creſt? How now? who's there?

Enter Servant.

Serv. One *Iſabel* a ſiſter aſks acceſs to you.
Ang. Teach her the way. Oh heav'ns! why does my blood
Thus muſter to my heart, making both that
Unable for it ſelf, and diſpoſſeſſing
My other parts of neceſſary fitneſs?

So

So play the fooliſh throngs with one that ſwoons;
Come all to help him, and ſo ſtop the air
By which he ſhould revive: and even ſo
The gen'ral ſubjects to a well-wiſht King
Quit their own part, and in obſequious fondneſs
Crowd to his preſence, where their untaught love
Muſt needs appear offence. How now, fair maid?

SCENE XI.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. I am come to know your pleaſure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better pleaſe me,
Than to declare what 'tis. He cannot live.

Iſab. Ev'n ſo? --- heav'n keep you! [*Going.*

Ang. Yet may he live a while;
And it may be as long as you or I;
Yet he muſt die.

Iſab. Under your ſentence?

Ang. Yea.

Iſab. When, I beſeech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or ſhorter, he may be ſo fitted,
That his ſoul ſicken not.

Ang. Ha? fie, theſe filthy vices! 'twere as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature ſtol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their ſawcy lewdneſs that do coin heav'n's image
In ſtamps that are forbid: 'tis all as juſt,
Falſely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in reſtrained means,
To make a falſe one.

Iſab. 'Tis ſet down ſo in heav'n, but not in earth.

Ang. And ſay you ſo? then I ſhall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the moſt juſt law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to ſuch ſweet uncleanneſs

As ſhe, that he hath ſtain'd?
Iſab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my ſoul.
Ang. I talk not of your ſoul; our compell'd ſins
Stand more for number than accompt.
Iſab. How ſay you?
Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can ſpeak
Againſt the thing I ſay. Anſwer to this:
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a ſentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in ſin,
To ſave this brother's life?
Iſab. Pleaſe you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my ſoul,
It is no ſin at all, but charity.
Ang. Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your ſoul,
Were't equal poize of ſin and charity?
Iſab. That I do beg his life, if it be ſin,
Heav'n let me bear it! you granting my ſuit,
If that be ſin, I'll make't my morning-pray'r
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your anſwer.
Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your ſenſe purſues not mine: either you're ignorant,
Or ſeem ſo craftily; and that's not good.
Iſab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciouſly to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wiſdom wiſhes to appear moſt bright,
When it doth tax it ſelf: as theſe black maſques
Proclaim an en-ſhield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could diſplay'd. But mark me well:
To be received plain I'll ſpeak more groſs;
Your brother is to die.
Iſab. So.
Ang. And his offence is ſo, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Iſab.

Iſab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to ſave his life,
(As I ſubſcribe not that, nor any other,)
But (in the loſs of queſtion) that you his ſiſter,
Finding your ſelf deſir'd of ſuch a perſon,
Whoſe credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-holding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to ſave him, but that either
You muſt lay down the treaſures of your body
To this ſuppoſed, or elſe let him ſuffer;
What would you do?

Iſab. As much for my poor brother as my ſelf;
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impreſſion of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And ſtrip my ſelf to death as to a bed
That longing I've been ſick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to ſhame.

Ang. Then muſt your brother die.

Iſab. And 'twere the cheaper way;
Better it were a brother dy'd at once,
Than that a ſiſter, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the ſentence
That you have ſlander'd ſo?

Iſab. An ignominious ranſom, and free pardon,
Are of two houſes; lawful mercy ſure
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You ſeem'd of late to make the law a tyrant,
And rather prov'd the ſliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Iſab. Oh, pardon me,
My lord; it very oft falls out, to have
What we would have, we ſpeak not what we mean:
I ſomething do excuſe the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang.

Ang. We are all frail.
Iſab. Elſe let my brother die,
If not a feodary but only he
Owe and ſucceed by weakneſs.
Ang. Nay, women are frail too.
Iſab. Ay, as the glaſſes where they view themſelves;
Which are as eaſy broke as they make forms.
Women! help heav'n; men their creation mar
In profiting by them: nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are ſoft as our complexions are,
And credulous to falſe prints.
Ang. I think it well;
And from this teſtimony of your own ſex,
(Since I ſuppoſe we're made to be no ſtronger
Than faults may ſhake our frames) let me be bold;
I do arreſt your words: be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you're more, you're none.
If you be one, as you are well expreſs'd
By all external warrants, ſhew it now,
By putting on the deſtin'd livery.
Iſab. I have no tongue but one; gentle my lord,
Let me intreat you ſpeak the former language.
Ang. Plainly conceive I love you.
Iſab. My brother did love *Juliet*;
And you tell me that he ſhall die for it.
Ang. He ſhall not, *Iſabel*, if you give me love.
Iſab. I know your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which ſeems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.
Ang. Believe me on mine honour,
My words expreſs my purpoſe.
Iſab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And moſt pernicious purpoſe! ſeeming, ſeeming!
I will proclaim thee, *Angelo*; look for't:
Sign me a preſent pardon for my brother,
Or with an out-ſtretch'd throat I'll tell the world

Aloud

Aloud what man thou art.
Ang. Who will believe thee, *Iſabel?*
My unſoil'd name, th' auſtereneſs of my life,
My vouch againſt you, and my place i' th' ſtate,
Will ſo your accuſation over-weigh,
That you ſhall ſtifle in your own report,
And ſmell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my ſenſual race the rein.
Fit thy conſent to my ſharp appetite,
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious bluſhes
That baniſh what they ſue for: ſave thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will.
Or elſe he muſt not only die the death,
But thy unkindneſs ſhall his death draw out
To ling'ring ſufferance. Anſwer me to-morrow,
Or by th' affection that now guides me moſt,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my falſe o'erweighs your true. [*Exit.*
Iſab. To whom ſhould I complain? did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the ſelf-ſame tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof; [a]
Bidding the law make curtſie to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
To follow as it draws. I'll to my brother.
Tho' he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him ſuch a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his ſiſter ſhould her body ſtoop
To ſuch abhorr'd pollution.
Then, *Iſabel*, live chaſte, and, brother, die;
More than our brother is our chaſtity.
I'll tell him yet of *Angelo*'s requeſt,
And fit his mind to death for his ſoul's reſt. [*Exit.*

(a) Approof *here is to be taken in the ſenſe of* Approbation.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The PRISON.

Enter Duke, Claudio, *and* Provoſt.

DUKE.

SO, then you hope for pardon from lord *Angelo?*
Claud. The miſerable have no other medicine
But only hope: I've hope to live, and am
Prepar'd to die.
Duke. Be abſolute for death; or death or life
Shall thereby be the ſweeter. Reaſon thus
With life; if I do loſe thee, I do loſe
A thing that none but fools would keep, a breath
Servile to all the ſkiey influences,
That do this habitation where thou keep'ſt
Hourly afflict: meerly thou art death's fool; [a]
For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet runn'ſt tow'rd him ſtill. Thou art not noble;
For all th' accommodations that thou bear'ſt
Are nurs'd by baſeneſs: thou'rt by no means valiant;
For thou doſt fear the ſoft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy beſt of reſt is ſleep,
And that thou oft provok'ſt; yet groſly fear'ſt
Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thy ſelf;
For thou exiſt'ſt on many a thouſand grains
That iſſue out of duſt. Happy thou art not;
For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get,
And what thou haſt, forgett'ſt. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects,

(a) *In the ſimplicity of the ancient ſhews upon our ſtage it was common to bring in two figures, one repreſenting a* Fool, *the other* Death *or* Fate: *The turn and contrivance of the piece was to make the* Fool *lay many ſtratagems to avoid* Death *which yet brought him more immediately into the jaws of it.*

After

After the moon. Though thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For like an aſs, whoſe back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'ſt thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee. Friend haſt thou none;
For thine own bowels which do call thee Sire,
The meer effuſion of thy proper loins,
Do curſe the *Gout*, *Serpigo*, and the *Rheum*,
For ending thee no ſooner. Thou haſt nor youth, nor age;
But as it were an after-dinner's ſleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy bleſſed youth
Becomes an indigent, and doth beg the alms
Of palſied eld; and when thou'rt old and rich,
Thou haſt neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty
To make thy riches pleaſant. What's in this
That bears the name of life? yet in this life
Lye hid a thouſand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes theſe odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To ſue to live, I find I ſeek to die,
And ſeeking death, find life: let it come on.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. What, ho? peace here, grace and good company!
Prov. Who's there? come in: the wiſh deſerves a welcome.
Duke. Dear Sir, ere long I'll viſit you again.
Claud. Moſt holy Sir, I thank you.
Iſab. My buſineſs is a word or two with *Claudio*.
Prov. And very welcome. Signior, here's your ſiſter.
Duke. *Provoſt*, a word with you.
Prov. As many as you pleaſe.
Duke. Bring them to ſpeak where I may be conceal'd,
Yet hear them. [*Exeunt* Duke *and* Provoſt.

SCENE II.

Claud. Now, good ſiſter, what's the comfort?
Iſab. Why, as all comforts are; moſt good in ſpeed:

Lord *Angelo* having affairs to heav'n,
Intends you for his ſwift ambaſſador;
Where you ſhall be an everlaſting leiger.
Therefore your beſt appointment make with ſpeed,
To-morrow you ſet out.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Iſab. None, but ſuch remedy, as, to ſave a head,
Muſt cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Iſab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a deviliſh mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you 'till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Iſab. Ay, juſt; perpetual durance, a reſtraint,
Tho' all the world's vaſtidity you had,
To a determin'd ſcope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Iſab. In ſuch a one, as, you conſenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Iſab. Oh, I do fear thee, *Claudio*, and I quake,
Leſt thou a fev'rous life ſhould'ſt entertain,
And ſix or ſeven winters more reſpect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'ſt thou die?
The ſenſe of death is moſt in apprehenſion,
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corp'ral ſufferance finds a pang as great,
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this ſhame?
Think you I want a reſolution fetch'd
From flow'ry tenderneſs? if I muſt die,
I will encounter darkneſs as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Iſab. There ſpake my brother; there my father's grave

Did

Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou muſt die:
Thou art too noble to conſerve a life
In baſe appliance. This outward-ſainted Deputy,
Whoſe ſettled viſage and delib'rate word
Nips youth i' th' head, and follies doth emmew
As faulcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil:
His filth within being caſt he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The prieſtly *Angelo?*

Iſab. Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'ſt body to inveſt and cover
In prieſtly guards. Doſt thou think, *Claudio?*
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'ſt be freed.

Claud. Oh heav'ns! it cannot be.

Iſab. Yes, he would grant thee, for this rank offence,
So to offend him ſtill. This night's the time
That I ſhould do what I abhor to name,
Or elſe thou dy'ſt to-morrow.

Claud. Thou ſhalt not do't.

Iſab. Oh, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, deareſt *Iſabel.*

Iſab. Be ready, *Claudio*, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he then affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by th' noſe,
When he would force it? ſure it is no ſin;
Or of the deadly ſeven it is the leaſt.

Iſab. Which is the leaſt?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being ſo wiſe,
Why, would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? oh *Iſabel!*

Iſab. What ſays my brother?

Claud. Death's a fearful thing.

Iſab. And ſhamed life a hateful.

Claud.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where:
To lye in cold obſtruction, and to rot;
This ſenſible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the dilated ſpirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs winds,
And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe --- that lawleſs and incertain thought ---
Imagine howling; --- 'tis too horrible!
The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, impriſonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradiſe
To what we fear of death.

Iſab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet ſiſter, let me live.
What ſin you do to ſave a brother's life,
Nature diſpenſes with the deed ſo far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Iſab. Oh, you beaſt!
Oh faithleſs coward! oh diſhoneſt wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of inceſt, to take life
From thine own ſiſter's ſhame? what ſhould I think?
Heav'n grant my mother plaid my father fair!
For ſuch a warped ſlip of wilderneſs
Ne'er iſſu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, periſh! might my only bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it ſhould proceed.
I'll pay a thouſand prayers for thy death;
No word to ſave thee.

Claud. Hear me, *Iſabel.*

Iſab. Oh, fie, fie, fie!
Thy ſin's not accidental, but a trade;
Mercy to thee would prove it ſelf a bawd;

'Tis

'Tis beſt that thou dy'ſt quickly.

Claud. Oh hear me, *Iſabella.*

SCENE III.

To them, Enter Duke *and* Provoſt.

Duke. Vouchſafe a word, young ſiſter, but one word.

Iſab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you diſpenſe with your leiſure, I would by and by have ſome ſpeech with you: the ſatisfaction I would require is likewiſe your own benefit.

Iſab. I have no ſuperfluous leiſure; my ſtay muſt be ſtolen out of other affairs: but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I have over-heard what hath paſt between you and your ſiſter. *Angelo* had never the purpoſe to corrupt her; only he hath made an eſſay of her virtue, to practiſe his judgment with the diſpoſition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is moſt glad to receive: I am confeſſor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare your ſelf to death. Do not falſifie your reſolution with hopes that are fallible; to-morrow you muſt die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me aſk my ſiſter pardon; I am ſo out of love with life, that I will ſue to be rid of it. [*Exit* Claud.

Duke. Hold you there; farewel. *Provoſt*, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come you will be gone; leave me a while with the maid; my mind promiſes with my habit no loſs ſhall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit* Prov.

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good; the goodneſs that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in ſuch goodneſs; but grace being the ſoul of your complection, ſhall keep the body of it ever fair. The aſſault that *Angelo* hath made on you, fortune hath convey'd to my underſtanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I ſhould wonder at *Angelo*: how

how will you do to content this Subſtitute, and to ſave your brother?

Iſab. I am now going to reſolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my ſon ſhould be unlawfully born. But oh, how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in *Angelo!* if ever he return, and I can ſpeak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or diſcover his government.

Duke. That ſhall not be much amiſs; yet as the matter now ſtands, he will avoid your accuſation; he made tryal of you only. Therefore faſten your ear on my adviſings: to the love I have in doing good, a remedy preſents it ſelf. I do make my ſelf believe that you may moſt uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no ſtain to your own gracious perſon, and much pleaſe the abſent Duke, if peradventure he ſhall ever return to have hearing of this buſineſs.

Iſab. Let me hear you ſpeak, father: I have ſpirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my ſpirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodneſs never fearful: have you not heard ſpeak of *Mariana*, the ſiſter of *Frederick* the great ſoldier who miſcarried at ſea?

Iſab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her ſhould this *Angelo* have marry'd; he was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the ſolemnity, her brother *Frederick* was wreck'd at ſea, having in that periſh'd veſſel the dowry of his ſiſter. But mark how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman; there ſhe loſt a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever moſt kind and natural; with him the portion and ſinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate-huſband, this well-ſeeming *Angelo*.

Iſab. Can this be ſo? did *Angelo* ſo leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; ſwallow'd his vows whole, pretending in her diſcoveries of diſhonour: in few words, beſtow'd her on her own lamentation,

which

which ſhe yet wears for his ſake; and he, a marble to her tears, is waſhed with them, but relents not.

Iſab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! but how out of this can ſhe avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may eaſily heal; and the cure of it not only ſaves your brother, but keeps you from diſhonour in doing it.

Iſab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-nam'd maid hath yet in her the continuance of her firſt affection; his unjuſt kindneſs, that in all reaſon ſhould have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to *Angelo*, anſwer his requiring with a plauſible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer your ſelf to this advantage: firſt, that your ſtay with him may not be long; that the time may have all ſhadow and ſilence in it; and the place anſwer to convenience. This being granted, in courſe now follows all: we ſhall adviſe this wronged maid to ſtead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge it ſelf hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence; and here by this is your brother ſaved, your honour untainted, the poor *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy ſcaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleneſs of the benefit defends the deceit and reproof. What think you of it?

Iſab. The image of it gives me content already, and I truſt it will grow to a moſt proſperous perfection.

Duke. It lyes much in your holding up; haſte you ſpeedily to *Angelo*; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promiſe of ſatisfaction. I will preſently to St. *Luke*'s; there at the moated grange reſides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call upon me, and diſpatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Iſab. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE IV.

The Street.

Enter Duke, Elbow, Clown *and Officers.*

Elb. NAY, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and ſell men and women like beaſts, we ſhall have all the world drink brown and white baſtard.

Duke. Oh heav'ns! what ſtuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry world ſince of two uſurers the merrieſt was put down, and the worſer allow'd, by order of law, a furr'd gown to keep him warm, and furr'd with fox and lambs-ſkins too, to ſignifie, that craft being richer than innocency ſtands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, Sir: bleſs you, good father *Friar*.

Duke. And you, good brother father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry, Sir, he hath offended the law; and, Sir, we take him to be a thief too, Sir; for we have found upon him, Sir, a ſtrange pick-lock, which we have ſent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fie, Sirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back
From ſuch a filthy vice: ſay to thy ſelf,
From their abominable and beaſtly touches
I drink, I eat, array my ſelf, and live.
Canſt thou believe thy living is a life,
So ſtinkingly depending? go mend, mend.

Clown. Indeed it doth ſtink in ſome ſort, Sir; but yet, Sir, I would prove ---

Duke. Nay, if the devil have giv'n thee proofs for ſin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to priſon, officer;
Correction and inſtruction muſt both work,
Ere this rude beaſt will profit.

Elb.

Elb. He muſt before the Deputy, Sir; he has given him warning; the Deputy cannot abide a whore-maſter; if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as ſome would ſeem to be,
Free from all faults, as from faults ſeeming free!

SCENE V.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waſte, a cord, Sir.

Clown. I ſpy comfort; I cry bail: here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble *Pompey?* what, at the wheels of *Cæſar?* art thou led in triumph? what, is there none of *Pygmalion*'s images newly made woman to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting it clutch'd? what reply? ha? what ſay'ſt thou to this tune, the matter, and the method? is't not drown'd i' th' laſt rain? ha? what ſay'ſt thou, trot? is the world as it was, man? which is the way? is it ſad and few words? or how? the trick of it?

Duke. Still thus and thus; ſtill worſe?

Lucio. How doth my dear morſel, thy miſtreſs? procures ſhe ſtill? ha?

Clown. Troth, Sir, ſhe hath eaten up all the beef, and ſhe is her ſelf in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it muſt be ſo. Ever your freſh whore, and your powder'd bawd, an unſhunn'd conſequence; it muſt be ſo. Art going to priſon, *Pompey?*

Clown. Yes, 'faith, Sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiſs, *Pompey:* farewel: go, ſay I ſent thee thither. For debt, *Pompey?* or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then impriſon him; if impriſonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right. Bawd is he doubtleſs, and of antiquity too; bawd born. Farewel, good *Pompey:* commend me

to the priſon, *Pompey*; you will turn good huſband now, *Pompey*; you will keep the houſe.

Clown. I hope, Sir, your good worſhip will be my bail.

Lucio. No indeed will I not, *Pompey*; it is not the wear; I will pray, *Pompey*, to increaſe your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: adieu, truſty *Pompey*. 'Bleſs you, *Friar*.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does *Bridget* paint ſtill, *Pompey?* ha?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, Sir?

Lucio. Then, *Pompey*, nor now. What news abroad, *Friar?* what news?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, *Pompey*, go:

[*Exeunt* Elbow, Clown *and Officers.*

SCENE VI.

What news, *Friar*, of the Duke?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some ſay he is with the Emperor of *Ruſſia*; other ſome, he is in *Rome*: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but whereſoever, I wiſh him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantaſtical trick of him to ſteal from the ſtate, and uſurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord *Angelo* dukes it well in his abſence; he puts Tranſgreſſion to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to leachery would do no harm in him; ſomething too crabbed that way, *Friar*.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and ſeverity muſt cure it.

Lucio. Yes in good ſooth, the vice is of great kindred; it is well ally'd; and it is impoſſible to extirp it quite, *Friar*, 'till eating and drinking be put down. They ſay, this *Angelo* was not made by man and woman after the downright way of creation; is it true, think you?

Duke.

Duke. How ſhould he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a ſea-maid ſpawn'd him. Some, that he was begot between two ſtock-fiſhes. But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he has no motion generative; that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleaſant, Sir, and ſpeak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthleſs thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man! would the Duke that is abſent have done this? ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred baſtards, he would have paid for the nurſing a thouſand. He had ſome feeling of the ſport, he knew the ſervice, and that inſtructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the abſent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. Oh, Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not poſſible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his uſe was, to put a ducket in her clack-diſh; the Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong ſurely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: a ſly fellow was the Duke; and I believe I know the cauſe of his withdrawing.

Duke. What pr'ythee might be the cauſe?

Lucio. No; pardon: 'tis a ſecret muſt be lockt within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you underſtand, the greater file of the ſubject held the Duke to be wiſe.

Duke. Wiſe? why, no queſtion but he was.

Lucio. A very ſuperficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or miſtaking: the very ſtream of his life, and the buſineſs he hath helmed, muſt upon a warranted need give him a better proclamation. Let him be but teſtimonied in his own bringings forth, and he ſhall appear to the envious, a ſcholar, a ſtateſman, and a ſoldier. Therefore you ſpeak unſkillfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, ſince you know not what you ſpeak. But if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me deſire you to make your anſwer before him: if it be honeſt you have ſpoke, you have courage to maintain it; I am bound to call upon you, and I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is *Lucio*, well known to the Duke.

Duke. He ſhall know you better, Sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an oppoſite; but indeed I can do you a little harm: you'll forſwear this again?

Lucio. I'll be hang'd firſt: thou art deceiv'd in me, *Friar*. But no more of this. Canſt thou tell if *Claudio* die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why ſhould he die, Sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-diſh: I would the Duke we talk of were return'd again; this ungenitur'd Agent will unpeople the province with continency. Sparrows muſt not build in his houſe-eaves, becauſe they are leacherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly anſwered; he would never bring them to light; would he were return'd! Marry, this *Claudio* is condemned for untruſſing. Farewel, good *Friar*; I pr'ythee, pray for me: the Duke, I ſay to thee again, would eat mutton on *Fridays*. He's not paſt it yet; and, I ſay to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, tho' ſhe ſmelt of brown bread and garlick: ſay that I ſay ſo, farewel. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatneſs in mortality
Can cenſure 'ſcape: back-wounding calumny
The whiteſt virtue ſtrikes. What King ſo ſtrong
Can tie the gall up in the ſland'rous tongue?
But who comes here?

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter Eſcalus, Provoſt, Bawd, *and Officers.*

Eſcal. Go, away with her to priſon.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Eſcal. Double and treble admonition, and ſtill forfeit in the ſame kind? this would make mercy ſwerve, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it pleaſe your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one *Lucio*'s information againſt me: miſtreſs *Kate Keep-down* was with child by him in the Duke's time; he promis'd her marriage: his child is a year and a quarter old, come *Philip* and *Jacob:* I have kept it my ſelf; and ſee how he goes about to abuſe me.

Eſcal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence; let him be call'd before us. Away with her to priſon: go to; no more words. [*Exeunt with the* Bawd.] *Provoſt*, my brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd; *Claudio* muſt die to-morrow: let him be furniſh'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it ſhould not be ſo with him.

Prov. So pleaſe you, this *Friar* hath been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Eſcal. Good even, good father!

Duke. Bliſs and goodneſs on you!

Eſcal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, tho' my chance is now
To uſe it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See,
In ſpecial buſineſs from his Holineſs.

Eſcal. What news abroad i' th' world?

Duke. None, but that there is ſo great a fever on goodneſs, that the diſſolution of it muſt cure it. Novelty is only in requeſt; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of courſe, as it is virtuous to be conſtant in any undertaking. There is ſcarce truth enough

alive

alive to make ſocieties ſecure; but ſecurity enough to make fellowſhips accurſt. Much upon this riddle runs the wiſdom of the world; this news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, Sir, of what diſpoſition was the Duke?

Eſcal. One that above all other ſtrifes
Contended ſpecially to know himſelf.

Duke. What pleaſure was he given to?

Eſcal. Rather rejoicing to ſee another merry, than merry at any thing which profeſt to make him rejoice. A gentleman of all temperance. But leave him to his events, with a prayer they may prove proſperous; and let me deſire to know how you find *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to underſtand, that you have lent him viſitation.

Duke. He profeſſes to have received no ſiniſter meaſure from his judge, but moſt willingly humbles himſelf to the determination of juſtice: yet had he fram'd to himſelf, by the inſtruction of his frailty, many deceiving promiſes of life, which I by my good leiſure have diſcredited to him, and now is he reſolv'd to die.

Eſcal. You have paid the heav'ns your function, and the priſoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremeſt ſhore of my modeſty, but my brother-juſtice have I found ſo ſevere, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed Juſtice.

Duke. If his own life anſwer the ſtraitneſs of his proceeding, it ſhall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath ſentenc'd himſelf.

Eſcal. I am going to viſit the priſoner: fare you well. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Duke. Peace be with you!
He who the ſword of heav'n will bear,
Should be as holy as ſevere:
Pattern in himſelf to know,
Grace to ſtand, and virtue go:
More nor leſs to others paying,
Than by ſelf-offences weighing.

Shame

Shame to him, whoſe cruel ſtriking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble ſhame on *Angelo*,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
Oh, what may man within him hide,
Tho' angel on the outward ſide!
How may that likeneſs ſhading crimes,
Making practiſe on the times,
Draw with idle ſpiders ſtrings
Moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial things!
Craft againſt vice I muſt apply.
With *Angelo* to-night ſhall lye
His old betrothed, but deſpis'd;
So diſguiſe ſhall by th' diſguis'd
Pay with falſhood falſe exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Grange.

Enter Mariana, *and boy ſinging.*

SONG.

TAKE, oh take thoſe lips away,
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do miſ-lead the morn;
But my kiſſes bring again,
Seals of love, but ſeal'd in vain.

Enter Duke.

Mari. Break off thy ſong, and haſte thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whoſe advice
Hath often ſtill'd my brawling diſcontent.

I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wiſh
You had not found me here ſo muſical:
Let me excuſe me, and believe me ſo,
My mirth it much diſpleas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; tho' muſick oft hath ſuch a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body enquir'd for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promis'd here to meet one.

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after: I have ſat here all day.

Enter Iſabel.

Duke. I do conſtantly believe you: the time is come, even now. I ſhall crave your forbearance a little; may be I will call upon you anon for ſome advantage to your ſelf.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Duke. Very well met, and well come:
What is the news from this good Deputy?

Iſab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whoſe weſtern ſide is with a vineyard backt;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There, on the heavy middle of the night,
Have I my promiſe made to call upon him.

Duke. But ſhall you on your knowledge find this way?

Iſab. I've ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
With whiſp'ring and moſt guilty diligence,
In action all of precept he did ſhow me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her obſervance?

Iſab. No; none but only a repair i' th' dark;

And

And that I have poſſeſt him, my moſt ſtay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know,
I have a ſervant comes with me along,
That ſtays upon me, whoſe perſuaſion is
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well born up.
I have not yet made known to *Mariana*
A word of this. What hoa! within! come forth!

SCENE III.

Enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Iſab. I do deſire the like.

Duke. Do you perſuade your ſelf that I reſpect you?

Mari. Good *Friar*, I know you do, and I have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a ſtory ready for your ear:
I ſhall attend your leiſure; but make haſte;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't pleaſe you walk aſide? [*Ex.* Mari. *and* Iſab.

Duke. Oh place and greatneſs! millions of falſe eyes
Are ſtuck upon thee: volumes of report
Run with their falſe and moſt contrarious queſts
Upon thy doings: thouſand 'ſcapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies! --- Well! agreed?

SCENE IV.

Re-enter Mariana, *and* Iſabel.

Iſab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you adviſe it.

Duke. 'Tis not my conſent,
But my intreaty too.

Iſab. Little have you to ſay
When you depart from him, but ſoft and low,
" *Remember now my brother.*
Mari. Fear me not.
Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your huſband on a pre-contract;
To bring you thus together, 'tis no ſin,
Sith that the juſtice of your title to him
Doth flouriſh the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tilth's to ſow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The PRISON.

Enter Provoſt *and* Clown.

Pro. COme hither, ſirrah: can you cut off a man's head?
Clown. If the man be a batchelor, Sir, I can: but if he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.
Prov. Come, Sir, leave me your ſnatches, and yield me a direct anſwer. To-morrow morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine:* here is in our priſon a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper; if you will take it on you to aſſiſt him, it ſhall redeem you from your gyves: if not, you ſhall have your full time of impriſonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.
Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman: I would be glad to receive ſome inſtruction from my fellow-partner.
Prov. What hoa, *Abhorſon!* where's *Abhorſon* there?

Enter Abhorſon.

Abhor. Do you call, Sir?
Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: if you think it meet, compound with him by the year,

and

and let him abide here with you; if not, uſe him for the preſent, and diſmiſs him. He cannot plead his eſtimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, Sir? fie upon him, he will diſcredit our myſtery.

Prov. Go to, Sir; you weigh equally, a feather will turn the ſcale. [*Exit.*

Clown. Pray, Sir, by your good favour; (for ſurely, Sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look;) do you call, Sir, your occupation a myſtery?

Abhor. Ay, Sir, a myſtery.

Clown. Painting, Sir, I have heard ſay, is a myſtery; and your whores, Sir, being members of my occupation, uſing painting, do prove my occupation a myſtery: but what myſtery there ſhould be in hanging, if I ſhould be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

[a] *Abhor.* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Clown. * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Sir, it is a myſtery.

Abhor. Proof.

Clown. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough. If it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: ſo every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provoſt.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will ſerve him: for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftner aſk forgiveneſs.

Prov. You, ſirrah, provide your block and your ax to-morrow, four a-clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd, I will inſtruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clown. I do deſire to learn, Sir; and I hope, if you have oc-

(a) *The Text here is plainly maimed and deficient, the words by which* Abhorſon *ſhould prove the Hangman's trade a myſtery are loſt. But from what follows the argument may be conjectured to have been this, that every man's apparel fitted the Hangman: to which we may ſuppoſe the* Clown *replied, that for the ſame reaſon the ſame thing might be ſaid of the Thief's trade.* --- Yes, Sir, It is a myſtery. *&c. and this connects the reſt that follows.*

caſion

caſion to uſe me for your own turn, you ſhall find me yare: for truly, Sir, for your kindneſs I owe you a good turn. [*Exit.*

Prov. Call hither *Barnardine* and *Claudio:*
One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murth'rer, tho' he were my brother.

SCENE VI.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, *Claudio*, for thy death;
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou muſt be made immortal. Where's *Barnardine?*

Claud. As faſt lock'd up in ſleep, as guiltleſs labour
When it lyes ſtarkly in the traveller's bones:
He'll not awake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare your ſelf. [*Ex.* Claud.] But hark, what noiſe?
[*Knock within.*
Heav'n give your ſpirits comfort! — by and by, —
I hope it is ſome pardon, or reprieve
For the moſt gentle *Claudio.* Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The beſt and wholſom'ſt ſpirits of the night
Invellop you, good *Provoſt!* who call'd here of late?

Prov. None ſince the curphew rung.

Duke. Not *Iſabel?*

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for *Claudio?*

Duke. There's ſome in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter Deputy.

Duke. Not ſo, not ſo; his life is parallel'd
Ev'n with the ſtroak and line of his great juſtice;
He doth with holy abſtinence ſubdue
That in himſelf which he ſpurs on his pow'r

To

To qualifie in others. Were he meal'd
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being ſo, he's juſt. Now are they come. [*Knock again.*
[*Exit* Provoſt.

This is a gentle *Provoſt*, ſeldom when
The ſteeled goaler is the friend of men.
How now? what noiſe? that ſpirit's poſſeſt with haſte
That wounds th' unreſting poſtern with theſe ſtrokes.
[Provoſt *returns.*

Prov. There he muſt ſtay until the officer
Ariſe to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for *Claudio* yet,
But he muſt die to-morrow?

Prov. None, Sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, *Provoſt*, as it is,
You ſhall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily
You ſomething know; yet I believe there comes
No countermand; no ſuch example have we:
Beſides, upon the very ſiege of juſtice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publick ear
Profeſt the contrary.

SCENE VII.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Duke. This is his lordſhip's man.

Prov. And here comes *Claudio*'s pardon.

Meſſ. My lord hath ſent you this note, and by me this further charge, that you ſwerve not from the ſmalleſt article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumſtance. Good-morrow; for as I take it, it is almoſt day.

Prov. I ſhall obey him. [*Exit* Meſſen.

Duke. This is his pardon, purchas'd by ſuch ſin
For which the pardoner himſelf is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,

When

When it is born in high authority;
When vice makes mercy, mercy's ſo extended,
That for the fault's love, is th' offender friended.
Now, Sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: lord *Angelo*, be-like thinking me remiſs in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on, methinks ſtrangely, for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Provoſt *reads the letter.*

Whatſoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio *be executed by four of the clock, and in the afternoon* Barnardine: *for my better ſatisfaction, let me have* Claudio's *head ſent me by five. Let this be duly performed, with a thought that more depends on it than we muſt yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will anſwer it at your peril.*

What ſay you to this, Sir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A *Bohemian* born, but here nurſt up and bred; one that is a priſoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the abſent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do ſo.

Prov. His friends ſtill wrought reprieves for him; and indeed his fact, 'till now in the government of lord *Angelo*, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Moſt manifeſt, and not deny'd by himſelf.

Duke. Hath he born himſelf penitently in priſon? how ſeems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken ſleep; careleſs, rechleſs, and fearleſs of what's paſt, preſent, or to come; inſenſible of mortality, and mortally deſperate.

Duke.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath evermore had the liberty of the priſon: give him leave to eſcape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and ſhew'd him a ſeeming warrant for it; it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, *Provoſt*, honeſty and conſtancy; if I read it not truly, my ancient ſkill beguiles me; but in the boldneſs of my cunning, I will lay my ſelf in hazard. *Claudio*, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than *Angelo*, who hath ſentenc'd him. To make you underſtand this in a manifeſted effect, I crave but four days reſpite, for the which you are to do me both a preſent and a dangerous courteſie.

Prov. Pray, Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an expreſs command under penalty to deliver his head in the view of *Angelo?* I may make my caſe as *Claudio*'s, to croſs this in the ſmalleſt.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my inſtructions may be your guide: let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed, and his head born to *Angelo.*

Prov. Angelo hath ſeen them both, and will diſcover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great diſguiſer, and you may add to it; ſhave the head, and tie the beard, and ſay it was the deſire of the penitent to be barb'd before his death; you know the courſe is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune; by the Saint whom I profeſs, I will plead againſt it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is againſt my oath.

Duke. Were you ſworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his Subſtitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the juſtice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a reſemblance but a certainty. Yet ſince I ſee you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my perſuaſion, can with eaſe attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, Sir, here is the hand and ſeal of the Duke; you know the character, I doubt not, and the ſignet is not ſtrange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke; you ſhall anon over-read it at your pleaſure; where you ſhall find within theſe two days he will be here. This is a thing which *Angelo* knows not; for he this very day receives letters of ſtrange tenor, perchance of the Duke's death, perchance of his entring into ſome monaſtery, but, by chance, nothing of what is here writ. Look, the unfolding ſtar calls up the ſhepherd; put not your ſelf into amazement how theſe things ſhould be; all difficulties are but eaſie when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardine*'s head: I will give him a preſent ſhrift, and adviſe him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this ſhall abſolutely reſolve you. Come away, it is almoſt clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Clown.

Clown. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our houſe of profeſſion; one would think it were miſtreſs *Over-don*'s own houſe; for here be many of her old cuſtomers. Firſt here's young Mr. *Raſh*; he's in for a commodity of brown pepper and old ginger, nineſcore and ſeventeen pounds; of which he made five marks ready mony: marry then, ginger was not much in requeſt; for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Mr. *Caper*, at the ſuit of maſter *Three-Pile* the mercer, for ſome four ſuits of peach-colour'd ſattin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young *Dizzy*, and young Mr. *Deep-vow*, and Mr. *Copper-ſpur*, and maſter *Starve-Lacky* the rapier and dagger-man, and young *Drop-heire* that kill'd luſty *Pudding*, and Mr. *Forth-light* the tilter, and brave Mr. *Shooty* the great traveller, and wild

Half-

Half-Canne that ſtabb'd *Pots*, and I think forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now in for the Lord's ſake.

Enter Abhorſon.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hither.

Clown. Maſter *Barnardine*, you muſt riſe and be hang'd, maſter *Barnardine.*

Abhor. What hoa, *Barnardine!*

Barnardine *within.*

Barnar. A pox o' your throats; who makes that noiſe there? what are you?

Clown. Your friend, Sir, the hangman: you muſt be ſo good, Sir, to riſe, and be put to death.

Barnar. Away, you rogue, away; I am ſleepy.

Abhor. Tell him he muſt awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, maſter *Barnardine*, awake 'till you are executed, and ſleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, Sir, he is coming; I hear the ſtraw ruſsle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the ax upon the block, ſirrah?

Clown. Very ready, Sir.

Barnar. How now, *Abhorſon?* what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, Sir, I would deſire you to clap into your prayers: for look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh, the better, Sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may ſleep the founder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, Sir, here comes your ghoſtly father; do we jeſt now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how haſtily you

are to depart, I am come to adviſe you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. *Friar*, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and will have more time to prepare me, or they ſhall beat out my brains with billets: I will not conſent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, Sir, you muſt; and therefore I beſeech you, look forward on the journey you ſhall go.

Barnar. I ſwear I will not die to-day for any man's perſuaſion.

Duke. But hear you.

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to ſay to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Provoſt.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: oh gravel heart!

Prov. After him, fellows: bring him to the block.
Now, Sir, how do you find the priſoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And to tranſport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the priſon, father,
There dy'd this morning of a cruel fever
One *Ragozine*, a moſt notorious pyrate,
A man of *Claudio*'s years; his beard and head
Juſt of his colour. What if we omit
This reprobate 'till he were well inclin'd,
And ſatisfy the Deputy with the viſage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio*?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heav'n provides:
Diſpatch it preſently; the hour draws on
Prefixt by *Angelo*: ſee this be done,
And ſent according to command; while I
Perſuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This ſhall be done, good father, preſently.

But

But *Barnardine* muſt die this afternoon:
And how ſhall we continue *Claudio*,
To ſave me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done;
Put them in ſecret holds, *Claudio* and *Barnardine*:
Ere twice the ſun hath made his journal greeting
To th' under generation, you ſhall find
Your ſafety manifeſt.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, quick, and ſend the head to *Angelo*. [*Exit* Prov.
Now will I write letters to *Angelo*,
The *Provoſt* he ſhall bear them, whoſe contents
Shall witneſs to him I am near at home;
And that by great injunctions I am bound
To enter publickly: him I'll deſire
To meet me at the conſecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-ballanc'd form,
We ſhall proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter Provoſt.

Prov. Here is the head, I'll carry it my ſelf.

Duke. Convenient is it: make a ſwift return;
For I would commune with you of ſuch things
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all ſpeed. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

Iſabel *within*.

Iſab. Peace, hoa, be here!

Duke. The tongue of *Iſabel*. She comes to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ign'rant of her good,
To make her heav'nly comfort of deſpair,
When it is leaſt expected.

Enter

Enter Iſabel.

Iſab. By your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Iſab. The better, giv'n me by ſo holy a man:
Hath yet the Deputy ſent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, *Iſabel*, from the world;
His head is off, and ſent to *Angelo*.

Iſab. Nay, but it is not ſo.

Duke. It is no other.
Shew wiſdom, daughter, in your cloſeſt patience.

Iſab. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You ſhall not be admitted to his ſight.

Iſab. Unhappy *Claudio*, wretched *Iſabel!*
Injurious world, moſt damned *Angelo!*

Duke. This hurts not him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore, give your cauſe to heav'n:
Mark what I ſay, which you ſhall ſurely find
By ev'ry ſyllable a faithful verity.
The Duke comes home to-morrow; dry your eyes;
One of our convent, and his confeſſor
Gives me this news: already he hath carry'd
Notice to *Eſcalus* and *Angelo*,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. Pace your wiſdom
In that good path that I would wiſh it go,
And you ſhall have your boſom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And gen'ral honour.

Iſab. I'm directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to *Friar Peter* give;
'Tis that he ſent me of the Duke's return:
Say, by this token, I deſire his company
At *Mariana*'s houſe. Her cauſe and yours
I'll perfect him withal, and he ſhall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo*

Accuſe

Accuſe him home and home. For my poor ſelf,
I am combined by a ſacred vow,
And ſhall be abſent. Wend you with this letter:
Command theſe fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; truſt not my holy order
If I pervert your courſe. Who's here?

SCENE XI.

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even; *Friar*, where is the *Provoſt?*

Duke. Not within, Sir.

Lucio. Oh pretty *Iſabella*, I am pale at mine heart to ſee thine eyes ſo red; thou muſt be patient; I am fain to dine and ſup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly: one fruitful meal would ſet me to't. But they ſay the Duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, *Iſabel*, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantaſtical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the beſt is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knoweſt not the Duke ſo well as I do; he's a better woodman than thou tak'ſt him for.

Duke. Well; you'll anſwer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, Sir, if they be true; if not, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you ſuch a thing?

Lucio. Yes marry did I; but I was fain to forſwear it; they would elſe have marry'd me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honeſt: reſt you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it; nay, *Friar*, I am a kind of bur, I ſhall ſtick. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE XII.

The PALACE.

Enter Angelo *and* Eſcalus.

Eſcal. EVery letter he hath writ hath diſvouch'd other.

Ang. In moſt uneven and diſtracted manner. His actions ſhew much like to madneſs: pray heav'n his wiſdom be not tainted! and why meet him at the gates, and deliver our authorities there?

Eſcal. I gueſs not.

Ang. And why ſhould we proclaim it in an hour before his entring, that if any crave redreſs of injuſtice, they ſhould exhibit their petitions in the ſtreet?

Eſcal. He ſhews his reaſon for that; to have a diſpatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which ſhall then have no power to ſtand againſt us.

Ang. Well; I beſeech you, let it be proclaim'd betimes i' th' morn; I'll call you at your houſe: give notice to ſuch men of ſort and ſuit as are to meet him.

Eſcal. I ſhall, Sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ang. Good night. This deed
Unſhapes me quite, makes me unpregnant, dull
To all proceedings. A defloured maid,
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The law againſt it! but that her tender ſhame
Will not proclaim againſt her maiden loſs,
How might ſhe tongue me! yet reaſon dares her: no,
For my authority bears off all credence;
That no particular ſcandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He ſhould have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dang'rous ſenſe,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
By ſo receiving a diſhonour'd life,

With

With ranſom of ſuch ſhame. Would yet he had liv'd!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not. [*Exit.*

SCENE XIII.

The Fields without the Town.

Enter Duke *in his own habit, and Friar* Peter.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.
The *Provoſt* knows our purpoſe and our plot:
The matter being afoot, keep your inſtruction,
And hold you ever to our ſpecial drift,
Tho' ſometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cauſe doth miniſter: call at *Flavius'* houſe,
And tell him where I ſtay; give the like notice
Unto *Valentius*, *Rowland*, and to *Craſſus*,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate:
But ſend me *Flavius* firſt.
Peter. It ſhall be ſpeeded well. [*Exit.*

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, *Varrius*; thou haſt made good haſte:
Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle *Varrius.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIV.

Enter Iſabella *and* Mariana.

Iſab. To ſpeak ſo indirectly I am loth:
I'd ſay the truth; but to accuſe him ſo,
That is your part; yet I'm adviſ'd to do it,
He ſays to 'vailful purpoſe.
Mari. Be rul'd by him.
Iſab. Beſides, he tells me, that if peradventure

He ſpeak againſt me on the adverſe ſide,
I ſhould not think it ſtrange; for 'tis a phyſick
That's bitter to ſweet end.

Mari. I would *Friar Peter* ——

Iſab. Oh, peace; the *Friar* is come.

Enter Peter.

Peter. Come, I have found you out a ſtand moſt fit,
Where you may have ſuch vantage on the Duke,
He ſhall not paſs you. Twice have the trumpets ſounded:
The generous and graveſt citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The Duke is entring: therefore hence, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Duke, Varrius, *Lords*, Angelo, Eſcalus, Lucio, *and Citizens, at ſeveral doors.*

DUKE.

MY very worthy couſin, fairly met;
Our old and faithful friend, we're glad to ſee you.

Ang. and *Eſc.* Happy return be to your royal Grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thanks be to you both:
We've made enquiry of you, and we hear
Such goodneſs of your juſtice, that our ſoul
Cannot but yield you forth to publick thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds ſtill greater.

Duke. Oh, your deſert ſpeaks loud, and I ſhould wrong it
To lock it in the wards of covert boſom,
When it deſerves with characters of braſs
A forted reſidence, 'gainſt the tooth of time

And

And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand
And let the ſubjects ſee, to make them know
That outward courteſies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come, *Eſcalus*,
You muſt walk by us on our other hand;
And good ſupporters are you.

SCENE II.

Enter Peter *and* Iſabella.

Peter. Now is your time: ſpeak loud and kneel before him.

Iſab. Juſtice, O royal Duke! vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have ſaid, a maid:
Oh worthy Prince, diſhonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
'Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And give me juſtice, juſtice, juſtice, juſtice.

Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what, by whom? be brief:
Here is lord *Angelo* ſhall give you juſtice;
Reveal your ſelf to him.

Iſab. Oh worthy Duke,
You bid me ſeek redemption of the devil:
Hear me your ſelf; for that which I muſt ſpeak
Muſt either puniſh me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redreſs from you: oh, hear me here!

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
Sh' 'ath been a ſuitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by courſe of juſtice.

Iſab. Courſe of juſtice!

Ang. And ſhe will ſpeak moſt bitterly, and ſtrange.

Iſab. Moſt ſtrange but yet moſt truly will I ſpeak;
That *Angelo*'s forſworn: is it not ſtrange?
That *Angelo*'s a murth'rer: is't not ſtrange?
That *Angelo* is an adult'rous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violater:
Is it not ſtrange and ſtrange?

Duke. Nay, ten times ſtrange.

Iſab. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Than this is all as true as it is ſtrange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To th' end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her: poor ſoul,
She ſpeaks this in th' infirmity of ſenſe.

Iſab. Oh, I conjure thee, Prince, as thou believ'ſt
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madneſs. Make not impoſſible
That which but ſeems unlike; 'tis not impoſſible
But one, the wicked'ſt caitiff on the ground,
May ſeem as ſhy, as grave, as juſt, as abſolute
As *Angelo*; ev'n ſo may *Angelo*,
In all his dreſſings, caracts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain: truſt me, royal Prince,
If he be leſs, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badneſs.

Duke. By mine honour,
If ſhe be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madneſs hath the oddeſt frame of ſenſe,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madneſs.

Iſab. Gracious Duke,
Harp not on that; and do not baniſh reaſon
For inequality; but let your reaſon
Serve to make truth appear where it ſeems hid,
Not hide the falſe ſeems true.

Duke. Many not mad
Have ſure more lack of reaſon. What would you ſay?

Iſab. I am the ſiſter of one *Claudio*,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication,
To loſe his head; condemn'd by *Angelo*:
I, in probation of a ſiſterhood,
Was ſent to by my brother; one *Lucio* being

As

As then the meſſenger, ----

Lucio. That's I, an't like your Grace:
I came to her from *Claudio*, and deſir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord *Angelo*,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Iſab. That's he indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to ſpeak. [*To* Lucio,

Lucio. No, my good lord, nor wiſh'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wiſh you now then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A buſineſs for your ſelf, pray heav'n you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour, Sir.

Duke. The warrant's for your ſelf; be ſure take heed to't.

Iſab. This gentleman told ſomething of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right, but you are in the wrong
To ſpeak before your time. Proceed.

Iſab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff Deputy.

Duke. That's ſomewhat madly ſpoken.

Iſab. Pardon it:
The phraſe is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: the matter then; proceed.

Iſab. In brief; (to ſet the needleſs proceſs by,
How I perſuaded, how I pray'd and kneel'd,
How he repell'd me, and how I reply'd,
For this was of much length) the vile concluſion
I now begin with grief and ſhame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaſte body
To his concupiſcent intemp'rate luſt,
Releaſe my brother; after much debatement,
My ſiſterly remorſe confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: next morn betimes,
His purpoſe forfeiting, he ſends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke.

Duke. This is moſt likely!
Iſab. Oh that it were as like as it is true!
Duke. By heav'n, fond wretch, thou know'ſt not what thou ſpeak'ſt;
Or elſe thou art ſuborn'd againſt his honour
In hateful practice. His integrity
Stands without blemiſh; it imports no reaſon,
That with ſuch vehemence he ſhould purſue
Faults proper to himſelf: if he had ſo
Offended, he would have weigh'd thy brother by
Himſelf, and not have cut him off. Some one
Hath ſet you on, confeſs the truth, and ſay
By whoſe advice thou cam'ſt here to complain.
Iſab. And is this all?
Then oh you bleſſed miniſters above,
Keep me in patience; and with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance! Heav'n ſhield your Grace from woe,
As I thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!
Duke. I know you'd fain be gone. An officer;
To priſon with her. Shall we thus permit
A blaſting and a ſcandalous breath to fall
On him ſo near us? this muſt be a practice.
Who knew of our intent, and coming hither?
Iſab. One that I would were here, *Friar Lodowick.*
Duke. A ghoſtly father belike: who knows that *Lodowick?*
Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a medling *Friar*;
I do not like the man; had he been Lay, my lord,
For certain words he ſpake againſt your Grace
In your retirement, I had ſwing'd him ſoundly.
Duke. Words againſt me? this is a good *Friar* belike,
And to ſet on this wretched woman here
Againſt our Subſtitute! let this *Friar* be found.
Lucio. But yeſternight, my lord, ſhe and that *Friar*,
I ſaw them at the priſon: a ſawcy *Friar*,
A very ſcurvy fellow.

Peter.

Peter. Bleſs'd be your Grace!
I have ſtood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. Firſt hath this woman
Moſt wrongfully accus'd your Subſtitute,
Who is as free from touch or ſoil with her,
As ſhe from one ungot.
Duke. We did believe
No leſs. Know you that *Friar Lodowick?*
Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not ſcurvy, nor a temporary medler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my truſt, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, miſreport your Grace.
Lucio. My lord, moſt villainouſly he did; believe it.
Peter. Well; he in time may come to clear himſelf;
But at this inſtant he is ſick, my lord,
Of a ſtrange fever. On his meer requeſt,
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainſt lord *Angelo*) came I hither
To ſpeak as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true or falſe, and he upon his oath
By all probation will make up full clear,
Whenever he's conven'd. Firſt, for this woman;
To juſtifie this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and perſonally accus'd,
Her ſhall you hear diſproved to her eyes,
'Till ſhe her ſelf confeſs it.
Duke. Good *Friar*, let's hear it.
Do you not ſmile at this, lord *Angelo?*
O heav'n! the vanity of wretched fools! ---
Give us ſome ſeats; come, couſin *Angelo*,
In this I will be partial: be you judge
Of your own cauſe. Is this the witneſs, *Friar?*

[Iſabella *is carried off, guarded.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Mariana *veil'd.*

Firſt let her ſhew her face, and after ſpeak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord, I will not ſhew my face
Until my huſband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, are you nothing then? neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, ſhe may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had ſome cauſe to prattle for himſelf.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confeſs I ne'er was marry'd,
And I confeſs beſides, I am no maid;
I've known my huſband, yet my huſband knows not
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of ſilence, would thou wert ſo too.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witneſs for lord *Angelo.*

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord.
She that accuſes him of fornication,
In ſelf-ſame manner doth accuſe my huſband,
And charges him, my lord, with ſuch a time,
When I'll depoſe I had him in mine arms,
With all th' effect of love.

Ang. Charges ſhe more
Than me?

Mari.

Mari. Not that I know.
Duke. You ſay your huſband. [*To* Mariana.
Mari. Why, juſt, my lord, and that is *Angelo*,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body;
But knows, he thinks, that he knew *Iſabel*'s.
Ang. This is a ſtrange abuſe: let's ſee thy face.
Mari. My huſband bids me; now I will unmaſk. [*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel *Angelo*,
Which once thou ſwor'ſt was worth the looking on:
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
Was faſt belock'd in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from *Iſabel*,
And did ſupply thee at thy garden-houſe
In her imagin'd perſon.
Duke. Know you this woman?
Lucio. Carnally, ſhe ſays.
Duke. Sirrah, no more.
Lucio. Enough.
Ang. My lord, I muſt confeſs I know this woman;
And five years ſince there was ſome ſpeech of marriage
Betwixt my ſelf and her; which was broke off,
Partly for that her promiſed proportions
Came ſhort of compoſition; but in chief,
For that her reputation was diſ-valu'd
In levity; ſince which time, of five years
I never ſpake with, ſaw, or heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.
Mari. Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heav'n, and words from breath,
As there is ſenſe in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as ſtrongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But *Tueſday* night laſt gone, in's garden-houſe
He knew me as a wife; as this is true,
Let me in ſafety raiſe me from my knees;
Or elſe for ever be confixed here

A marble monument.

Ang. I did but ſmile 'till now.
Now, good my lord, give me the ſcope of juſtice;
My patience here is touch'd; I do perceive
Theſe poor informing women are no more
But inſtruments of ſome more mighty member
That ſets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And puniſh them unto your height of pleaſure.
Thou fooliſh *Friar*, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone; think'ſt thou thy oaths,
Tho' they would ſwear down each particular Saint,
Were teſtimonies 'gainſt his worth and credit,
That's ſeal'd in approbation? You, lord *Eſcalus*,
Sit with my couſin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuſe, whence 'tis deriv'd.
There is another *Friar* that ſet them on;
Let him be ſent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he indeed
Hath ſet the women on to this complaint:
Your *Provoſt* knows the place where he abides;
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Do it inſtantly.
And you, my noble and well-warranted couſin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as ſeems you beſt
In any chaſtiſement: I for a while
Will leave you; but ſtir not you, 'till you have
Determin'd well upon theſe ſlanderers. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Eſcal. My lord, we'll do it throughly. Signior *Lucio*, did not you ſay you knew that *Friar Lodowick* to be a diſhoneſt perſon?

Lucio. Cucullus non facit monachum; honeſt in nothing but in his cloaths, and one that hath ſpoke moſt villainous ſpeeches of the Duke. *Eſcal.*

Eſcal. We ſhall intreat you to abide here 'till he come, and inforce them againſt him; we ſhall find this *Friar* a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in *Vienna*, on my word.

Eſcal. Call that ſame *Iſabel* here once again: I would ſpeak with her: pray you, my lord, give me leave to queſtion; you ſhall ſee how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he by her own report.

Eſcal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, Sir, I think if you handled her privately ſhe ſhould ſooner confeſs; perchance publickly ſhe'd be aſham'd.

Enter Duke *in the Friar's habit, and* Provoſt; Iſabella *is brought in.*

Eſcal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Eſcal. Come on, miſtreſs: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have ſaid.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the raſcal I ſpoke of, here with the *Provoſt.*

Eſcal. In very good time: ſpeak not you to him 'till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Eſcal. Come, Sir, did you ſet theſe women on to ſlander lord *Angelo?* they have confeſs'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis falſe.

Eſcal. How? know you where you are?

Duke. Reſpect to your great place! and let the devil
Be ſometime honour'd for his burning throne.
Where is the Duke? 'tis he ſhould hear me ſpeak.

Eſcal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you ſpeak:
Look you ſpeak juſtly.

Duke. Boldly at leaſt I'll ſpeak. But oh, poor ſouls,
Come you to ſeek the lamb here of the fox?
Good-night to your redreſs: is the Duke gone?
Then is your cauſe gone too. The Duke's unjuſt,
Thus to retort your manifeſt appeal,

And put your tryal in the villain's mouth
Which here you come to accuſe.

Lucio. This is the raſcal; this is he I ſpoke of.

Eſcal. Why thou unrev'rend and unhallow'd *Friar*,
Is't not enough thou haſt ſuborn'd theſe women
T' accuſe this worthy man, but in foul mouth,
And in the witneſs of his proper ear,
To call him villain; and then glance from him
To th' Duke himſelf, to tax him with injuſtice?
Take him hence; to the rack with him: we'll touze you
(Ev'n joint by joint) but we will know this purpoſe:
What? He unjuſt?

Duke. Be not ſo hot; the Duke
Dare no more ſtretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own: his ſubject am I not,
Nor here provincial; my buſineſs in this ſtate
Made me a looker-on here in *Vienna*;
Where I have ſeen corruption boil and bubble,
'Till it o'er-run the ſtew: laws for all faults,
But faults ſo countenanc'd, that the ſtrong ſtatutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's ſhop, [a]
As much in mock as mark.

Eſcal. Slander to th' ſtate! away with him to priſon.

Ang. What can you vouch againſt him, ſignior *Lucio*?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman bald-pate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, Sir, by the ſound of your voice: I met you at the priſon in the abſence of the Duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you ſo? and do you remember what you ſaid of the Duke?

Duke. Moſt notedly, Sir.

Lucio. Do you ſo, Sir? and was the Duke a fleſh-monger, a

(a) *It is a cuſtom in the ſhops of all mechanicks to make it a forfeiture for any ſtranger to uſe or take up the tools of their trade: In a Barber's ſhop eſpecially, when heretofore Barbers practis'd the under parts of Surgery, their inſtruments being of a nice kind and their ſhops generally full of idle people, there was hung up a table ſhewing what particular forfeiture was required for meddling with each inſtrument.*

fool,

fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You muſt, Sir, change perſons with me ere you make that my report: you indeed ſpoke ſo of him, and much more, much worſe.

Lucio. Oh thou damnable fellow! did not I pluck thee by the noſe for thy ſpeeches?

Duke. I proteſt, I love the Duke as I love my ſelf.

Ang. Hark how the villain would cloſe now after his treaſonable abuſes.

Eſcal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal: away with him to priſon: where is the *Provoſt?* away with him to priſon; lay bolts enough upon him; let him ſpeak no more; away with thoſe giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duke. Stay, Sir, ſtay a while.

Ang. What! reſiſts he? help him, *Lucio.*

Lucio. Come, Sir, come, Sir, come, Sir; foh, Sir; why, you bald-pated lying raſcal; you muſt be hooded, muſt you? ſhow your knave's viſage, with a pox to you; ſhow your ſheep-biting face, and be hang'd; an hour? will't not off?

[*Pulls off the* Friar's *hood, and diſcovers the* Duke.

Duke. Thou art the firſt knave that e'er mad'ſt a Duke.
Firſt, *Provoſt*, let me bail theſe gentle three.
Sneak not away, Sir; for the *Friar* and you [*To* Lucio.
Muſt have a word anon: lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worſe than hanging.

Duke. What you have ſpoke, I pardon; ſit you down:
[*To* Eſcalus.
We'll borrow place of him. Sir, by your leave: [*To* Angelo.
Haſt thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? if thou haſt,
Rely upon it 'till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. Oh my dread lord,
I ſhould be guiltier than my guiltineſs,
To think I can be undiſcernable,
When I perceive your Grace, like pow'r divine,

Hath

Hath look'd upon my paſſes: then, good Prince,
No longer ſeſſion hold upon my ſhame;
But let my tryal be mine own confeſſion:
Immediate ſentence then, and ſequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, *Mariana*: ſay; waſt thou
Contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her inſtantly.
Do you the office, *Friar*; which conſummate,
Return him here again: go with him, *Provoſt.*

[*Exeunt* Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and* Provoſt.

SCENE V.

Eſcal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his diſhonour,
Than at the ſtrangeneſs of it.

Duke. Come hither, *Iſabel*;
Your *Friar* is now your Prince: as I was then
Advertiſing, all holy, to your buſineſs,
Not changing heart with habit, I am ſtill
Attornied at your ſervice.

Iſab. Oh, give me pardon,
That I, your vaſſal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown Sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, *Iſabel:*
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, ſits at your heart:
And you may marvel why I obſcur'd my ſelf,
Labouring to ſave his life; and would not rather
Make raſh remonſtrance of my hidden power,
Than let him be ſo loſt: O moſt kind maid,
It was the ſwift celerity of his death,
(Which I did think with ſlower foot came on)
That brain'd my purpoſe: but now peace be with him!
That life is better life, paſt fearing death,

Than

Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

SCENE VI.

Enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and* Provoſt.

Iſab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-marry'd man, approaching here,
Whoſe ſalt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour; you muſt pardon him
For *Mariana*'s ſake: but as a judge,
Being doubly criminal, in violation
Of ſacred chaſtity, and in promiſe-breach,
Thereon dependant for your brother's life,
The very mercy of the law cries out
Moſt audible, even from his proper tongue,
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*; death for death.
Haſte ſtill pays haſte, and leiſure anſwers leiſure;
Like doth quit like, and *Meaſure* ſtill for *Meaſure*.
Then, *Angelo*, thy faults are manifeſt;
Which, tho' thou would'ſt deny 'em, deny thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where *Claudio* ſtoop'd to death; and with like haſte,
Away with him.

Mari. Oh my moſt gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a huſband.

Duke. It is your huſband mock'd you with a huſband.
Conſenting to the ſafeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; elſe imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choak your good to come: for his poſſeſſions,
Altho' by confiſcation they are ours,
We do enſtate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better huſband.

Mari. Oh my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.
Mari. Gentle my Liege, ——
Duke. You do but loſe your labour:
Away with him to death. Now, Sir, to you.
Mari. Oh my good lord! Sweet *Iſabel*, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you, all my life to do you ſervice.
Duke. Againſt all ſenſe you do importune her;
Should ſhe kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghoſt his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.
Mari. Iſabel,
Sweet *Iſabel*, do yet but kneel by me,
Hold up your hands, ſay nothing; I'll ſpeak all.
They ſay beſt men are moulded out of faults;
And for the moſt, become much more the better
For being a little bad: ſo may my huſband.
Oh *Iſabel!* will you not lend a knee?
Duke. He dies for *Claudio*'s death.
Iſab. Moſt bounteous Sir, [*Kneeling.*
Look, if it pleaſe you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think
A due ſincerity govern'd his deeds,
'Till he did look on me: ſince it is ſo,
Let him not die. My brother had but juſtice,
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd.
For *Angelo*, his act did not o'ertake
His bad intent, and muſt be bury'd but
As an intent that periſh'd by the way:
Thoughts are no ſubjects; intents meerly thoughts.
Mari. Meerly, my lord.
Duke. Your ſuit's unprofitable; ſtand up, I ſay:
I have bethought me of another fault.
Provoſt, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded
At an unuſual hour?
Prov. 'Twas ſo commanded.

Duke.

Duke. Had you a ſpecial warrant for the deed?
Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private meſſage.
Duke. For which I do diſcharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.
Prov. Pardon me, noble lord.
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For teſtimony whereof, one in the priſon,
That ſhould by private order elſe have dy'd,
I have reſerv'd alive.
Duke. And what is he?
Prov. His name is *Barnardine.*
Duke. I would thou had'ſt done ſo by *Claudio:*
Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him. [*Exit* Prov.
Eſcal. I'm ſorry one ſo learned and ſo wiſe,
As you, lord *Angelo*, have ſtill appear'd,
Should ſlip ſo groſly both in heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.
Ang. I'm ſorry that ſuch ſorrow I procure;
And ſo deep ſticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'Tis my deſerving, and I do intreat it.

SCENE VII.

Enter Provoſt, Barnardine, Claudio, *and* Julietta.

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine?*
Prov. This, my good lord.
Duke. There was a *Friar* told me of this man:
Sirrah, thou'rt ſaid to have a ſtubborn ſoul
That apprehends no further than this world,
And ſquar'ſt thy life accordingly: thou'rt condemn'd.
But for thoſe earthly faults, I quit them all:
I pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come: *Friar*, adviſe him;
I leave him to you. What muffled fellow's that?

Prov. This is another priſoner that I ſav'd,
Who ſhould have dy'd when *Claudio* loſt his head,
As like almoſt to *Claudio* as himſelf. [*Uncovers him.*

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his ſake [*To* Iſab.
He's pardoned; and for your lovely ſake,
Give me your hand, ſay you'll be mine, and he's
My brother too; but fitter time for that.
By this lord *Angelo* perceives he's ſafe;
Methinks I ſee a quickning in his eye.
Well, *Angelo*, your evil quits you well;
Look that you love your wife; her worth works yours.
I find an apt remiſſion in my ſelf,
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
You, ſirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward, [*To* Lucio.
One all of luxury, an aſs, a mad-man;
Wherein have I deſerved ſo of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I ſpoke it but according to the trick; if you will hang me for it you may, but I had rather it would pleaſe you I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt firſt, Sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, *Provoſt*, round about the city;
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him ſwear himſelf there's one
Whom he begot with child) let her appear,
And he ſhall marry her; the nuptial finiſh'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

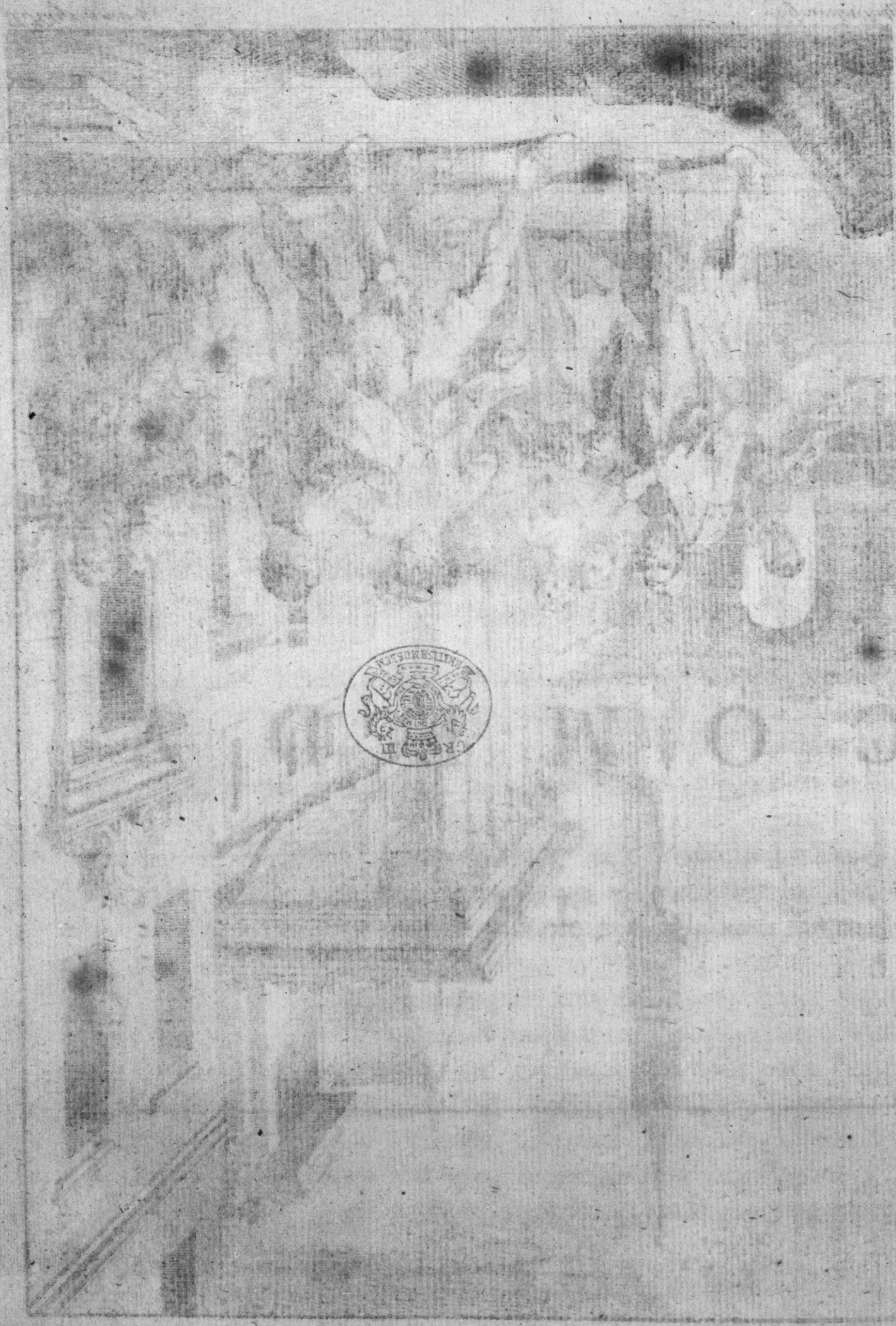
Lucio. I beſeech your Highneſs, do not marry me to a whore: your Highneſs ſaid even now, I made you a Duke; good my lord, do not recompence me in making me a cuckold.

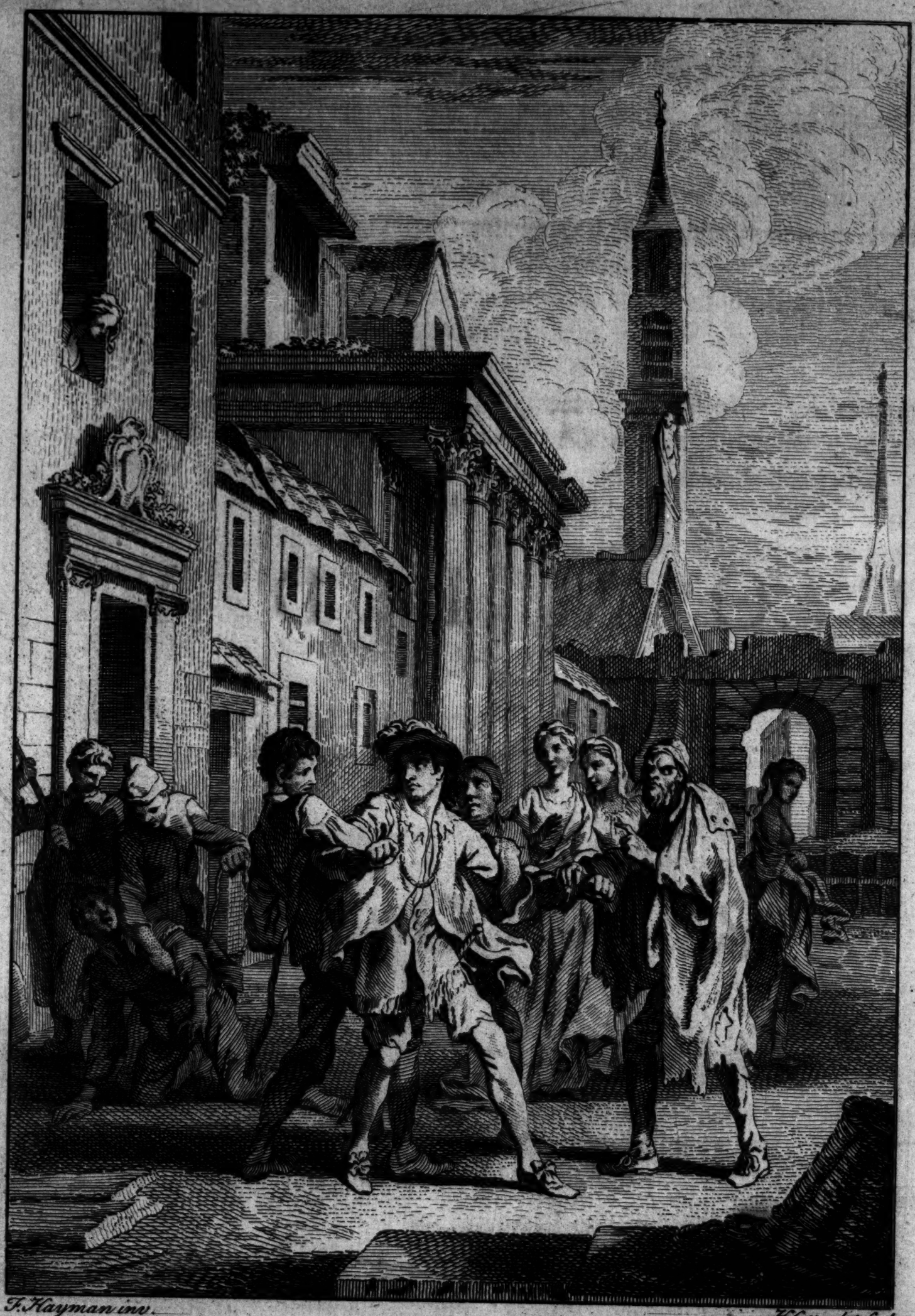
Duke. Upon mine honour, thou ſhalt marry her:
Thy ſlanders I forgive, and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits; take him to priſon:
And ſee our pleaſure herein execute.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is preſſing to death, whipping and hanging.

Duke.

Duke. Sland'ring a Prince deſerves it.
Her, *Claudio*, that you wrong'd, look you reſtore.
Joy to you, *Mariana!* love her, *Angelo:*
I have confeſs'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend *Eſcalus*, for thy much goodneſs:
There's more behind that is more gratulate.
Thanks, *Provoſt*, for thy care and ſecreſie;
We ſhall imploy thee in a worthier place:
Forgive him, *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio*'s;
Th' offence pardons it ſelf. Dear *Iſabel*,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:
So bring us to our palace, where we'll ſhow
What's yet behind that's meet you all ſhould know. [*Exeunt.*





F. Hayman inv. *H. Gravelot Sculps*

The COMEDY OF ERRORS. Act 4. Sc. 9.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

SALINUS, *Duke of* Epheſus.
Ægeon, *a Merchant of* Syracuſe.
Antipholis *of* Epheſus, } *Twin Brothers, and Sons to* Ægeon *and*
Antipholis *of* Syracuſe, } Æmilia, *but unknown to each other.*
Dromio *of* Epheſus, } *Twin Brothers, and Slaves to the two* Anti-
Dromio *of* Syracuſe, } pholis's.
Balthazar, *a Merchant.*
Angelo, *a Goldſmith.*
A Merchant, Friend to Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.
Dr. Pinch, *a School-maſter, and a Conjurer.*

Æmilia, *Wife to* Ægeon, *an Abbeſs at* Epheſus.
Adriana, *Wife to* Antipholis *of* Epheſus.
Luciana, *Siſter to* Adriana.
Luce, *Servant to* Adriana.

Jailor, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE *Epheſus.*

The Plot taken from the Menæchmi *of* Plautus.

THE

THE COMEDY *of* ERRORS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the Duke of Epheſus, Ægeon, *Jailor, and other Attendants.*

ÆGEON.

PRoceed, *Salinus*, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of *Syracuſa*, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity and diſcord which of late
Sprung from the ranc'rous outrage of your Duke,
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
(Who wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have ſeal'd his rigorous ſtatutes with their bloods)
Excludes all pity from our threatning looks.
For, ſince the mortal and inteſtine jars
'Twixt thy ſeditious countrymen and us,
It hath in ſolemn ſynods been decreed,
Both by the *Syracuſans* and our ſelves,
T' admit no traffick to our adverſe towns.
Nay, more; if any born at *Epheſus*
Be ſeen at *Syracuſan* marts and fairs,
Again, if any *Syracuſan* born
Come to the bay of *Epheſus*, he dies;
His goods confiſcate to the Duke's diſpoſe,
Unleſs a thouſand marks be levied

To

To quit the penalty, and ranſom him.
Thy ſubſtance, valu'd at the higheſt rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.
Ægeon. Yet 'tis my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewiſe with the evening ſun.
Duke. Well, *Syracuſan*, ſay in brief the cauſe,
Why thou departed'ſt from thy native home;
And for what cauſe thou cam'ſt to *Epheſus*.
Ægeon. A heavier taſk could not have been impos'd,
Than I to ſpeak my grief unſpeakable:
Yet that the world may witneſs that my end
Was wrought by nature [a], not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my ſorrow gives me leave.
In *Syracuſa* was I born, and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad:
With her I liv'd in joy, our wealth increas'd
By proſperous voyages I often made
To *Epidamnum*, 'till my factor's death;
And he great ſtore of goods at random leaving,
Drew me from kind embracements of my ſpouſe;
From whom my abſence was not ſix months old,
Before her ſelf (almoſt at fainting under
The pleaſing puniſhment that women bear)
Had made proviſion for her following me,
And ſoon and ſafe arrived where I was.
There ſhe had not been long, but ſhe became
A joyful mother of two goodly ſons;
And, which was ſtrange, the one ſo like the other,
As could not be diſtinguiſh'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the ſelf-ſame inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of ſuch a burthen, male-twins both alike:
Thoſe (for their parents were exceeding poor)

(a) *That is*, by a natural event, by the courſe of providence.

I bought, and brought up to attend my ſons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two ſuch boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too ſoon!
We came aboard.
A league from *Epidamnum* had we ſail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragick inſtance of our harm;
But longer did we not retain much hope:
For what obſcured light the heav'ns did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which tho' my ſelf would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the inceſſant weeping of my wife,
Weeping before for what ſhe ſaw muſt come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes
That mourn'd for faſhion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to ſeek delays for them and me:
And this it was; (for other means were none.)
The ſailors ſought for ſafety by our boat,
And left the ſhip then ſinking-ripe to us;
My wife, more careful for the elder born,
Had faſten'd him unto a ſmall ſpare maſt,
Such as ſea-faring men provide for ſtorms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilſt I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus diſpos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Faſten'd our ſelves at th' end of either maſt,
And floating ſtraight, obedient to the ſtream,
Were carry'd towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the ſun gazing upon the earth
Diſperſt thoſe vapours that offended us;
And by the benefit of his wiſh'd light
The ſeas wax'd calm, and we diſcovered
Two ſhips from far making amain to us,

Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidaurus* this;
But ere they came —— oh, let me ſay no more;
Gather the ſequel by that went before.
Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off ſo;
For we may pity, tho' not pardon thee.
Ægeon. Oh, had the Gods done ſo, I had not now
Worthily term'd them mercileſs to us;
For ere the ſhips could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rock;
Which being violently born upon,
Our helpleſs ſhip was ſplitted in the midſt:
So that in this unjuſt divorce of us
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to ſorrow for.
Her part, poor ſoul! ſeeming as burdened
With leſſer weight, but not with leſſer wo,
Was carry'd with more ſpeed before the wind,
And in our ſight they three were taken up
By fiſhermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the other ſhip had ſeiz'd on us;
And knowing whom it was their hap to ſave,
Gave helpful welcome to their ſhipwreck'd gueſts,
And would have 'reft the fiſhers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very ſlow of ſail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their courſe.
Thus have you heard me ſever'd from my bliſs,
Thus by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell ſad ſtories of my own miſhaps.
Duke. And for the ſakes of them thou ſorrow'ſt for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee 'till now.
Ægeon. My youngeſt boy, and yet my eldeſt care,
At eighteen years became inquiſitive
After his brother, and importun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his caſe was like,
'Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)

Might

Might bear him company in queſt of him:
Whom whilſt I labour'd of a love to ſee,
I hazarded the loſs of whom I lov'd.
Five ſummers have I ſpent in fartheſt *Greece*,
Roaming clean through the bounds of *Aſia*,
And coaſting homeward, came to *Epheſus*:
Hopeleſs to find, yet loth to leave unſought
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here muſt end the ſtory of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapleſs *Ægeon*, whom the fates have markt
To bear th' extremity of dire miſhap;
Now truſt me, were it not againſt our laws,
Which Princes, would they, may not diſannul,
Againſt my crown, my oath, my dignity,
My ſoul ſhould ſue as advocate for thee.
But tho' thou art adjudged to the death,
And paſſed ſentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great diſparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
I therefore, merchant, limit thee this day
To ſeek thy life by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou haſt in *Epheſus*,
Beg thou, or borrow to make up the ſum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die:
Jailor, now take him to thy cuſtody.

Jail. I will, my lord.

Ægeon. Hopeleſs and helpleſs doth *Ægeon* wend,
But to procraſtinate his liveleſs end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The STREET.

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuſe, *a Merchant, and* Dromio.

Mer. THerefore give out, you are of *Epidamnum*,
Leſt that your goods too ſoon be confiſcate.
This very day a *Syracuſan* merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the ſtatute of the town,
Dies ere the weary ſun ſet in the weſt:
There is your mony that I had to keep.

Ant. Go bear it to the *Centaur*, where we hoſt,
And ſtay there, *Dromio*, 'till I come to thee:
Within this hour it will be dinner-time,
'Till that I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruſe the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and ſleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am ſtiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having ſo good a means. [*Exit* Dromio.

Ant. A truſty villain, Sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jeſts.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to the inn and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, Sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I crave your pardon. Soon at five a clock,
Pleaſe you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward conſort with you 'till bed-time:
My preſent buſineſs calls me from you now.

Ant.

Ant. Farewel 'till then; I will go loſe my ſelf,
And wander up and down to view the city.
Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content. [*Ex.* Mer.

SCENE III.

Ant. He that commends me to my own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean ſeeks another drop,
Who falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unſeen, inquiſitive, confounds himſelf:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In queſt of them, unhappy, loſe my ſelf.

Enter Dromio *of* Epheſus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.
What now? how chance thou art return'd ſo ſoon?
E. Dro. Return'd ſo ſoon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the ſpit,
The clock has ſtrucken twelve upon the bell;
My miſtreſs made it one upon my cheek;
She is ſo hot becauſe the meat is cold;
The meat is cold becauſe you come not home;
You come not home becauſe you have no ſtomach;
You have no ſtomach having broke your faſt:
But we that know what 'tis to faſt and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.
Ant. Stop in your wind, Sir; tell me this, I pray,
Where you have left the mony that I gave you?
E. Dro. Oh, ſix pence that I had a *Wedneſday* laſt,
To pay the ſadler for my miſtreſs' crupper?
The ſadler had it, Sir; I kept it not.
Ant. I am not in a ſportive humour now;
Tell me and dally not, where is the mony?
We being ſtrangers here, how dar'ſt thou truſt

So

So great a charge from thine own cuſtody?

E. Dro. I pray you, jeſt, Sir, as you ſit at dinner:
I from my miſtreſs come to you in poſt,
If I return, I ſhall be poſt indeed;
For ſhe will ſcore your fault upon my pate:
Methinks your maw, like mine, ſhould be your clock,
And ſtrike you home without a meſſenger.

Ant. Come, *Dromio*, come, theſe jeſts are out of ſeaſon;
Reſerve them 'till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

E. Dro. To me, Sir? why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. Come on, Sir knave, have done your fooliſhneſs,
And tell me how thou haſt diſpos'd thy charge.

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your houſe, the *Phœnix*, Sir, to dinner;
My miſtreſs and her ſiſter ſtay for you.

Ant. Now as I am a chriſtian anſwer me,
In what ſafe place you have beſtow'd my mony;
Or I ſhall break that merry ſconce of yours,
That ſtands on tricks when I am undiſpos'd:
Where are the thouſand marks thou hadſt of me?

E. Dro. I have ſome marks of yours upon my pate;
Some of my miſtreſs' marks upon my ſhoulders;
But not a thouſand marks between you both.
If I ſhould pay your worſhip thoſe again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. Thy miſtreſs' marks? what miſtreſs, ſlave, haſt thou?

E. Dro. Your worſhip's wife, my miſtreſs at the *Phœnix*;
She that doth faſt 'till you come home to dinner;
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? there take you that, Sir knave.

E. Dro. What mean you, Sir? for God's ſake hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not, Sir, I'll take my heels. [*Ex.* Dromio.

Ant. Upon my life, by ſome device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught of all my mony.

They

They ſay, this town is full of couzenage;
As, nimble juglers, that deceive the eye;
Dark-working ſorcerers, that change the mind;
Soul-ſelling witches, that deform the body;
Diſguiſed cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many ſuch like libertines of ſin:
If it prove ſo, I will be gone the ſooner.
I'll to the *Centaur*, to go ſeek this ſlave;
I greatly fear my mony is not ſafe. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Houſe of Antipholis *of* Epheſus.

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

ADRIANA.

NEither my huſband, nor the ſlave return'd,
That in ſuch haſte I ſent to ſeek his maſter!
Sure, *Luciana*, it is two a clock.

Luc. Perhaps ſome merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's ſomewhere gone to dinner:
Good ſiſter, let us dine, and never fret.
A man is maſter of his liberty:
Time is their maſter, and when they ſee time
They'll go or come; if ſo, be patient, ſiſter.

Adr. Why ſhould their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Becauſe their buſineſs ſtill lyes out a-door.

Adr. Look, when I ſerve him ſo, he takes it ill.

Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but aſſes will be bridled ſo.

Luc. Why, head-ſtrong liberty is laſht with wo.
There's nothing ſituate under heav'n's eye,
But hath its bound in earth, in ſea, and ſky:

The

The beaſts, the fiſhes, and the winged fowls,
Are their male's ſubjects, and at their controuls:
Men more divine, the maſters of all theſe,
Lords of the wide world, and wide wat'ry ſeas,
Indu'd with intellectual ſenſe and ſoul,
Of more preheminence than fiſh and fowl,
Are maſters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This ſervitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear ſome ſway.

Luc. Ere I learn love I'll practiſe to obey.

Adr. How if your huſband ſtart ſome other where?

Luc. 'Till he come home again I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel tho' ſhe pauſe;
They can be meek that have no other cauſe:
A wretched ſoul, bruis'd with adverſity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more we ſhould our ſelves complain;
So thou, that haſt no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpleſs patience would'ſt relieve me:
But if thou live to be like right-bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to try;
Here comes your man, now is your huſband nigh.

SCENE II.

Enter Dromio Eph.

Adr. Say, is your tardy maſter now at hand?

E. Dro. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witneſs.

Adr. Say, didſt thou ſpeak with him? know'ſt thou his mind?

E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear,
Beſhrew his hand, I ſcarce could underſtand it.

Luc.

Luc. Spake he ſo doubtfully, thou could'ſt not feel his meaning?

E. Dro. Nay, he ſtruck ſo plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal ſo doubtfully, that I could ſcarce underſtand them.

Adr. But ſay, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?
It ſeems he hath great care to pleaſe his wife.

E. Dro. Why, miſtreſs, ſure my maſter is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

E. Dro. I mean not cuckold-mad; but ſure ſtark mad:
When I deſir'd him to come home to dinner,
He aſk'd me for a thouſand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; my gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; my gold, quoth he:
Will you come home, quoth I? my gold, quoth he:
Where is the thouſand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; my gold, quoth he.
My miſtreſs, Sir, quoth I; hang up thy miſtreſs;
Thy miſtreſs I know not; out on thy miſtreſs:

Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dro. Why, quoth my maſter:
I know, quoth he, no houſe, no wife, no miſtreſs;
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my ſhoulders:
For in concluſion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou ſlave, and fetch him home.

E. Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's ſake ſend ſome other meſſenger.

Adr. Back, ſlave, or I will break thy pate acroſs.

E. Dro. And he will bleſs that croſs with other beating:
Between you I ſhall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peaſant, fetch thy maſter home.

E. Dro. Am I ſo round with you as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you do ſpurn me thus?
You ſpurn me hence, and he will ſpurn me hither:
If I laſt in this ſervice, you muſt caſe me in leather. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Luc. Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face!
Adr. His company muſt do his minions grace,
Whilſt I at home ſtarve for a merry look:
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath waſted it.
Are my diſcourſes dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and ſharp diſcourſe be marr'd,
Unkindneſs blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay veſtments his affections bait?
That's not my fault; he's maſter of my ſtate.
What ruins are in me that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A ſunny look of his would ſoon repair.
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his ſtale.
Luc. Self-harming jealouſie; fie, beat it hence.
Adr. Unfeeling fools can with ſuch wrongs diſpenſe:
I know his eye doth homage other-where;
Or elſe what lets it but he would be here?
Sifter, you know he promis'd me a chain,
Would that alone alas! he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed.
I ſee the jewel beſt enameled
Will loſe his beauty; and tho' gold bides ſtill
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold: and ſo no man that hath a name,
But falſhood and corruption doth it ſhame.
Since that my beauty cannot pleaſe his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools ſerve mad jealouſie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The STREET.

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.

Ant. THE gold I gave to *Dromio* is laid up
Safe at the *Centaur*, and the heedful ſlave
Is wander'd forth in care to ſeek me out.
By computation, and mine hoſt's report,
I could not ſpeak with *Dromio*, ſince at firſt
I ſent him from the mart. See here he comes.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

How now, Sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love ſtroaks, ſo jeſt with me again.
You know no *Centaur?* you receiv'd no gold?
Your miſtreſs ſent to have me home to dinner?
My houſe was at the *Phœnix?* waſt thou mad,
That thus ſo madly thou didſt anſwer me?
S. Dro. What anſwer, Sir? when ſpake I ſuch a word?
Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour ſince.
S. Dro. I did not ſee you ſince you ſent me hence
Home to the *Centaur*, with the gold you gave me.
Ant. Villain, thou didſt deny the gold's receipt,
And told'ſt me of a miſtreſs and a dinner;
For which I hope thou felt'ſt I was diſpleas'd.
S. Dro. I'm glad to ſee you in this merry vein:
What means this jeſt, I pray you, maſter, tell me?
Ant. Yea, doſt thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'ſt thou I jeſt? hold, take thou that, and that. [*Beats* Dro.
S. Dro. Hold, Sir, for God's ſake, now your jeſt is earneſt;
Upon what bargain do you give it me?
Ant. Becauſe that I familiarly ſometimes
Do uſe you for my fool, and chat with you,

Your ſawcineſs will jeſt upon my love,
And make a comedy of my ſerious hours.
When the ſun ſhines let fooliſh gnats make ſport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams:
If you will jeſt with me, know my aſpect,
And faſhion your demeanour to my looks;
Or I will beat this method in your ſconce.
But ſoft; who wafts us yonder? [a]

(a) ----- wafts us yonder?

S. Dro. Sconce, call you it? ſo you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head; an you uſe theſe blows long, I muſt get a ſconce for my head, and inſconce it too, or elſe I ſhall ſeek my wit in my ſhoulders: but I pray, Sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Doſt thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing, Sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, and wherefore; for they ſay, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why firſt, for flouting me; and then wherefore, for urging it the ſecond time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of ſeaſon,
When in the why and wherefore is neither rhime nor reaſon?
Well, Sir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me, Sir, for what?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, for this ſomething that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for ſomething. But ſay, Sir, is it dinner-time?

S. Dro. No, Sir; I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time, Sir, what's that?

S. Dro. Baſting.

Ant. Well, Sir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be, Sir, I pray you, eat not of it.

Ant. Your reaſon?

S. Dro. Leſt it make you cholerick, and purchaſe me another dry baſting.

Ant. Well, Sir, learn to jeſt in good time; there's a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durſt have deny'd that, before you were ſo cholerick.

Ant. By what rule, Sir?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father *Time* himſelf.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the loſt hair of another man.

Ant. Why is *Time* ſuch a niggard of hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro. Becauſe it is a bleſſing that he beſtows on beaſts; and what he hath ſcanted them in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of thoſe but he hath the wit to loſe his hair.

Ant. Why, thou didſt conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the ſooner loſt; yet he loſeth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. For what reaſon?

S. Dro. For two, and ſound ones too.

Ant. Nay, not ſound ones, I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

Ant. Nay, not ſure in a thing falſing.

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S. Dro. The one to ſave the mony that he ſpends in tyring; the other, that at dinner they ſhould not drop in his porridge.

SCENE V.

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay, *Antipholis*, look ſtrange and frown;
Some other miſtreſs hath ſome ſweet aſpects,
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd wouldſt vow,
That never words were muſick to thine ear,
That never object pleaſing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat ſweet-ſavour'd in thy taſte,
Unleſs I ſpake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd.
How comes it now, my huſband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art thus eſtranged from thy ſelf?
Thy ſelf I call it, being ſtrange to me:
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear ſelf's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thy ſelf from me;
For know, my love, as eaſie may'ſt thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminiſhing,
As take from me thy ſelf, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'ſt thou but hear I were licentious?
And that this body, conſecrate to thee,
By ruffian luſt ſhould be contaminate?
Would'ſt thou not ſpit at me, and ſpurn at me,
And hurl the name of huſband in my face,
And tear the ſtain'd ſkin off my harlot-brow,

Ant. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.
S. Dro. Marry, and did, Sir; namely, no time to recover hair loſt by nature.
Ant. But your reaſon was not ſubſtantial, why there is no time to recover.
S. Dro. Thus I mend it: *Time* himſelf is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.
Ant. I knew 'twou'd be a bald concluſion.
SCENE V. *&c.*

And

And from my falſe hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou would'ſt; and therefore ſee thou do it.
I am poſſeſs'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of luſt:
For if we two be one and thou play falſe,
I do digeſt the poiſon of thy fleſh,
Being ſtrumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live unſtain'd, thou undiſhonoured.

Ant. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In *Epheſus* I am but two hours old,
As ſtrange unto your town as to your talk. [a]

Luc. Fie, brother, how the world is chang'd with you!
When were you wont to uſe my ſiſter thus?
She ſent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.

Ant. By *Dromio?*

S. Dro. By me?

Adr. By thee; and thus thou didſt return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and in his blows
Deny'd my houſe for his, me for his wife.

Ant. Did you converſe, Sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the courſe and drift of your compact?

S. Dro. I, Sir? I never ſaw her 'till this time.

Ant. Villain, thou lieſt; for even her very words
Didſt thou deliver to me on the mart.

S. Dro. I never ſpake with her in all my life.

Ant. How can ſhe thus then call us by our names,
Unleſs it be by inſpiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus groſly with your ſlave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!

(a) ----- as to your talk.
Who, every word by all my wit being ſcann'd,
Wants wit in all one word to underſtand.
Luc. Fie, brother, *&c.*

Be

Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will faſten on this ſleeve of thine;
Thou art an elm, my huſband, I a vine:
Whoſe weakneſs marry'd to thy ſtronger ſtate,
Makes me with thy ſtrength to communicate;
If ought poſſeſs thee from me, it is droſs,
Uſurping ivy, brier, or idle moſs,
Which all for want of pruning, with intruſion,
Infect thy ſap, and live on thy confuſion.
Ant. To me ſhe ſpeaks; ſhe moves me for her theam;
What, was I marry'd to her in my dream?
Or ſleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiſs?
Until I know this ſure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy.
Luc. Dromio, go bid the ſervants ſpread for dinner.[a]
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilſt man and maſter laugh my woes to ſcorn.
Come, Sir, to dinner; *Dromio*, keep the gate;
Huſband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And ſhrive you of a thouſand idle pranks;
Sirrah, if any aſk you for your maſter,

(a) ----- ſervants ſpread for dinner.
S. Dro. Oh for my beads! I croſs me for a ſinner.
This is the *Fairy* land: oh ſpight of ſpights!
We talk with goblins, owls, and elviſh ſprights;
If we obey them not, this will enſue,
They'll ſuck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.
Luc. Why prat'ſt thou to thy ſelf,
Dromio, thou *Dromio*, ſnail, thou ſlug, thou ſot?
S. Dro. I am transformed, maſter, am I not?
Ant. I think thou art in mind, and ſo am I.
S. Dro. Nay, maſter, both in mind and in my ſhape.
Ant. Thou haſt thine own form.
S. Dro. No; I am an ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an aſs.
S. Dro. 'Tis true, ſhe rides me, and I long for graſs.
'Tis ſo, I am an aſs; elſe it could never be,
But I ſhould know her as well as ſhe knows me.
Adr. Come, come, *&c.*

Say

Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come, ſiſter; *Dromio*, play the porter well.
Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well adviſ'd?
Known unto theſe, and to my ſelf diſguiſ'd?
I'll ſay as they ſay, and perſever ſo;
And in this miſt at all adventures go.
S. Dro. Maſter, ſhall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay, let none enter, leſt I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, *Antipholis*, we dine too late. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street before Antipholis's *Houſe.*

Enter Antipholis *of* Epheſus, Dromio *of* Epheſus, Angelo, *and* Balthazar.

E. ANTIPHOLIS.

GOod Signior *Angelo*, you muſt excuſe us;
My wife is ſhrewiſh when I keep not hours;
Say, that I linger'd with you at your ſhop
To ſee the making of her carkanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thouſand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and houſe:
Thou drunkard thou, what didſt thou mean by this? [a]
I think thou art an aſs.

(a) ----- didſt thou mean by this?
E. Dro. Say what you will, Sir, but I know what I know,
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to ſhow;
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your hand-writing would tell you what I think.
E. Ant. I think, *&c.*

E. Dro.

E. Dro. Marry, doth it ſo appear
By the wrongs I ſuffer, and the blows I bear?
I ſhould kick being kickt; and being at that paſs,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an aſs.
E. Ant. Y'are ſad, Signior *Balthazar*. Pray God our cheer
May anſwer my good will, and your good welcome.[a]
But ſoft; my door is lockt; go bid them let us in.
E. Dro. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian!
S. Dro. [*Within.*] Mome, malt-horſe, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch,
Either get thee from the door, or ſit down at the hatch:
Doſt thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'ſt for ſuch ſtore,
When one is one too many? go, get thee from the door.[b]

(a) ----- and your good welcome.
Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, Sir, and your welcome dear.
E. Ant. Ah Signior *Balthazar*, either at fleſh or fiſh,
A table-full of welcome makes ſcarce one dainty diſh.
Bal. Good meat, Sir, is common; that every churl affords.
E. Ant. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.
Bal. Small cheer, and good welcome, makes a merry feaſt.
E. Ant. Ay, to a niggardly hoſt, and more ſparing gueſt:
But tho' my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But ſoft; my door is lockt; *&c.*

(b) ----- get thee from the door.
E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? my maſter ſtays in the ſtreet.
S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came, leſt he catch cold on's feet.
E. Ant. Who talks within there? hoa, open the door.
S. Dro. Right, Sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.
E. Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to-day.
S. Dro. Nor to-day here you muſt not: come again when you may.
E. Ant. What art thou that keep'ſt me out from the houſe I owe?
S. Dro. The porter for this time, Sir, and my name is *Dromio*.
E. Dro. O villain, thou haſt ſtol'n both mine office and my name.
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame;
If thou hadſt been *Dromio* to-day in my place,
Thou would'ſt have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an aſs.
Luce. [*Within.*] What a coile is there, *Dromio?* who are thoſe at the gate?
E. Dro. Let my maſter in, *Luce*.
Luce. 'Faith, no; he comes too late;
And ſo tell your maſter.
E. Dro. O Lord, I muſt laugh;
Have at you with a *Proverb*. Shall I ſet in my ſtaff?
Luce. Have at you with another; that's when? can you tell?
S. Dro. If thy name be called *Luce*, *Luce*, thou haſt anſwer'd him well.
E. Ant. Do you hear, you minion, you'll let us in, I hope?
Luce. I thought to have askt you.
S. Dro. And you ſaid, no.
E. Dro. So, come, help, well ſtruck; there was blow for blow.
E. Ant. Thou baggage, let me in.

Adr. [*Within.*] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noiſe?
S. Dro. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.
E. Ant. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.
Adr. Your wife, Sir knave! go get you from the gate.[a]
E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.
Bal. Have patience, Sir: oh, let it not be thus.
Herein you war againſt your reputation,
And draw within the compaſs of ſuſpect
Th' unviolated honour of your wife.
Once, this; your long experience of her wiſdom,
Her ſober virtue, years and modeſty,
Plead on her part ſome cauſe to you unknown;
And doubt not, Sir, but ſhe will well excuſe
Why at this time the doors are barr'd againſt you.
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let us to the *Tyger* all to dinner,
And about evening come your ſelf alone,
To know the reaſon of this ſtrange reſtraint.

Luce. Can you tell for whoſe ſake?
E. Dro. Maſter, knock the door hard.
Luce. Let him knock 'till it ake.
E. Ant. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.
Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of ſtocks in the town?
Adr. [*Within.*] Who is that, *&c.*

(a) ----- go get you from the gate.
E. Dro. If you went in pain, maſter, this knave would go ſore.
Ang. Here is neither cheer, Sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.
Bal. In debating which was beſt, we ſhall part with neither.
E. Dro. They ſtand at the door, maſter; bid them welcome hither.
E. Ant. There's ſomething in the wind that we cannot get in.
E. Dro. You would ſay ſo, maſter, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warm within: you ſtand here in the cold.
It would make a man as mad as buck to be ſo bought and ſold.
E. Ant. Go fetch me ſomething, I'll break ope the gate.
S. Dro. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.
E. Dro. A man may break a word with you, Sir, and words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, ſo he break it not behind.
S. Dro. It ſeems thou wanteſt breaking; out upon thee, hind.
E. Dro. Here's too much: out upon thee; I pray thee, let me in.
S. Dro. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fiſh have no fin.
E. Ant. Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow.
E. Dro. A crow without feather, maſter, mean you ſo?
For a fiſh without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, ſirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.
E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, *&c.*

If by ſtrong hand you offer to break in
Now in the ſtirring paſſage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that ſuppoſed by the common rout,
Againſt your yet ungalled eſtimation,
That may with foul intruſion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For ſlander lives upon ſucceſſion,
For ever hous'd where it once gets poſſeſſion.

E. Ant. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And in deſpight of wrath mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent diſcourſe,
Pretty and witty, wild, and yet too, gentle;
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but I proteſt without deſert)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner. Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made;
Bring it, I pray you, to the *Porcupine*;
For there's the houſe: that chain I will beſtow,
(Be it for nothing but to ſpight my wife,)
Upon mine hoſteſs there. Good Sir, make haſte:
Since my own doors refuſe to entertain me,
I'll knock elſewhere, to ſee if they'll diſdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, ſome hour, Sir, hence.

E. Ant. Do ſo; this jeſt ſhall coſt me ſome expence. [*Exe.*

SCENE II.

The Houſe of Antipholis *of* Epheſus.

Enter Luciana, *with* Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.

Luc. AND may it be, that you have quite forgot
A huſband's office? ſhall, *Antipholis*, hate
Ev'n in the ſpring of love, thy love-ſprings rot?

Shall love, in building, grow ſo ruinate?
If you did wed my ſiſter for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's-ſake uſe her with more kindneſs;
Or if you like elſewhere, do it by ſtealth,
Muffle your falſe love with ſome ſhew of blindneſs;
Let not my ſiſter read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own ſhame's orator;
Look ſweet, ſpeak fair; become diſloyalty:
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair preſence, tho' your heart be tainted;
Teach ſin the carriage of a holy Saint;
Be ſecret falſe: what need ſhe be acquainted?
What ſimple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a baſtard-fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word:
Alas poor women, make us but believe
(Being compact of credit) that you love us;
Tho' others have the arm, ſhew us the ſleeve:
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my ſiſter, chear her, call her wife:
'Tis holy ſport, to be a little vain,
When the ſweet breath of flattery conquers ſtrife.

S. Ant. Sweet miſtreſs; what your name is elſe I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:
Leſs in your knowledge and your grace you ſhow not
Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and ſpeak;
Lay open to my earthy groſs conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, ſhallow, weak,
The foulded meaning of your words deceit;
Againſt my ſoul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?

Are

Are you a God? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your pow'r I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping ſiſter is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed a homage do I owe;
Far more, far more to you do I decline:
Oh, train me not, ſweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy ſiſter's flood of tears;
Sing, *Siren*, for thy ſelf, and I will dote;
Spread o'er the ſilver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lye:
And in that glorious ſuppoſition think
He gains by death that hath ſuch means to die;
Let love, being light, be drowned if ſhe ſink.

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reaſon ſo?

S. Ant. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that ſpringeth from your eye.

S. Ant. For gazing on your beams, fair ſun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you ſhould, and that will clear your ſight.

S. Ant. As good to wink, ſweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my ſiſter ſo.

S. Ant. Thy ſiſter's ſiſter.

Luc. That's my ſiſter.

S. Ant. No;
It is thy ſelf, mine own ſelf's better part:
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my ſweet hope's aim,
My ſole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my ſiſter is, or elſe ſhould be.

S. Ant. Call thy ſelf ſiſter, ſweet; for I mean thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life.
Thou haſt no huſband yet, nor I no wife;
Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh, ſoft, Sir, hold you ſtill;
I'll fetch my ſiſter, to get her good will. [*Exit* Luc.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

S. Ant. Why, how now, *Dromio*, where runn'ſt thou ſo faſt?

S. Dro. Do you know me, Sir? am I *Dromio?* am I your man? am I my ſelf?

S. Ant. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art thy ſelf.

S. Dro. I am an aſs, I am a woman's man and beſides my ſelf.

S. Ant. What woman's man? and how beſides thy ſelf?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, beſides my ſelf, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

S. Ant. What claim lays ſhe to thee?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, ſuch claim as you would lay to your horſe; and ſhe would have me as a beaſt: not that I being a beaſt ſhe would have me, but that ſhe being a very beaſtly creature, lays claim to me.

S. Ant. What is ſhe?

S. Dro. A very reverent body; ay, ſuch a one as a man may not ſpeak of, without he ſay, Sir reverence: I have but lean luck in the match; and yet is ſhe a wond'rous fat marriage.

S. Ant. How doſt thou mean, a fat marriage?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, ſhe's the kitchen-wench, and all greaſe, and I know not what uſe to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a *Poland* winter: if ſhe lives 'till doomſday, ſhe'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

S. Ant. What complection is ſhe of?

S. Dro. Swart, like my ſhoe, but her face nothing like ſo clean kept; for why? ſhe ſweats, a man may go over-ſhoes in the grime of it.

S. Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

S. Dro. No, Sir, 'tis in grain; *Noah*'s flood could not do it.

S. Ant. What's her name?

S. Dro. *Nell*, Sir; but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not meaſure her from hip to hip.

S. Ant.

S. Ant. Then ſhe bears ſome breadth?

S. Dro. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip; ſhe is ſpherical, like a globe: I could find out countries in her.

S. Ant. In what part of her body ſtands *Ireland?*

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

S. Ant. Where *Scotland?*

S. Dro. I found it by the barrenneſs, hard in the palm of her hand.

S. Ant. Where *France?*

S. Dro. In her forehead, arm'd and reverted, making war againſt her hair. [a]

S. Ant. Where *England?*

S. Dro. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteneſs in them; but I gueſs, it ſtood in her chin, by the ſalt rheum that ran between *France* and it.

S. Ant. Where *Spain?*

S. Dro. 'Faith, I ſaw it not, but I felt it hot in her breath.

S. Ant. Where *America*, the *Indies?*

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, upon her noſe, all o'er embelliſh'd with rubies, carbuncles, ſaphires, declining their rich aſpect to the hot breath of *Spain*, who ſent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballaſt at her noſe.

S. Ant. Where ſtood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands?*

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, I did not look ſo low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me, call'd me *Dromio*, ſwore I was aſſur'd to her, told me what privy marks I had about me, as the marks of my ſhoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I amaz'd ran from her as a witch. And I think, if my breaſt had not been made of flint, and my heart of ſteel, ſhe had transform'd me to a cur-tail dog, and made me turn i' th' wheel.

S. Ant. Go hie thee preſently; poſt to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from ſhore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.

(a) *A jingle intended between the words* Hair *and* Heir; France *being then in arms againſt the* Heir *of the Crown* Henry IV.

If

If any bark put forth, come to the mart;
Where I will walk 'till thou return to me:
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.
S. Dro. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

S. Ant. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence:
She that doth call me huſband, even my ſoul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair ſiſter,
Poſſeſt with ſuch a gentle ſovereign grace,
Of ſuch inchanting preſence and diſcourſe,
Hath almoſt made me traitor to my ſelf:
But leſt my ſelf be guilty of ſelf-wrong,
I'll ſtop mine ears againſt the mermaid's ſong.

Enter Angelo *with a chain.*

Ang. Maſter *Antipholis!*
S. Ant. Ay, that's my name.
Ang. I know it well, Sir; lo, here is the chain;
I thought t' have ta'en you at the *Porcupine*;
The chain unfiniſh'd made me ſtay thus long.
S. Ant. What is your will that I ſhall do with this?
Ang. What pleaſe your ſelf, Sir; I have made it for you.
S. Ant. Made it for me, Sir! I beſpoke it not.
Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and pleaſe your wife withal;
And ſoon at ſupper-time I'll viſit you,
And then receive my mony for the chain.
S. Ant. I pray you, Sir, receive the mony now,
For fear you ne'er ſee chain nor mony more.
Ang. You are a merry man, Sir; fare you well. [*Exit.*
S. Ant. What I ſhould think of this, I cannot tell:

But

But this I think, there's no man is ſo vain
That would refuſe ſo fair an offer'd chain.
I ſee a man here needs not live by ſhifts,
When in the ſtreets he meets ſuch golden gifts:
I'll to the mart, and there for *Dromio* ſtay;
If any ſhip put out, then ſtrait away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, *and an Officer.*

MERCHANT.

YOU know ſince *Pentecoſt* the ſum is due;
And ſince I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To *Perſia*, and want gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make preſent ſatisfaction;
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Ev'n juſt the ſum that I do owe to you,
Is owing to me by *Antipholis*;
And in the inſtant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain: at five a clock
I ſhall receive the mony for the ſame:
Pleaſe you but walk with me down to his houſe,
I will diſcharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antiph. Eph. *and* Dro. Eph. *as from the Courtezan's.*

Offi. That labour you may ſave: ſee where he comes.

E. Ant. While I go to the goldſmith's houſe, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that I will beſtow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors to-day.

But ſoft; I ſee the goldſmith: get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

E. Dro. I buy a thouſand pound a year! I buy a rope!

[*Exit* Dromio.

E. Ant. A man is well holp up that truſts to you:
I promiſed your preſence, and the chain:
But neither chain nor goldſmith came to me:
Belike you thought our love would laſt too long
If it were chain'd together; therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmoſt carat,
The fineneſs of the gold, the chargeful faſhion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I ſtand debted to this gentleman;
I pray you, ſee him preſently diſcharg'd;
For he is bound to ſea, and ſtays but for it.

E. Ant. I am not furniſh'd with the preſent mony;
Beſides, I have ſome buſineſs in the town;
Good Signior, take the ſtranger to my houſe,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Diſburſe the ſum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance I will be there as ſoon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her your ſelf.

E. Ant. No; bear it with you, leſt I come not in time.

Ang. Well, Sir, I will: have you the chain about you?

E. Ant. An if I have not, Sir, I hope you have:
Or elſe you may return without your mony.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, Sir, give me the chain,
Both wind and tide ſtay for the gentleman;
And I to blame have held him here too long.

E. Ant. Good Lord, you uſe this dalliance to excuſe
Your breach of promiſe to the *Porcupine*:
I ſhould have chid you for not bringing it;
But, like a ſhrew, you firſt begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour ſteals on; I pray you, Sir, diſpatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me; the chain.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your mony.
Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you ev'n now.
Or ſend the chain, or ſend me by ſome token.
E. Ant. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath:
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me ſee it.
Mer. My buſineſs cannot brook this dalliance:
Good Sir, ſay, if you'll anſwer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.
E. Ant. I anſwer you? why ſhould I anſwer you?
Ang. The mony that you owe me for the chain.
E. Ant. I owe you none 'till I receive the chain.
Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour ſince.
E. Ant. You gave me none; you wrong me much to ſay ſo.
Ang. You wrong me more, Sir, in denying it;
Conſider how it ſtands upon my credit.
Mer. Well, officer, arreſt him at my ſuit.
Offi. I do,
And charge you in the Duke's name to obey me.
Ang. This touches me in reputation.
Either conſent to pay the ſum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
E. Ant. Conſent to pay for that I never had!
Arreſt me, fooliſh fellow, if thou dar'ſt.
Ang. Here is thy fee; arreſt him, officer;
I would not ſpare my brother in this caſe,
If he ſhould ſcorn me ſo apparently.
Offi. I do arreſt you, Sir; you hear the ſuit.
E. Ant. I do obey thee 'till I give thee bail.
But, ſirrah, you ſhall buy this ſport as dear
As all the metal in your ſhop will anſwer.
Ang. Sir, Sir, I ſhall have law in *Epheſus*,
To your notorious ſhame, I doubt it not.

SCENE II.

Enter Dromio Syra. *from the Bay.*

S. Dro. Maſter, there is a bark of *Epidamnum*,
That ſtays but 'till her owner comes aboard;
Then, Sir, ſhe bears away. Our fraughtage, Sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The *Oyl*, the *Balſamum*, and *Aqua-vitæ*.
The ſhip is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land; they ſtay for nought at all,
But for their owner, maſter, and your ſelf.

E. Ant. How now! a mad man! why, thou peeviſh ſheep,
What ſhip of *Epidamnum* ſtays for me?

S. Dro. A ſhip you ſent me to, to hire waftage.

E. Ant. Thou drunken ſlave, I ſent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpoſe, and what end.

S. Dro. You ſent me for a rope's-end as ſoon:
You ſent me to the bay, Sir, for a bark.

E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leiſure,
And teach your ears to liſt me with more heed.
To *Adriana*, villain, hie thee ſtrait,
Give her this key, and tell her in the deſk
That's cover'd o'er with *Turkiſh* tapeſtry
There is a purſe of ducats, let her ſend it:
Tell her I am arreſted in the ſtreet,
And that ſhall bail me; hie thee, ſlave; be gone:
On, officer, to priſon, 'till it come. [*Exeunt.*

S. Dro. To *Adriana!* that is where we din'd,
Where *Dowſabel* did claim me for her huſband;
She is too big, I hope, for me to compaſs.
Thither I muſt, altho' againſt my will,
For ſervants muſt their maſters minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

E. Antipholis's *Houſe.*

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

Adr. AH, *Luciana*, did he tempt thee ſo?
Might'ſt thou perceive auſterely in his eye
That he did plead in earneſt, yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or ſad or merrily?
What obſervation mad'ſt thou in this caſe,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. Firſt he deny'd you had in him a right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none, the more my ſpight.

Luc. Then ſwore he that he was a ſtranger here.

Adr. And true he ſwore, though yet forſworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what ſaid he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what perſuaſion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words that in an honeſt ſuit might move.
Firſt he did praiſe my beauty, then my ſpeech.

Adr. Did'ſt ſpeak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beſeech.

Adr. I cannot nor I will not hold me ſtill;
My tongue, though not my heart, ſhall have its will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and ſere,
Ill-fac'd, worſe-body'd, ſhapeleſs every where;
Vicious, ungentle, fooliſh, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worſe in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of ſuch a one?
No evil loſt is wail'd, when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I ſay,
And yet would he in others eyes were worſe!
Far from her neſt the lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him, tho' my tongue do curſe.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter S. Dromio.

S. Dro. Here, go; the deſk, the purſe; ſweet now, make haſte.
Luc. How haſt thou loſt thy breath?
S. Dro. By running faſt.
Adr. Where is thy maſter, *Dromio?* is he well?
S. Dro. No; he's in *Tartar Limbo*, worſe than hell;
A devil in an everlaſting garment hath him,
One whoſe hard heart is button'd up with ſteel:
A fiend, a fury, pitileſs and rough,
A wolf, nay, worſe, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a ſhoulder-clapper, one that commands
The paſſages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that before the judgment carries poor ſouls to hell.
Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?
S. Dro. I do not know the matter; he is reſted on the caſe.
Adr. What, is he arreſted? tell me at whoſe ſuit?
S. Dro. I know not at whoſe ſuit he is arreſted; but he's in a ſuit of buff which reſted him, that I can tell. Will you ſend him, miſtreſs, redemption, the mony in his deſk?
Adr. Go fetch it, ſiſter. This I wonder at, [*Exit* Luc.
That he unknown to me ſhould be in debt.
Tell me, was he arreſted on a bond?
S. Dro. Not on a bond, but on a ſtronger thing,
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?
Adr. What, the chain?
S. Dro. No, no; the bell; 'tis time that I were gone. (a)

(a) ----- that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock ſtrikes one.
Adr. The hours come back! that I did never hear.
S. Dro. O yes, if any hour meet a ſerjeant, it turns back for very fear.
Adr. As if *Time* were in debt! how fondly doſt thou reaſon!
S. Dro. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth.
Nay, he's a thief too; have you not heard men ſay,
That *Time* comes ſtealing on by night and day?
If *Time* be in debt and theft, and a ſerjeant in the way,
Hath he not reaſon to turn back an hour in a day?
Enter, &c.

Enter

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, *Dromio*; there's the mony, bear it ſtrait,
And bring thy maſter home immediately.
Come, ſiſter, I am preſt down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The STREET.

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.

S. Ant. THere's not a man I meet but doth ſalute me,
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender mony to me, ſome invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindneſſes;
Some offer me commodities to buy.
Ev'n now a taylor call'd me in his ſhop,
And ſhow'd me ſilks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took meaſure of my body.
Sure theſe are but imaginary wiles,
And *Lapland* ſorcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

S. Dro. Maſter, here's the gold you ſent me for; what, have you got rid of the picture of old *Adam* new apparel'd?[a]

S. Ant. What gold is this? what *Adam* doſt thou mean?

S. Dro. Not that *Adam* that kept the paradiſe, but that *Adam* that keeps the priſon; he that goes in the calves-ſkin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, Sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forſake your liberty.

S. Ant. I underſtand thee not.

(a) *Alluding to the Coat of* Skins *made for* Adam *after the Fall, and the* leathern *Coat worn by the Officer who made the arreſt.*

S. Dro.

S. Dro. No? why, 'tis a plain caſe; he that went like a baſe-viol in a caſe of leather; the man, Sir, that when gentlemen are tired gives them a bob, and [a] reſts them; he, Sir, that takes pity on decay'd men, and gives them ſuits of durance; he that ſets up his [a] reſt to do more exploits with his mace, than a [b] *Maurice*-pike.

S. Ant. What! thou mean'ſt an officer?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, the ſerjeant of the band; he that brings any man to anſwer it that breaks his bond; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and ſaith, God give you good reſt!

S. Ant. Well, Sir, there reſt in your foolery.
Is there any ſhip puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why, Sir, I brought you word an hour ſince, that the bark *Expedition* puts forth to-night, and then were you hinder'd by the ſerjeant, to tarry for the hoy *Delay*; here are the angels that you ſent for, to deliver you.

S. Ant. The fellow is diſtract, and ſo am I,
And here we wander in illuſions;
Some bleſſed power deliver us from hence!

SCENE VI.

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, maſter *Antipholis.*
I ſee, Sir, you have found the goldſmith now:
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

S. Ant. Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not. [c]

(a) *In* reſts *and* reſt *is intended a quibble for* arreſts *and* arreſt.
(b) *Alluding to the* Pike-men *in Prince* Maurice's *army which were a famous body of ſoldiers at that time.*

(c) ----- tempt me not.
S. Dro. Maſter, is this miſtreſs *Satan?*
S. Ant. It is the devil.
S. Dro. Nay, ſhe is worſe, ſhe's the devil's dam; and here ſhe comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes that the wenches ſay, God dam me, that's as much as to ſay, God make me a light wench. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light; light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; come not near her.
Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, Sir.
Will you go with me, we'll mend our dinner here?
S. Dro. Maſter, if you do expect ſpoon-meat, beſpeak a long ſpoon.
S. Ant. Why, *Dromio?*
S. Dro. Marry, he muſt have a long ſpoon that muſt eat with the devil.

S. Ant.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my diamond the chain you promis'd,
And I'll be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some devils aſk but the parings of one's nail, a ruſh, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherry-ſtone; but ſhe more covetous would have a chain. Maſter, be wiſe; an if you give it her, the devil will ſhake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, Sir, my ring, or elſe the chain;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me ſo.

S. Ant. Avant, thou witch! come, *Dromio*, let us go. [a]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Cour. Now out of doubt *Antipholis* is mad,
Elſe would he never ſo demean himſelf.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the ſame he promis'd me a chain;
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reaſon that I gather he is mad,
(Beſides this preſent inſtance of his rage)
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being ſhut againſt his entrance.
Belike his wife acquainted with his fits
On purpoſe ſhut the doors againſt his way.
My way is now to hie home to his houſe,
And tell his wife that being lunatick
He ruſh'd into my houſe, and took perforce
My ring away. This courſe I fitteſt chuſe,
For forty ducats is too much to loſe. [*Exit.*

S. Ant. Avoid, thou fiend! what tell'ſt thou me of ſupping?
Thou art (as you are all) a ſorcereſs:
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.
Cour. Give me, *&c.*

(a) ----- let us go.
S. Dro. Fly pride, ſays the peacock; miſtreſs, that you know. [*Exeunt.*
SCENE VII. *&c.*

SCENE VIII.

The STREET.

Enter Antipholis *of* Epheſus *with a Jailor.*

E. Ant. FEar me not, man; I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, ſo much mony,
To warrant thee, as I am 'reſted for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly truſt the meſſenger.
That I ſhould be attach'd in *Epheſus*,
I tell you 'twill ſound harſhly in her ears.

Enter Dromio *of* Epheſus *with a rope's-end.*

Here comes my man, I think he brings the mony.
How now, Sir, have you that I ſent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.

E. Ant. But where's the mony?

E. Dro. Why, Sir, I gave the mony for the rope.

E. Ant. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

E. Dro. I'll ſerve you, Sir, five hundred at the rate.

E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a rope's-end, Sir, and to that end am I return'd.

E. Ant. And to that end, Sir, I will welcome you. [*Beats* Dro.

Offi. Good Sir, be patient.

E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient, I am in adverſity.

Offi. Good now, hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather perſuade him to hold his hands.

E. Ant. Thou whorſon, ſenſeleſs villain!

E. Dro. I would I were ſenſeleſs, Sir, that I might not feel your blows.

E. Ant. Thou art ſenſible in nothing but blows, and ſo is an aſs.

E. Dro. I am an aſs indeed, you may prove it by my long ears. I have ſerv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this inſtant, and

have

have nothing at his hands for my ſervice but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am wak'd with it when I ſleep, rais'd with it when I ſit, driven out of doors with it when I go from home, welcom'd home with it when I return; nay, I bear it on my ſhoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and I think when he hath lam'd me, I ſhall beg with it from door to door.

SCENE IX.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, *Courtezan and* Pinch.

E. Ant. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro. Miſtreſs, *reſpice finem*, reſpect your end, or rather propheſie like the parrot[a], beware the rope's-end.

E. Ant. Wilt thou ſtill talk? [*Beats* Dro.

Cour. How ſay you now? is not your huſband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no leſs.
Good doctor *Pinch*, you are a conjurer,
Eſtabliſh him in his true ſenſe again,
And I will pleaſe you in what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how ſharp he looks!

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecſtaſie!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulſe.

E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield poſſeſſion to my holy prayers,
And to thy ſtate of darkneſs hie thee ſtrait,
I conjure thee by all the Saints in heav'n.

E. Ant. Peace, doating wizard, peace, I am not mad.

Adr. Oh that thou wert not, poor diſtreſſed ſoul!

E. Ant. You minion you, are theſe your cuſtomers?
Did this companion with the ſaffron face
Revel and feaſt it at my houſe to-day,
Whilſt upon me the guilty doors were ſhut,

(a) *It was a word which was taught to Parrots to throw out by way of abuſe upon people as they paſſed along*, A rope, a rope!

And I deny'd to enter in my houſe?
Adr. Oh huſband, God doth know you din'd at home,
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from theſe ſlanders and this open ſhame.
E. Ant. Din'd I at home? thou villain, what ſay'ſt thou?
E. Dro. Sir, ſooth to ſay, you did not dine at home.
E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I ſhut out?
E. Dro. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you ſhut out.
E. Ant. And did not ſhe her ſelf revile me there?
E. Dro. *Sans* fable, ſhe her ſelf revil'd you there.
E. Ant. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and ſcorn me?
E. Dro. *Certes* ſhe did, the kitchen-veſtal ſcorn'd you.
E. Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?
E. Dro. In verity you did, my bones bear witneſs,
That ſince have felt the vigour of your rage.
Adr. Is't good to ſooth him in theſe contraries?
Pinch. It is no ſhame; the fellow finds his vein,
And yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.
E. Ant. Thou haſt ſuborn'd the goldſmith to arreſt me.
Adr. Alas, I ſent you mony to redeem you,
By *Dromio* here, who came in haſte for it.
E. Dro. Mony by me? heart and good-will you might,
But ſurely, maſter, not a rag of mony.
E. Ant. Went'ſt not thou to her for a purſe of ducats?
Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
Luc. And I am witneſs with her that ſhe did.
E. Dro. God and the rope-maker do bear me witneſs,
That I was ſent for nothing but a rope.
Pinch. Miſtreſs, both man and maſter are poſſeſt,
I know it by their pale and deadly looks;
They muſt be bound and laid in ſome dark room.
E. Ant. Say, wherefore didſt thou lock me forth to-day,
And why doſt thou deny the bag of gold?
Adr. I did not, gentle huſband, lock thee forth.
E. Dro. And, gentle maſter, I receiv'd no gold,
But I confeſs, Sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr.

Adr. Diſſembling villain, thou ſpeak'ſt falſe in both.
E. Ant. Diſſembling harlot, thou art falſe in all,
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathſome abject ſcorn of me:
But with theſe nails I'll pluck out thoſe falſe eyes,
That would behold in me this ſhameful ſport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him: he ſtrives.

Adr. Oh, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.
Pinch. More company, the fiend is ſtrong within him.
Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!
E. Ant. What, will you murther me? thou jailor thou,
I am thy priſoner, wilt thou ſuffer them
To make a reſcue?
Offi. Maſters; let him go:
He is my priſoner, and you ſhall not have him.
Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantick too.
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peeviſh officer?
Haſt thou delight to ſee a wretched man
Do outrage and diſpleaſure to himſelf?
Offi. He is my priſoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will diſcharge thee, ere I go from thee;
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor, [*They bind* Ant. *and* Dro.
And knowing how the debt grows I will pay it.
Good maſter doctor, ſee him ſafe convey'd
Home to my houſe. Oh moſt unhappy day!
E. Ant. Oh moſt unhappy ſtrumpet!
E. Dro. Maſter, I'm here enter'd in bond for you.
E. Ant. Out on thee, villain! wherefore doſt thou mad me?
E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing thus? be mad,
Good maſter, cry the devil.
Luc. God help, poor ſouls, how idly do they talk!
Adr. Go bear him hence; ſiſter, ſtay you with me.
Say now, whoſe ſuit is he arreſted at? [*Exe.* Pinch, Ant. *and* Dro.

SCENE

SCENE X.

Manent Officer, Adri. Luci. *and Courtezan.*

Offi. One *Angelo*, a goldſmith; do you know him?
Adr. I know the man; what is the ſum he owes?
Offi. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say how grows it due?
Offi. Due for a chain your huſband had of him.
Adr. He did beſpeak a chain, but had it not.
Cour. When as your huſband all in rage to-day
Came to my houſe, and took away my ring,
(The ring I ſaw upon his finger now)
Strait after did I meet him with a chain.
Adr. It may be ſo, but I did never ſee it.
Come, jailor, bring me where the goldſmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

SCENE XI.

Enter Antipholis Syracuſan *with his rapier drawn, and* Dromio Syrac.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are looſe again.
Adr. And come with naked ſwords; let's call more help
To have them bound again.
Offi. Away, they'll kill us. [*They run out.*

Manent Ant. *and* Dro.

S. Ant. I ſee theſe witches are afraid of ſwords.
S. Dro. She that would be your wife now ran from you.
S. Ant. Come to the *Centaur*, fetch our ſtuff from thence:
I long that we were ſafe and ſound aboard.
S. Dro. 'Faith, ſtay here this night, they will ſurely do us no harm; you ſaw they ſpake us fair, gave us gold; methinks they are ſuch a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad fleſh

that

that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to ſtay here ſtill, and turn witch.

S. Ant. I will not ſtay to-night for all the town,
Therefore away, to get our ſtuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street, before a Priory.

Enter the Merchant and Angelo.

ANGELO.

I Am ſorry, Sir, that I have hinder'd you,
But I proteſt he had the chain of me,
Though moſt diſhoneſtly he did deny it.

Mer. How is the man eſteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, Sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak ſoftly; yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholis *and* Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

Ang. 'Tis ſo; and that ſelf chain about his neck,
Which he forſwore moſt monſtrouſly to have.
Good Sir, draw near to me, I'll ſpeak to him.
Signior *Antipholis*, I wonder much
That you would put me to this ſhame and trouble,
And not without ſome ſcandal to your ſelf,
With circumſtance and oaths ſo to deny
This chain, which now you wear ſo openly;
Beſides the charge, the ſhame, impriſonment,
You have done wrong to this my honeſt friend,
Who but for ſtaying on our controverſie

Had

Had hoiſted ſail, and put to ſea to-day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

S. Ant. I think I had, I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, Sir, and forſwore it too.

S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it or forſwear it?

Mer. Theſe ears of mine thou knoweſt well did hear thee:
Fie on thee, wretch, 'tis pity that thou liv'ſt
To walk where any honeſt men reſort.

S. Ant. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus.
I'll prove mine honour and my honeſty
Againſt thee preſently, if thou dar'ſt ſtand.

Mer. I dare, and do defie thee for a villain. [*They draw.*

SCENE II.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, *Courtezan and others.*

Adr. Hold, hurt him not for God's ſake, he is mad;
Some get within him, take his ſword away:
Bind *Dromio* too, and bear them to my houſe.

S. Dro. Run, maſter, run, for God's ſake take a houſe;
This is ſome Priory; in, or we are ſpoil'd. [*Exeunt to the Priory.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lady Abbeſs.

Abb. Be quiet, people, wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor diſtracted huſband hence;
Let us come in, that we may bind him faſt,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I'm ſorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this poſſeſſion held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, ſower, ſad,
And much, much different from the man he was:
But 'till this afternoon his paſſion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb.

Abb. Hath he not loſt much wealth by wreck at ſea?
Bury'd ſome dear friend? hath not elſe his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A ſin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of theſe ſorrows is he ſubject to?
Adr. To none of theſe, except it be the laſt,
Namely, ſome love that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You ſhould for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, ſo I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly as my modeſty would let me.
Abb. Haply in private.
Adr. And in aſſemblies too.
Abb. Ay, ay, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copy[a] of our conference.
In bed he ſlept not for my urging it,
At board he fed not for my urging it;
Alone it was the ſubject of my theam;
In company I often glanc'd at it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad,
The venom'd clamours of a jealous woman
Poiſon more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It ſeems his ſleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou ſay'ſt his meat was ſauc'd with thy upbraidings,
Unquiet meals make ill digeſtions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madneſs?
Thou ſay'ſt his ſports were hinder'd with thy brawls.
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,
But moody, moping, and dull melancholy,
A'kin to grim and comfortleſs deſpair,

(a) *By* copy *here is to be underſtood* abundance, fulneſs, *as* copia *ſignifies in Latin: and in this ſenſe* Ben. Johnſon *and other Authors of that time frequently uſe it.*

And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale diſtemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in ſport, and life-preſerving reſt
To be diſturb'd would mad or man or beaſt:
The conſequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have ſcar'd thy huſband from the uſe of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himſelf rough, rude and wildly.
Why bear you thoſe rebukes, and anſwer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.
Good people, enter and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my houſe.

Adr. Then let your ſervants bring my huſband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for ſanctuary,
And it ſhall privilege him from your hands,
'Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or loſe my labour in aſſaying it.

Adr. I will attend my huſband, be his nurſe,
Diet his ſickneſs, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but my ſelf,
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient, for I will not let him ſtir,
'Till I have us'd th' approved means I have,
With wholſome ſyrups, drugs, and holy prayers
To make of him a formal man again;
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my huſband here;
And ill it doth beſeem your holineſs
To ſeparate the huſband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet and depart, thou ſhalt not have him. [*Exit* Abb.

Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come go, I will fall proſtrate at his feet,
And never riſe, until my tears and prayers

Have

Have won his Grace to come in perſon hither,
And take perforce my huſband from the Abbeſs.

Enter Merchant and Angelo.

Mer. By this I think the dial points at five:
Anon I'm ſure the Duke himſelf in perſon
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
The place of death and ſorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cauſe?

Mer. To ſee a reverend *Syracuſan* merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Againſt the laws and ſtatutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.

Ang. See where they come, we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the Duke before he paſs the abbey.

SCENE III.

Enter the Duke, and Ægeon *bare-headed, with the Headſman, and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the ſum for him
He ſhall not die, ſo much we tender him.

Adr. Juſtice, moſt ſacred Duke, againſt the Abbeſs.

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be that ſhe hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it pleaſe your Grace, *Antipholis* my huſband,
Whom I made lord of me and all I had
At your important letters, this ill day
A moſt outrageous fit of madneſs took him,
That deſp'rately he hurry'd through the ſtreet,
With him his bondman all as mad as he,
Doing diſpleaſure to the citizens,
By ruſhing in their houſes; bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.

Once did I get him bound, and ſent him home,
Whilſt to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed:
Anon, I wot not by what ſtrong eſcape,
He broke from thoſe that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant mad himſelf,
Each one with ireful paſſion, with drawn ſwords
Met us again, and madly bent on us
Chas'd us away; 'till raiſing of more aid
We came again to bind them; then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we purſu'd them,
And here the Abbeſs ſhuts the gates on us,
And will not ſuffer us to fetch him out,
Nor ſend him forth that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, moſt gracious Duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and born hence for help.

Duke. Long ſince thy huſband ſerv'd me in my wars,
And I to thee ingag'd a Prince's word,
When thou didſt make him maſter of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go ſome of you knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady Abbeſs come to me.
I will determine this, before I ſtir.

SCENE IV.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. O miſtreſs, miſtreſs, ſhift and ſave your ſelf;
My maſter and his man are both broke looſe,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whoſe beard they have ſing'd off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair;
My maſter preaches patience to him, the while
His man with ſciſſars nicks him like a fool:
And ſure, unleſs you ſend ſome preſent help,

Between

Between them they will kill the conjurer.
Adr. Peace, fool, thy maſter and his man are here,
And that is falſe thou doſt report to us.
Meſſ. Miſtreſs, upon my life I tell you true,
I have not breath'd almoſt ſince I did ſee it.
He crys for you, and vows if he can take you,
To ſcotch your face, and to disfigure you. [*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, miſtreſs; fly, be gone.
Duke. Come, ſtand by me, fear nothing: guard with halberds.
Adr. Ay me, it is my huſband; witneſs you,
That he is born about inviſible.
Ev'n now we hous'd him in the abbey here,
And now he's there, paſt thought of human reaſon.

SCENE V.

Enter Antipholis *and* Dromio *of* Epheſus.

E. Ant. Juſtice, moſt gracious Duke, oh, grant me juſtice.
Even for the ſervice that long ſince I did thee,
When I beſtrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep ſcars to ſave thy life, even for the blood
That then I loſt for thee, now grant me juſtice.
Ægeon. Unleſs the fear of death doth make me dote,
I ſee my ſon *Antipholis* and *Dromio.*
E. Ant. Juſtice, ſweet Prince, againſt that woman there;
She whom thou gav'ſt to me to be my wife;
That hath abuſed and diſhonour'd me,
Ev'n in the ſtrength and height of injury:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That ſhe this day hath ſhameleſs thrown on me.
Duke. Diſcover how, and thou ſhalt find me juſt.
E. Ant. This day, great Duke, ſhe ſhut the doors upon me;
Whilſt ſhe with harlots feaſted in my houſe.
Duke. A grievous fault; ſay, woman, didſt thou ſo?
Adr. No, my good Lord: my ſelf, he and my ſiſter,
Did dine together: ſo befall my ſoul,

As

As this is falſe he burthens me withal!
Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor ſleep on night,
But ſhe tells to your Highneſs ſimple truth!
Ang. O perjur'd woman! they are both forſworn.
In this the mad-man juſtly chargeth them.
E. Ant. My Liege, I am adviſed what I ſay,
Neither diſturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-raſh provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiſer mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That goldſmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witneſs it; for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promiſing to bring it to the *Porcupine*
Where *Balthazar* and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to ſeek him; in the ſtreet I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldſmith ſwear me down,
That I this day from him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I ſaw not; for the which
He did arreſt me with an officer.
I did obey, and ſent my peaſant home
For certain ducats; he with none return'd.
Then fairly I beſpoke the officer
To go in perſon with me to my houſe.
By th' way we met my wife, her ſiſter, and
A rabble more of vile confederates;
They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, ſharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. This pernicious ſlave
Forſooth took on him as a conjurer;
And gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me,

Cries

Cries out, I was poſſeſt. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankiſh vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
'Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds aſunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your Grace, whom I beſeech
To give me ample ſatisfaction
For theſe deep ſhames and great indignities.

Ang. My Lord, in truth thus far I witneſs with him;
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he ſuch a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my Lord; and when he ran in here,
Theſe people ſaw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Beſides, I will be ſworn theſe ears of mine
Heard you confeſs you had the chain of him,
After you firſt forſwore it on the mart,
And thereupon I drew my ſword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence I think you're come by miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within theſe abbey-walls,
Nor ever didſt thou draw thy ſword on me;
I never ſaw the chain, ſo help me heav'n!
And this is falſe you burthen me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this?
I think you all have drunk of *Circe*'s cup:
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been.
If he were mad, he would not plead ſo coldly:
You ſay he din'd at home, the goldſmith here
Denies that ſaying. Sirrah, what ſay you?

E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the *Porcupine.*

Cour. He did, and from my finger ſnatch'd that ring.

E. Ant. 'Tis true, my Liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'ſt thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As ſure, my Liege, as I do ſee your Grace.

Duke.

Duke. Why, this is ſtrange; go call the Abbeſs hither;
I think you are all mated, or ſtark mad. [*Ex. one to the Abbeſs.*

SCENE VI.

Ægeon. Moſt mighty Duke, vouchſafe me ſpeak a word:
Haply I ſee a friend will ſave my life,
And pay the ſum that may deliver me.
Duke. Speak freely, *Syracuſan*, what thou wilt.
Ægeon. Is not your name, Sir, call'd *Antipholis?*
And is not that your bondman *Dromio?*
E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bond-man, Sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords,
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man unbound.
Ægeon. I am ſure both of you remember me.
E. Dro. Our ſelves we do remember, Sir, by you;
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not *Pinch*'s patient, are you, Sir?
Ægeon. Why look you ſtrange on me? you know me well.
E. Ant. I never ſaw you in my life 'till now.
Ægeon. Oh! grief hath chang'd me ſince you ſaw me laſt,
And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written ſtrange defeatures in my face;
But tell me yet, doſt thou not know my voice?
E. Ant. Neither.
Ægeon. Dromio, nor thou?
E. Dro. No, truſt me, nor I.
Ægeon. I am ſure thou doſt.
E. Dro. But I am ſure I do not; and whatſoever
A man denies, you are now bound to believe him.
Ægeon. Not know my voice! oh time's extremity!
Haſt thou ſo crack'd and ſplitted my poor tongue
In ſeven ſhort years, that here my only ſon
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Tho' now this grained face of mine be hid
In ſap-conſuming winter's drizled ſnow,

And

And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life ſome memory,
My waſting lamp ſome fading glimmer left;
My dull deaf ears a little uſe to hear:
All theſe old witneſſes, I cannot err,
Tell me thou art my ſon *Antipholis*.

E. Ant. I never ſaw my father in my life.

Ægeon. But ſeven years ſince, in *Syracuſa*'s bay,
Thou know'ſt we parted; but perhaps, my ſon,
Thou ſham'ſt t' acknowledge me in miſery.

E. Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witneſs with me that it is not ſo:
I ne'er ſaw *Syracuſa* in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, *Syracuſan*, twenty years
Have I been patron to *Antipholis*,
During which time he ne'er ſaw *Syracuſa*:
I ſee thy age and dangers make thee dote.

SCENE VII.

Enter the Abbeſs, with Antipholis Syracuſan *and* Dromio Syracuſan.

Abb. Moſt mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[*All gather to ſee them.*

Adr. I ſee two huſbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of theſe men is *Genius* to the other;
And ſo of theſe which is the natural man,
And which the ſpirit? who deciphers them?

S. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio*, command him away.

E. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio*, pray let me ſtay.

S. Ant. *Ægeon*, art thou not? or elſe his ghoſt?

S. Dro. O, my old maſter! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will looſe his bonds,
And gain a huſband by his liberty.
Speak, old *Ægeon*, if thou be'ſt the man
That hadſt a wife once call'd *Æmilia*,

That bore thee at a burthen two fair ſons?
Oh, if thou be'ſt the ſame *Ægeon*, ſpeak;
And ſpeak unto the ſame *Æmilia*.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning ſtory right:
Theſe two *Antipholis's*, two ſo like,
And thoſe two *Dromio's*, one in ſemblance;
Both ſides emerging from their wreck at ſea;
Theſe plainly are the parents to theſe children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art *Æmilia*;
If thou art ſhe, tell me where is that ſon
That floated with thee on the fatal raft.

Abb. By men of *Epidamnum*, he and I,
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken up;
But by and by rude fiſhermen of *Corinth*
By force took *Dromio* and my ſon from them,
And me they left with thoſe of *Epidamnum*.
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you ſee me in.

Duke. *Antipholis*, thou cam'ſt from *Corinth* firſt.

S. Ant. No, Sir, not I, I came from *Syracuſe*.

Duke. Stay, ſtand apart, I know not which is which.

E. Ant. I came from *Corinth*, my moſt gracious Lord.

E. Dro. And I with him.

E. Ant. Brought to this town by that moſt famous warrior,
Duke *Menaphon*, your moſt renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

S. Ant. I, gentle miſtreſs.

Adr. And are not you my huſband?

E. Ant. No, I ſay nay to that.

S. Ant. And ſo do I, yet did ſhe call me ſo:
And this fair gentlewoman her ſiſter here
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope I ſhall have leiſure to make good,
If this be not a dream I ſee and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, Sir, which you had of me.

S. Ant.

S. Ant. I think it be, Sir, I deny it not.
E. Ant. And you, Sir, for this chain arreſted me.
Ang. I think I did, Sir, I deny it not.
Adr. I ſent you mony, Sir, to be your bail
By *Dromio*, but I think he brought it not.
E. Dro. No, none by me.
S. Ant. This purſe of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:
I ſee we ſtill did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon theſe errors all aroſe.
E. Ant. Theſe ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It ſhall not need, thy father hath his life.
Cour. Sir, I muſt have that diamond from you.
E. Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good cheer.
Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchſafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large diſcourſed all our fortunes:
And all that are aſſembled in this place,
That by this ſympathized one day's error
Have ſuffer'd wrong; go, keep us company,
And ye ſhall have full ſatisfaction.
Twenty five years have I gone in travel
Of you my ſons, nor 'till this preſent hour
My heavy burthens are delivered:
The Duke, my huſband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a goſſip's feaſt and go with me:
After ſo long grief ſuch felicity!
Duke. With all my heart I'll goſſip at this feaſt. [*Exeunt.*

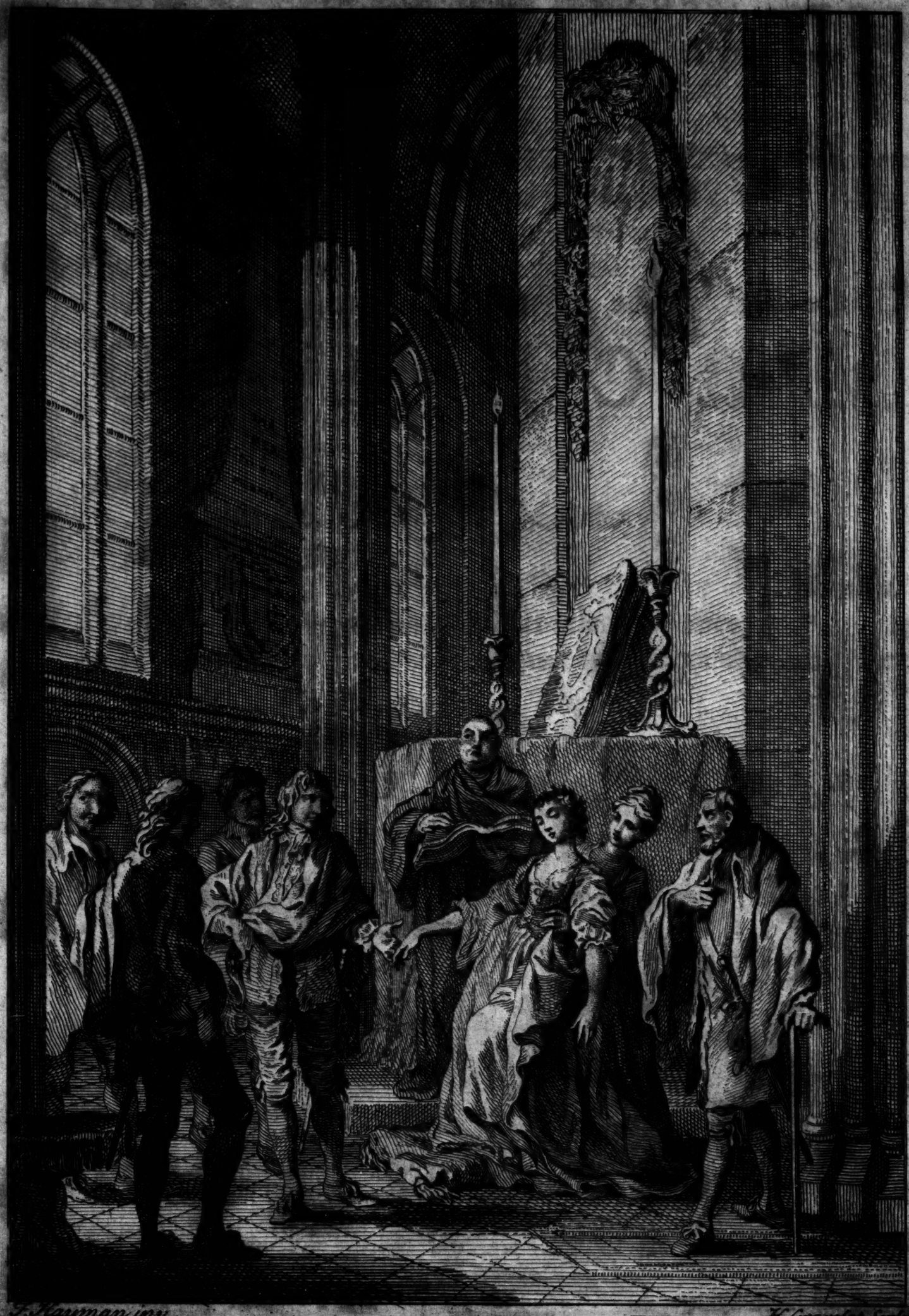
SCENE VIII.

Manent the two Antiph. *and two* Dromio's.

S. Dro. Maſter, ſhall I fetch your ſtuff from ſhipboard?
E. Ant. *Dromio*, what ſtuff of mine haſt thou imbark'd?

S. Dro. Your goods that lay at hoſt, Sir, in the *Centaur*.
S. Ant. He ſpeaks to me; I am your maſter, *Dromio*.
Come go with us, we'll look to that anon;
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him. [*Exe. the two* Antiph.
S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your maſter's houſe,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:
She now ſhall be my ſiſter, not my wife.
E. Dro. Methinks you are my glaſs, and not my brother:
I ſee by you I am a ſweet-fac'd youth.
Will you walk in to ſee their goſſiping?
S. Dro. Not I, Sir; you're my elder.
E. Dro. That's a queſtion:
How ſhall I try it?
S. Dro. We'll draw cuts for the ſenior:
'Till then, lead thou firſt.
E. Dro. Nay, then thus ---- [*Embracing.*
We came into the world like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another. [*Exeunt.*

GR III
BRITISH MUSEUM



F. Hayman inv.

H. Gravelot Sculp.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Act 4. Sc. 1.

MUCH ADO

ABOUT

NOTHING.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DON PEDRO, *Prince of* Arragon.
Leonato, *Governor of* Meſſina.
Don John, *Baſtard-Brother to Don* Pedro.
Claudio, *a young Lord of* Florence, *Favourite to Don* Pedro.
Benedick, *a young Lord of* Padua, *favour'd likewiſe by Don* Pedro.
Balthazar, *Servant to Don* Pedro.
Antonio, *Brother to* Leonato.
Borachio, *Confident to Don* John.
Conrade, *Friend to* Borachio.
Dogberry, } *two fooliſh Officers.*
Verges, }

Hero, *Daughter to* Leonato.
Beatrice, *Neice to* Leonato.
Margaret, } *two Gentlewomen attending on* Hero.
Urſula, }

A Friar, Meſſenger, Watch, Town-Clerk, Sexton, and Attendants.

SCENE *Meſſina.*

The Story from Arioſto, Orl. Fur. *l.* 5.

MUCH ADO about NOTHING.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Court before Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato, Hero *and* Beatrice, *with a Meſſenger.*

LEONATO.

I Learn in this letter, that Don *Pedro* of *Arragon* comes this night to *Meſſina.*

Meſſ. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you loſt in this action?

Meſſ. But few of any ſort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice it ſelf, when the atchiever brings home full numbers; I find here that Don *Pedro* hath beſtowed much honour on a young *Florentine*, call'd *Claudio.*

Meſſ. Much deſerved on his part, and equally remembred by Don *Pedro:* he hath born himſelf beyond the promiſe of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: he hath indeed better better'd expectation, than you muſt expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in *Meſſina* will be very much glad of it.

Meſſ. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him, even ſo much, that joy could not ſhew it ſelf modeſt enough, without a badge of bitterneſs.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Meſſ. In great meaſure.

Leon.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindneſs; there are no faces truer than thoſe that are ſo waſh'd; how much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is Signior *Montanto* [a] return'd from the wars or no?

Meſſ. I know none of that name, Lady; there was none ſuch in the army of any ſort.

Leon. What is he that you aſk for, neice?

Hero. My couſin means Signior *Benedick* of *Padua*.

Meſſ. O, he's return'd, and as pleaſant as ever he was.

Beat. He ſet up his bills here in *Meſſina*, and challeng'd *Cupid* at the flight; and my uncle's fool reading the challenge, ſubſcrib'd for *Cupid*, and challeng'd him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in theſe wars? but how many hath he kill'd? for indeed I promiſed to eat all of his killing.

Leon. 'Faith, neice, you tax Signior *Benedick* too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Meſſ. He hath done good ſervice, Lady, in theſe wars.

Beat. You had muſty victuals, and he hath holp to eat it; he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent ſtomach.

Meſſ. And a good ſoldier too, Lady.

Beat. And a good ſoldier to a lady? but what is he to a lord?

Meſſ. A lord to a lord, a man to a man, ſtuft with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is ſo indeed, he is no leſs than a ſtuft man: but for the ſtuffing, well! we are all mortal.

Leon. You muſt not, Sir, miſtake my neice; there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior *Benedick* and her; they never meet but there's a ſkirmiſh of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our laſt conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: So that if he have wit enough to keep himſelf warm, let him bear it for a difference between himſelf and his horſe;

(a) *She gives him this name to ridicule in him the character of a bluſtering ſoldier, the word* Montanto *in* Spaniſh *ſignifying* a two-handed ſword.

for

for it is all the wearth [a] that he hath left, to be known a reaſonable creature. Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new ſworn brother.

Meſſ. Is it poſſible?

Beat. Very eaſily poſſible; he wears his faith but as the faſhion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Meſſ. I ſee, Lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No; if he were I would burn my ſtudy. But I pray you, who is his companion? is there no young ſquarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Meſſ. He is moſt in the company of the right noble *Claudio.*

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a diſeaſe; he is ſooner caught than the peſtilence, and the taker runs preſently mad. God help the noble *Claudio*, if he have caught the *Benedick*, it will coſt him a thouſand pound ere it be cur'd.

Meſſ. I will hold friends with you, Lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, neice.

Beat. No, not 'till a hot *January.*

Meſſ. Don *Pedro* is approach'd.

SCENE II.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar *and Don* John.

Pedro. Good Signior *Leonato*, you are come to meet your trouble: the faſhion of the world is to avoid coſt, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my houſe in the likeneſs of your Grace; for trouble being gone, comfort ſhould remain; but when you depart from me, ſorrow abides, and happineſs takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your charge moſt willingly: I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me ſo.

Bene. Were you in doubt, that you aſkt her?

Leon. Signior *Benedick*, no; for then were you a child.

(a) Wearth *is an old Engliſh word to ſignifie the* wear *or* wearing *of any thing.*

Pedro. You have it full, *Benedick*; we may gueſs by this what you are, being a man: truly the Lady fathers her ſelf; be happy, Lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior *Leonato* be her father, ſhe would not have his head on her ſhoulders for all *Meſſina*, as like him as ſhe is.

Beat. I wonder that you will ſtill be talking, Signior *Benedick*; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Diſdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it poſſible diſdain ſhould die, while ſhe hath ſuch meet food to feed it, as Signior *Benedick*? courteſie it ſelf muſt convert to diſdain, if you come in her preſence.

Bene. Then is courteſie a turn-coat; but it is certain I am lov'd of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I love none.

Beat. A dear happineſs to women! they would elſe have been troubled with a pernicious ſuitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man ſwear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyſhip ſtill in that mind! ſo ſome gentleman or other ſhall 'ſcape a predeſtinate ſcratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worſe, if 'twere ſuch a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beaſt of yours.

Bene. I would my horſe had the ſpeed of your tongue, and ſo good a continuer; but keep your way a God's name, I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the ſum of all: Don *John*, Signior *Claudio*, and Signior *Benedick*, my dear friend *Leonato* hath invited you all; I tell him we ſhall ſtay here at the leaſt a month, and he heartily prays ſome occaſion may detain us longer: I dare ſwear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you ſwear, my Lord, you ſhall not be forſworn. Let me bid you welcome, my Lord; being reconciled to the Prince your brother, I owe you all duty. [*To Don* John.

John. I thank you; I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon.

Leon. Pleaſe it your Grace lead on?
Pedro. Your hand, *Leonato*; we will go together.
[*Exeunt all but* Benedick *and* Claudio.

SCENE III.

Claud. Benedick, didſt thou note the daughter of Signior *Leonato?*

Bene. I noted her not, but I look'd on her.

Claud. Is ſhe not a modeſt young lady?

Bene. Do you queſtion me, as an honeſt man ſhould do, for my ſimple true judgment? or would you have me ſpeak after my cuſtom, as being a profeſſed tyrant to their ſex?

Claud. No, I pry'thee ſpeak in ſober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks ſhe is too low for an high praiſe, too brown for a fair praiſe, and too little for a great praiſe; only this commendation I can afford her, that were ſhe other than ſhe is, ſhe were unhandſome; and being no other but as ſhe is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'ſt I am in ſport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'ſt her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy ſuch a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a caſe to put it in too; but ſpeak you this with a ſad brow? or do you play the flouting jack, to tell us *Cupid* is a good hare-finder, and *Vulcan* a rare carpenter? come, in what key ſhall a man take you, to go in the ſong?

Claud. In mine eye, ſhe is the ſweeteſt Lady that I ever look'd on.

Bene. I can ſee yet without ſpectacles, and I ſee no ſuch matter; there's her couſin, if ſhe were not poſſeſt with ſuch a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the firſt of *May* doth the laſt of *December*: but I hope you have no intent to turn huſband, have you?

Claud. I would ſcarce truſt my ſelf, tho' I had ſworn the contrary, if *Hero* would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, in faith? hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with ſuſpicion? ſhall I never ſee a batchelor of threeſcore again? go to, i'faith, if thou wilt needs thruſt thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and ſigh away *Sundays*: look, Don *Pedro* is return'd to ſeek you.

SCENE IV.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. What ſecret hath held you here, that you follow'd not to *Leonato*'s houſe?

Bene. I would your Grace would conſtrain me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count *Claudio*; I can be ſecret as a dumb man, I would have you think ſo; but on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance: ---- he is in love; with whom? now that is your Grace's part: mark how ſhort his anſwer is; with *Hero*, *Leonato*'s ſhort daughter.

Claud. If this were ſo, ſo were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my Lord, it is not ſo, nor 'twas not ſo; but indeed, God forbid it ſhould be ſo.

Claud. If my paſſion change not ſhortly, God forbid it ſhould he otherwiſe.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the Lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You ſpeak this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth, I ſpeak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my Lord, I ſpoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I ſpeak mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

Pedro. That ſhe is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how ſhe ſhould be loved, nor know how ſhe ſhould be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the ſtake.

Pedro. Thou waſt ever an obſtinate heretick in the deſpight of beauty.

Claud.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that ſhe brought me up, I likewiſe give her moſt humble thanks: but that I will have a recheate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an inviſible baldrick, all women ſhall pardon me; becauſe I will not do them the wrong to miſtruſt any, I will do my ſelf the right to truſt none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a batchelor.

Pedro. I ſhall ſee thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with ſickneſs, or with hunger, my Lord, not with love: prove that ever I loſe more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-houſe for the ſign of blind *Cupid.*

Pedro. Well, if ever thou doſt fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and ſhoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the ſhoulder, and call'd *Adam.* [a]

Pedro. Well, as time ſhall try; in time the ſavage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The ſavage bull may, but if ever the ſenſible *Benedick* bear it, pluck off the bull's-horns, and ſet them in my forehead, and let me be vilely painted; and in ſuch great letters as they write, *Here is good horſe to hire*, let them ſignifie under my ſign, *Here you may ſee* Benedick *the marry'd man.*

Claud. If this ſhould ever happen, thou would'ſt be horn-mad.

Pedro. Nay, if *Cupid* hath not ſpent all his quiver in *Venice* [b], thou wilt quake for this ſhortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

(a) *Alluding to one* Adam Bell *a famous archer of old.*

(b) *Beſides that* Venice *is as remarkable for freedoms in amorous intrigues as* Cyprus *was of old, there may be a farther conjecture why this expreſſion is here uſed: The* Italians *give to each of their principal cities a particular diſtinguiſhing title, as,* Roma la ſanta, Napoli la gentile, Genoua la ſuperba, *&c. and among the reſt it is,* Venetia la ricca, Venice the wealthy: *A ſarcaſm therefore ſeems to be here implied that mony governs Love.*

Pedro.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours; in the mean time, good Signior *Benedick*, repair to *Leonato*'s, commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at ſupper; for indeed he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almoſt matter enough in me for ſuch an embaſſage, and ſo I commit you ----

Claud. To the tuition of God. From my houſe, if I had it, ----

Pedro. The ſixth of *July*, your loving friend, *Benedick.*

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not; the body of your diſcourſe is ſometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but ſlightly baſted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conſcience, and ſo I leave you. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Claud. My Liege, your Highneſs now may do me good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach, teach it but how,
And thou ſhalt ſee how apt it is to learn
Any hard leſſon that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath *Leonato* any ſon, my Lord?

Pedro. No child but *Hero*, ſhe's his only heir:
Doſt thou affect her, *Claudio?*

Claud. O my Lord,
When you went onward on this ended action
I look'd upon her with a ſoldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher taſk in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love;
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant; in their rooms
Come thronging ſoft and delicate deſires,
All prompting me how fair young *Hero* is,
Saying I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover preſently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou doſt love fair *Hero*, cheriſh it,
And I'll break with her: was't not to this end,

That

That thou began'ſt to twiſt ſo fine a ſtory?
Claud. How ſweetly do you miniſter to love,
That know love's grief by his complection!
But leſt my liking might too ſudden ſeem,
I would have ſalv'd it with a longer treatiſe.
Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The faireſt plea is the neceſſity;
Look, what will ſerve, is fit; 'tis once, thou loveſt,
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we ſhall have revelling to-night;
I will aſſume thy part in ſome diſguiſe,
And tell fair *Hero* I am *Claudio*,
And in her boſom I'll unclaſp my heart,
And take her hearing priſoner with the force
And ſtrong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then after to her father will I break,
And the concluſion is, ſhe ſhall be thine;
In practice let us put it preſently. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Leonato *and* Antonio.

Leon. How now, brother, where is my couſin your ſon? hath he provided this muſick?

Ant. He is very buſie about it; but, brother, I can tell you news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event ſtamps them, but they have a good cover; they ſhow well outward. The Prince and Count *Claudio*, walking in a thick pleached alley in my orchard, were thus over-heard by a man of mine: the Prince diſcover'd to *Claudio* that he lov'd my neice your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, meant to take the preſent time by the top, and inſtantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good ſharp fellow. I will ſend for him, and queſtion him your ſelf.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, 'till it appear it ſelf:

ſelf: but I will acquaint my daughter with all, that ſhe may be the better prepared for anſwer, if peradventure this be true; go you and tell her of it: couſins, you know what you have to do. [*Some croſs the ſtage.*] O, I cry you mercy, friend, go you with me and I will uſe your ſkill; good couſin, have a care this buſie time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The STREET.

Enter Don John *and* Conrade.

Conr. WHat the goujeres, my Lord! why are you thus out of meaſure ſad?

John. There is no meaſure in the occaſion that breeds it, therefore the ſadneſs is without limit.

Conr. You ſhould hear reaſon.

John. And when I have heard it, what bleſſing bringeth it?

Conr. If not a preſent remedy, yet a patient ſufferance.

John. I wonder that thou (being, as thou ſay'ſt thou art, born under *Saturn*) goeſt about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying miſchief: I cannot hide what I am: I muſt be ſad when I have cauſe, and ſmile at no man's jeſts; eat when I have ſtomach, and wait for no man's leiſure; ſleep when I am drowſie, and tend on no man's buſineſs; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Conr. Yea, but you muſt not make the full ſhow of this, 'till you may do it without controlement; you have of late ſtood out againſt your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace, where it is impoſſible you ſhould take root, but by the fair weather that you make your ſelf; it is needful that you frame the ſeaſon for your own harveſt.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a roſe in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be diſdain'd of all, than to faſhion a carriage to rob love from any: in this (though I cannot be

be ſaid to be a flattering honeſt man) it muſt not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain; I am truſted with a muzzle, and infranchiſed with a clog, therefore I have decreed not to ſing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time let me be that I am, and ſeek not to alter me.

Conr. Can you make no uſe of your diſcontent?

John. I will make all uſe of it, for I uſe it only. Who comes here? what news, *Borachio?*

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great ſupper; the Prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by *Leonato*, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it ſerve for any model to build miſchief on? what is he for a fool that betroths himſelf to unquietneſs?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who, the moſt exquiſite *Claudio?*

Bora. Even he.

John. A proper Squire; and who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on *Hero*, the daughter and heir of *Leonato.*

John. A very forward *March* chick! How come you to this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was ſmoaking a muſty room, comes me the Prince and *Claudio* hand in hand in ſad conference: I whipt behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon that the Prince ſhould woo *Hero* for himſelf, and having obtain'd her, give her to Count *Claudio.*

John. Come, come, let us thither, this may prove food to my diſpleaſure: that young ſtart-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can croſs him any way, I bleſs my ſelf every way; you are both ſure, and will aſſiſt me?

Conr. To the death, my Lord.

John. Let us to the great ſupper; their cheer is the greater that I am ſubdu'd; would the cook were of my mind! ſhall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your Lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret *and* Urſula.

LEONATO.

WAS not Count *John* here at ſupper?

Ant. I ſaw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can ſee him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy diſpoſition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made juſt in the mid-way between him and *Benedick*; the one is too like an image, and ſays nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldeſt ſon, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half Signior *Benedick*'s tongue in Count *John*'s mouth, and half Count *John*'s melancholy in Signior *Benedick*'s face ----

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and mony enough in his purſe, ſuch a man would win any woman in the world, if he could get her good-will.

Leon. By my troth, neice, thou wilt never get thee a huſband, if thou be ſo ſhrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, ſhe's too curſt.

Beat. Too curſt is more than curſt, and I ſhall leſſen God's ſending that way; for it is ſaid, God ſends a curſt cow ſhort horns, but to a cow too curſt he ſends none.

Leon. So by being too curſt, God will ſend you no horns.

Beat. Juſt, if he ſend me no huſband, for the which bleſſing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a huſband with a beard on his face, I had rather lye in woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a huſband that hath no beard.

Beat.

Beat. What ſhould I do with him? dreſs him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? he that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is leſs than a man; and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is leſs than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take ſix pence in earneſt of the bearherd, and lead his apes to hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell?

Beat. No, but to the gate, and there will the devil meet me like an old cuckold, with his horns on his head, and ſay, get you to heaven, *Beatrice*, get you to heav'n, here's no place for you maids: ſo deliver I up my apes, and away to St. *Peter*, for the heav'ns; he ſhews me where the batchelors ſit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, neice, I truſt you will be rul'd by your father. [*To* Hero.

Beat. Yes, 'faith, it is my couſin's duty to make curtſie, and ſay, *as it pleaſe you*; but yet for all that, couſin, let him be a handſome fellow, or elſe make another curtſie, and ſay, *father*, *as it pleaſes me.*

Leon. Well, neice, I hope to ſee you one day fitted with a huſband.

Beat. Not 'till God make men of ſome other metal than earth; would it not grieve a woman to be over-maſter'd with a piece of valiant duſt? to make account of her life to a clod of wayward marle? no, uncle, I'll none; *Adam*'s ſons are my brethren, and truly I hold it a ſin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you; if the Prince do ſollicit you in that kind, you know your anſwer.

Beat. The fault will be in the muſick, couſin, if you be not woo'd in good time; if the Prince be too importunate, tell him there is meaſure in every thing, and ſo dance out the Anſwer; for hear me, *Hero*, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is a *Scotch* jig, a meaſure, and a cinque-pace; the firſt ſuit is hot and haſty, like a *Scotch* jig, and full as fantaſtical; the wedding mannerly-modeſt, as a meaſure, full of ſtate and anchentry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faſter and faſter, 'till he ſinks into his grave.

Leon. Couſin, you apprehend paſſing ſhrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle, I can ſee a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entring, brother; make good room.

SCENE II.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, *and others in Maſquerade.*

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk ſoftly, and look ſweetly, and ſay nothing, I am yours for the walk, and eſpecially when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may ſay ſo when I pleaſe.

Pedro. And when pleaſe you to ſay ſo?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend the lute ſhould be like the caſe.

Pedro. My viſor is *Philemon*'s roof, within the houſe is *Jove.*

Hero. Why then your viſor ſhould be thatch'd.

Pedro. *Speak low, if you ſpeak love.* [a]

[*Drawing her aſide to whiſper.*

Balth. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I for your own ſake, for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I ſay my Prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my ſight when the dance is done! anſwer, clerk.

Balth. No more words, the clerk is anſwer'd.

Urſ. I know you well enough, you are Signior *Antonio.*

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urſ. I know you by the wagling of your head.

(a) *This ſeems to be a line quoted from a ſong or ſome verſes commonly known at that time.*

Ant.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urſ. You could never do him ſo ill, well, unleſs you were the very man: here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urſ. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide it ſelf? go to, mum, you are he; graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you ſo?

Bene. No, you ſhall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was diſdainful, and that I had my good wit out of *The hundred merry Tales*; well, this was Signior *Benedick* that ſaid ſo.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am ſure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the Prince's jeſter, a very dull fool, only his gift is in deviſing impoſſible ſlanders: none but libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy; for he both pleaſeth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him; I am ſure he is in the fleet, I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you ſay.

Beat. Do, do, he'll but break a compariſon or two on me, which peradventure not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, ſtrikes him into melancholy, and then there's a partridge wing ſav'd, for the fool will eat no ſupper that night. We muſt follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Muſick for the Dance.

John. Sure my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: the ladies follow her, and but one viſor remains.

Bora. And that is *Claudio*, I know him by his bearing.

John. Are not you Signior *Benedick?*

Claud. You know me well, I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love, he is enamour'd on *Hero*, I pray you, diſſuade him from her, ſhe is no equal for his birth; you may do the part of an honeſt man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him ſwear his affection.

Bora. So did I too, and he ſwore he would marry her to-night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet. [*Exeunt* John *and* Bora.

Claud. Thus anſwer I in name of *Benedick*,
But hear this ill news with the ears of *Claudio*.
'Tis certain ſo, the Prince wooes for himſelf.
Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love;
Therefore, all hearts in love, uſe your own tongues!
Let every eye negotiate for it ſelf,
And truſt no agent; beauty is a witch,
Againſt whoſe charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I miſtruſted not. Farewel then, *Hero!*

Enter Benedick.

Bene. Count *Claudio?*

Claud. Yea, the ſame.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own buſineſs, Count.

What

What faſhion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an Uſurer's chain? or under your arm, like a Lieutenant's ſcarf? you muſt wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hero*.

Claud. I wiſh him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's ſpoken like an honeſt drover; ſo they ſell bullocks: but did you think the Prince would have ſerved you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you ſtrike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that ſtole your meat, and you'll beat the poſt.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas poor hurt fowle! now will he creep into ſedges. But that my Lady *Beatrice* ſhould know me, and not know me! the Prince's fool! ha? it may be I go under that title, becauſe I am merry; yea, but ſo I am apt to do my ſelf wrong: I am not ſo reputed. It is the baſe (though bitter) diſpoſition of *Beatrice*, that puts the world into her perſon, and ſo gives me out; well, I'll be reveng'd as I may.

SCENE IV.

Enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. Now, Signior, where's the Count? did you ſee him?

Bene. Troth, my Lord, I have play'd the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren, I told him (and I think, told him true) that your Grace had got the will of this young lady, and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forſaken, or to bind him a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt! what's his fault?

Bene. The flat tranſgreſſion of a ſchool-boy, who being over-joy'd with finding a bird's neſt, ſhews it his companion, and he ſteals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a truſt, a tranſgreſſion? the tranſgreſſion is in the ſtealer.

Bene.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiſs the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himſelf, and the rod he might have beſtowed on you, who (as I take it) have ſtol'n his bird's neſt.

Pedro. I will but teach them to ſing, and reſtore them to the owner.

Bene. If their ſinging anſwer your ſaying, by my faith, you ſay honeſtly.

Pedro. The Lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman that danc'd with her, told her ſhe is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O, ſhe miſus'd me paſt the indurance of a block; an oak but with one green leaf on it, would have anſwer'd her; my very viſor began to aſſume life, and ſcold with her; ſhe told me, not thinking I had been my ſelf, that I was the Prince's jeſter, and that I was duller than a great thaw; hudling jeſt upon jeſt, with ſuch impetuous conveyance upon me, that I ſtood like a man at a mark, with a whole army ſhooting at me; ſhe ſpeaks Ponyards, and every word ſtabs; if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, ſhe would infect to the North-Star; I would not marry her, though ſhe were endowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he tranſgreſs'd; ſhe would have made *Hercules* have turn'd ſpit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her, you ſhall find her the infernal *Atè* in good apparel. I would to God ſome ſcholar would conjure her; for certainly while ſhe is here a man may live as quiet in hell as in a ſanctuary, and people ſin upon purpoſe, becauſe they would go thither; ſo indeed all diſquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

SCENE V.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato *and* Hero.

Pedro. Look, here ſhe comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command me any ſervice to the world's end? I will go on the ſlighteſt errand now to the *Antipodes* that you can deviſe to ſend me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from

from the furtheſt inch of *Aſia*; bring you the length of *Preſter John*'s foot; fetch you a hair off the great *Cham*'s beard; do you any embaſſage to the pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy; you have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to deſire your good company.

Bene. O God, Sir, here's a diſh I love not. I cannot indure this Lady's tongue. [*Exit.*

Pedro. Come, Lady, come, you have loſt the heart of Signior *Benedick.*

Beat. Indeed, my Lord, he lent it me a while, and I gave him uſe for it, a double heart for a ſingle one; marry, once before he won it of me with falſe dice, therefore your Grace may well ſay I have loſt it.

Pedro. You have put him down, Lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he ſhould do me, my Lord, leſt I ſhould prove the mother of fools: I have brought Count *Claudio*, whom you ſent me to ſeek.

Pedro. Why, how now, Count, wherefore are you ſad?

Claud. Not ſad, my Lord.

Pedro. How then? ſick?

Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither ſad, nor ſick, nor merry, nor well; but civil Count, civil as an orange, and ſomething of a jealous complexion.

Pedro. I' faith, Lady, I think your blazon to be true; though I'll be ſworn, if he be ſo, his conceit is falſe. Here, *Claudio*, I have wooed in thy name, and fair *Hero* is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes; his Grace hath made the match, and all grace ſay Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, Count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfecteſt herald of joy; I were but little happy, if I could ſay how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am

yours; I give away my ſelf for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, couſin, or (if you cannot) ſtop his mouth with a kiſs, and let not him ſpeak neither.

Pedro. In faith, Lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my Lord, I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy ſide of care; my couſin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Leon. And ſo ſhe doth, couſin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am ſun-burn'd, I may ſit in a corner, and cry heigh ho for a huſband.

Pedro. Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? your father got excellent huſbands, if a maid could come by them.

Pedro. Will you have me, Lady?

Beat. No, my Lord, unleſs I might have another for working-days; your Grace is too coſtly to wear every day: but I beſeech your Grace pardon me, I was born to ſpeak all mirth and no matter.

Pedro. Your ſilence moſt offends me, and to be merry beſt becomes you; for out of queſtion you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No ſure, my Lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a ſtar danc'd, and under that I was born. Couſins, God give you joy!

Leon. Neice, will you look to thoſe things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle: by your Grace's pardon.

[*Exit* Beatrice.

SCENE VI.

Pedro. By my troth, a pleaſant-ſpirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my Lord; ſhe is never ſad but when ſhe ſleeps, and not ever ſad then; for I have heard my daughter ſay, ſhe hath often dream'd of unhappineſs, and wak'd her ſelf with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a huſband?

Leon.

Leon. O, by no means, ſhe mocks all her wooers out of ſuit.

Pedro. She were an excellent wife for *Benedick.*

Leon. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a week marry'd they would talk themſelves mad.

Pedro. Count *Claudio*, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my Lord; time goes on crutches, 'till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not 'till *Monday*, my dear ſon, which is hence a juſt ſeven-night, and a time too brief too, to have all things anſwer my mind.

Pedro. Come, you ſhake the head at ſo long a breathing; but I warrant thee, *Claudio*, the time ſhall not go dully by us; I will in the *Interim* undertake one of *Hercules*'s labours, which is to bring Signior *Benedick* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountain of affection the one with the other; I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not to faſhion it, if you three will but miniſter ſuch aſſiſtance as I ſhall give you direction.

Leon. My Lord, I am for you, though it coſt me ten nights watchings.

Claud. And I, my Lord.

Pedro. And you too, gentle *Hero?*

Hero. I will do any modeſt office, my Lord, to help my couſin to a good huſband.

Pedro. And *Benedick* is not the unhopefulleſt huſband that I know: thus far can I praiſe him, he is of a noble ſtrain, of approv'd valour, and confirm'd honeſty. I will teach you how to humour your couſin, that ſhe ſhall fall in love with *Benedick*; and I, with your two helps, will ſo practiſe on *Benedick*, that in deſpight of his quick wit, and his queaſie ſtomach, he ſhall fall in love with *Beatrice:* if we can do this, *Cupid* is no longer an archer, his glory ſhall be ours, for we are the only Love-Gods; go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Another Apartment in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Don John *and* Borachio.

John. IT is ſo, the Count *Claudio* ſhall marry the daughter of *Leonato.*

Bora. Yea, my Lord, but I can croſs it.

John. Any bar, any croſs, any impediment will be medicinable to me; I am ſick in diſpleaſure to him, and whatſoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canſt thou croſs this marriage?

Bora. Not honeſtly, my Lord, but ſo covertly that no diſhoneſty ſhall appear in me.

John. Shew me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your Lordſhip a year ſince, how much I am in the favour of *Margaret*, the waiting-gentlewoman to *Hero.*

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unſeaſonable inſtant of the night, appoint her to look out at her Lady's chamber-window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poiſon of that lyes in you to temper; go you to the Prince your brother, ſpare not to tell him, that he hath wrong'd his honour in marrying the renown'd *Claudio* (whoſe eſtimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated Stale, ſuch a one as *Hero.*

John. What proof ſhall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough, to miſuſe the Prince, to vex *Claudio*, to undo *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*; look you for any other iſſue?

John. Only to deſpite them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then find me a meet hour, to draw on *Pedro*, and the Count *Claudio*, alone; tell them that you know *Hero* loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and *Claudio*, as in a love of your brother's honour who hath made this match, and

his

his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the ſemblance of a maid, that you have diſcover'd thus; they will hardly believe this without tryal: offer them inſtances which ſhall bear no leſs likelihood than to ſee me at her chamber-window; hear me call *Margaret*, *Hero*; hear *Margaret* term me *Borachio*; and bring them to ſee this, the very night before the intended wedding; for in the mean time I will ſo faſhion the matter, that *Hero* ſhall be abſent, and there ſhall appear ſuch ſeeming truths of *Hero*'s diſloyalty, that jealouſie ſhall be call'd aſſurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverſe iſſue it can, I will put it in practice: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thouſand ducats.

Bora. Be thou conſtant in the accuſation, and my cunning ſhall not ſhame me.

John. I will preſently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Leonato's *Garden.*

Enter Benedick *and a Boy.*

Bene. BOY!

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lyes a book, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, Sir. [*Exit Boy.*

Bene. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and here again. ---- I do much wonder, that one man ſeeing how much another man is a fool, when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laught at ſuch ſhallow follies in others, become the argument of his own ſcorn, by falling in love: and ſuch a man is *Claudio.* I have known when there was no muſick with him but the drum and the fife, and now had he rather hear the taber and the pipe: I have known when he would have walk'd ten mile afoot, to ſee a good armour; and now will he lye ten nights awake,

carving

carving the faſhion of a new doublet. He was wont to ſpeak plain, and to the purpoſe, like an honeſt man and a ſoldier, and now is he turn'd orthographer, his words are a very fantaſtical banquet, juſt ſo many ſtrange diſhes. May I be ſo converted, and ſee with theſe eyes? I cannot tell, I think not. I will not be ſworn, but love may transform me to an oyſter; but I'll take my oath on it, 'till he have made an oyſter of me, he ſhall never make me ſuch a fool: one woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wiſe, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well. But 'till all graces be in one woman, one woman ſhall not come in my grace. Rich ſhe ſhall be, that's certain; wiſe, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good diſcourſe, an excellent muſician, and her hair ſhall be of what colour it pleaſe God [a]. Ha! the Prince and Monſieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*Withdraws.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, Claudio, *and* Balthazar.

Pedro. Come, ſhall we hear this muſick?

Claud. Yea, my good Lord; how ſtill the evening is,
As huſh'd on purpoſe to grace harmony!

Pedro. See you where *Benedick* hath hid himſelf?

Claud. O very well, my Lord; the muſick ended,
We'll fit the cade-fox with a penny-worth.

Pedro. Come, *Balthazar*, we'll hear that ſong again.

Balth. O good my Lord, tax not ſo bad a voice
To ſlander muſick any more than once.

Pedro. It is the witneſs ſtill of excellency,
To put a ſtrange face on his own perfection;
I pray thee ſing, and let me woo no more. [b]

(a) *Hinting ſatirically at the art uſed by Ladies in dying their hair of a colour different from what it is by nature.*

(b) ----- woo no more.
Balth. Becauſe you talk of wooing, I will ſing,
Since many a wooer doth commence his ſuit

To

The SONG.

Sigh no more, Ladies, ſigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in ſea, and one on ſhore,
To one thing conſtant never:
Then ſigh not ſo, but let them go,
And be you blith and bonny,
Converting all your ſounds of woe
Into hey nony, nony.

Sing no more ditties, ſing no more,
Of dumps ſo dull and heavy;
The frauds of men were ever ſo,
Since ſummer firſt was leafy:
Then ſigh not ſo, &c.

Pedro. By my troth, a good ſong.

Balth. And an ill ſinger, my Lord.

Pedro. Ha, no; no, 'faith; thou ſing'ſt well enough for a ſhift.

Bene. If he had been a dog that ſhould have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him, and I pray God his bad voice bode no miſchief; I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Pedro. Yea marry: doſt thou hear, *Balthazar?* I pray thee, get us ſome excellent muſick; for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady *Hero*'s chamber-window.

Balth. The beſt I can, my Lord. [*Exit* Balthazar.

To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes,
Yet will he ſwear he loves.
Pedro. Nay, pray thee come,
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.
Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.
Pedro. Why, theſe are very crotchets that he ſpeaks,
Note notes forſooth, and nothing.
Bene. Now, divine air; now is his ſoul raviſh'd! is it not ſtrange, that ſheeps guts ſhould hale ſouls out of mens bodies? well, a horn for my mony, when all's done.
The SONG, *&c.*

Pedro.

Pedro. Do ſo: farewel. Come hither, *Leonato*; what was it you told me of to-day, that your neice *Beatrice* was in love with Signior *Benedick?*

Claud. O ay, ſtalk on; ſtalk on, the fowl ſits. I did never think that Lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but moſt wonderful, that ſhe ſhould ſo doat on Signior *Benedick*, whom ſhe hath in all outward behavious ſeem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't poſſible, ſits the wind in that corner? [*Aſide.*

Leon. By my troth, my Lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that ſhe loves him with an inraged affection, it is paſt the infinite of thought.

Pedro. May be ſhe doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was never counterfeit of paſſion came ſo near the life of paſſion as ſhe diſcovers it.

Pedro. Why, what effects of paſſion ſhews ſhe?

Claud. Bait the hook well, the fiſh will bite. [*Speaking low.*

Leon. What effects, my Lord? ſhe will ſit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did indeed.

Pedro. How, how, I pray you? you amaze me: I would have thought her ſpirit had been invincible againſt all aſſaults of affection.

Leon. I would have ſworn it had, my Lord, eſpecially againſt *Benedick.*

Bene. I ſhould think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow ſpeaks it; knavery cannot ſure hide himſelf in ſuch reverence. [*Aſide.*

Claud. He hath ta'en th' infection, hold it up. [*Speaking low.*

Pedro. Hath ſhe made her affection known to *Benedick?*

Leon. No, and ſwears ſhe never will, that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true indeed, ſo your daughter ſays: ſhall I, ſays ſhe, that have ſo oft encounter'd him with ſcorn, write to him that I love him?

Leon. This ſays ſhe now, when ſhe is beginning to write to him; for

for ſhe'll be up twenty times a-night, and there will ſhe ſit in her ſmock, 'till ſhe have writ a ſheet of paper; my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a ſheet of paper, I remember a pretty jeſt your daughter told us of.

Leon. O, when ſhe had writ it, and was reading it over, ſhe found *Benedick* and *Beatrice* between the ſheet.

Claud. That.

Leon. O, ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand halfpence, rail'd at her ſelf, that ſhe ſhould be ſo immodeſt, to write to one that ſhe knew wou'd flout her: I meaſure him, ſays ſhe, by my own ſpirit, for I ſhould flout him if he writ to me, yea, though I love him, I ſhould.

Claud. Then down upon her knees ſhe falls, weeps, ſobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curſes; O ſweet *Benedick!* God give me patience!

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter ſays ſo, and the ecſtaſie hath ſo much overborn her, that my daughter is ſometime afraid ſhe will do a deſperate outrage to her ſelf; it is very true.

Pedro. It were good that *Benedick* knew of it by ſome other, if ſhe will not diſcover it.

Claud. To what end? he would but make a ſport of it, and torment the poor Lady worſe.

Pedro. If he ſhould, it were an alms to hang him; ſhe's an excellent ſweet Lady, and (out of all ſuſpicion) ſhe is virtuous.

Claud. And ſhe is exceeding wiſe.

Pedro. In every thing, but in loving *Benedick.*

Leon. O my Lord, wiſdom and blood combating in ſo tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory; I am ſorry for her, as I have juſt cauſe, being her uncle and her guardian.

Pedro. I would ſhe had beſtow'd this dotage on me; I would have dofft all other reſpects, and made her half my ſelf; I pray you, tell *Benedick* of it, and hear what he will ſay.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks ſurely ſhe will die, for ſhe ſays ſhe will die

if he love her not, and ſhe will die ere ſhe make her love known; and ſhe will die if he woo her, rather than ſhe will bate one breath of her accuſtom'd croſsneſs.

Pedro. She doth well; if ſhe ſhould make tender of her love, 'tis very poſſible he'll ſcorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptuous ſpirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happineſs.

Claud. 'Fore God, and, in my mind, very wiſe.

Pedro. He doth indeed ſhew ſome ſparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Pedro. As *Hector*, I aſſure you; and in the managing of quarrels you may ſee he is wiſe; for either he avoids them with great diſcretion, or undertakes them with a chriſtian-like fear. [a] Well, I am ſorry for your neice: ſhall we go ſee *Benedick*, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my Lord; let her wear it out with good counſel.

Leon. Nay, that's impoſſible, ſhe may wear her heart out firſt.

Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love *Benedick* well, and I could wiſh he would modeſtly examine himſelf, to ſee how much he is unworthy to have ſo good a Lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never truſt my expectation.

Pedro. Let there be the ſame net ſpread for her, and that muſt your daughter and her gentlewoman carry; the ſport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no ſuch matter; that's the ſcene that I would ſee, which will be meerly a dumb ſhew; let us ſend her to call him in to dinner. [*Exeunt.*

(a) ----- a chriſtian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he muſt neceſſarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Pedro. And ſo will he do, for the man doth fear God, howſoever it ſeems not in him, by ſome large jeſts he will make.
Well, *&c.*

SCENE

SCENE X.

Benedick *advances from the Arbour.*

Bene. This can be no trick, the conference was ſadly born; they have the truth of this from *Hero*, they ſeem to pity the Lady; it ſeems her affections have the full bent. Love me! why, it muſt be requited: I hear how I am cenſur'd; they ſay I will bear my ſelf proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they ſay too, that ſhe will rather die than give any ſign of affection —— I did never think to marry —— I muſt not ſeem proud —— happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending: they ſay the Lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witneſs: and virtuous; 'tis ſo, I cannot reprove it: and wiſe, but for loving me —— by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in love with her, —— I may chance to have ſome odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, becauſe I have rail'd ſo long againſt marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quipps and ſentences, and theſe paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? no: the world muſt be peopled. When I ſaid I would die a batchelor, I did not think I ſhould live 'till I were marry'd. Here comes *Beatrice:* by this day, ſhe's a fair Lady, I do ſpy ſome marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Againſt my will I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair *Beatrice*, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for thoſe thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleaſure then in the meſſage.

Beat. Yea, juſt ſo much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choak a daw withal: you have no ſtomach, Signior; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! *againſt my will I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner:* there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for thoſe thanks, than you took pains to thank me*; that's as much as to ſay, any pains that I take for you are as eaſie as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a *Jew*; I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Continues in the Garden.

Enter Hero, Margaret *and* Urſula.

HERO.

GOod *Margaret*, run thee into the parlour,
There ſhalt thou find my couſin *Beatrice*,
Propoſing with the Prince and *Claudio*;
Whiſper her ear, and tell her I and *Urſula*
Walk in the orchard, and our whole diſcourſe
Is all of her; ſay that thou overheard'ſt us,
And bid her ſteal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-ſuckles ripen'd by the ſun
Forbid the ſun to enter; like to favourites
Made proud by Princes, that advance their pride
Againſt that power that bred it: there will ſhe hide her,
To liſten to our purpoſe; this is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant, preſently. [*Exit.*

Hero. Now, *Urſula*, when *Beatrice* doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk muſt only be of *Benedick*;
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praiſe him more than ever man did merit.
My talk to thee muſt be how *Benedick*

Is

Is ſick in love with *Beatrice*; of this matter
Is little *Cupid*'s crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hear-ſay: now begin.

Enter Beatrice, *running towards the Arbour.*

For look where *Beatrice* like a lapwing runs
Cloſe by the ground to hear our conference.
Urſ. The pleaſant'ſt angling is to ſee the fiſh
Cut with her golden oars the ſilver ſtream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait;
So angle we for *Beatrice*, who e'en now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture;
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.
Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear loſe nothing
Of the falſe ſweet bait that we lay for it. ----
No truly, *Urſula*, ſhe's too diſdainful,
I know her ſpirits are as coy and wild,
As haggards of the rock.
Urſ. But are you ſure
That *Benedick* loves *Beatrice* ſo intirely?
Hero. So ſays the Prince, and my new-trothed Lord.
Urſ. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?
Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I perſuaded them, if they lov'd *Benedick*,
To wiſh him wraſtle with affection,
And never to let *Beatrice* know of it.
Urſ. Why did you ſo? doth not the gentleman
Deſerve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever *Beatrice* ſhall couch upon?
Hero. O God of love! I know he doth deſerve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder ſtuff than that of *Beatrice.*
Diſdain and ſcorn ride ſparkling in her eyes,
Miſ-prizing what they look on, and her wit
Values it ſelf ſo highly, that to her

All

All matter elſe ſeems weak; ſhe cannot love,
Nor take no ſhape nor project of affection,
She is ſo ſelf-indeared.
Urſ. Sure I think ſo;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, leſt ſhe make ſport at it.
Hero. Why, you ſpeak truth. I never yet ſaw man,
How wiſe, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But ſhe would ſpell him backward; if fair-fac'd,
She'd ſwear the gentleman ſhould be her ſiſter;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a launce ill-headed;
If low, an aglet very vilely cut;
If ſpeaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If ſilent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns ſhe every man the wrong ſide out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which ſimpleneſs and merit purchaſeth.
Urſ. Sure, ſure ſuch carping is not commendable.
Hero. No, for to be ſo odd, and from all faſhions,
As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her ſo? if I ſhould ſpeak,
She'd mock me into air; O, ſhe would laugh me
Out of my ſelf, preſs me to death with wit.
Therefore let *Benedick*, like covered fire,
Conſume away in ſighs, waſte inwardly;
It were a bitter death to die with mocks,
Which is as bad as 'tis to die with tickling.
Urſ. Yet tell her of it; hear what ſhe will ſay.
Hero. No, rather I will go to *Benedick*,
And counſel him to fight againſt his paſſion.
And truly I'll deviſe ſome honeſt ſlanders
To ſtain my couſin with; one doth not know
How much an ill word may impoiſon liking.
Urſ. O, do not do your couſin ſuch a wrong.
She cannot be ſo much without true judgment,

(Having

(Having ſo ſweet and excellent a wit,
As ſhe is priz'd to have) as to refuſe
So rare a gentleman as *Benedick.*
Hero. He is the only man of *Italy,*
Always excepted my dear *Claudio.*
Urſ. I pray you, be not angry with me, Madam,
Speaking my fancy; Signior *Benedick,*
For ſhape, for bearing, argument and valour,
Goes foremoſt in report through *Italy.*
Hero. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.
Urſ. His excellence did earn it ere he had it.
When are you marry'd, Madam?
Hero. Why, every day, to-morrow; come, go in,
I'll ſhew thee ſome attires, and have thy counſel
Which is the beſt to furniſh me to-morrow.
Urſ. She's ta'en, I warrant you; we have caught her, Madam.
Hero. If it prove ſo, then loving goes by haps;
Some *Cupids* kill with arrows, ſome with traps. [*Exeunt.*

Beatrice *advances.*

Beat. What fire is in my ears? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and ſcorn ſo much?
Contempt farewel, and maiden pride adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of ſuch.
And, *Benedick,* love on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou doſt love, my kindneſs ſhall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band.
For others ſay thou doſt deſerve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick *and* Leonato.

Pedro. I Do but ſtay 'till your marriage be conſummate, and then I go toward *Arragon.*

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my Lord, if you'll vouchſafe me.

Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a ſoil in the new gloſs of your marriage, as to ſhew a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with *Benedick* for his company, for from the crown of his head to the ſole of his foot he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut *Cupid*'s bow-ſtring, and the little hangman dare not ſhoot at him; he hath a heart as ſound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue ſpeaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So ſay I; methinks you are ſadder.

Claud. I hope he is in love.

Pedro. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love; if he be ſad, he wants mony.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claud. You muſt hang it firſt, and draw it afterwards.

Pedro. What? ſigh for the tooth-ach!

Leon. Which is but a humour, or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one can maſter a grief but he that has it.

Claud. Yet ſay I he is in love.

Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unleſs it be a fancy that he hath to ſtrange diſguiſes, as to be a *Dutch* man to-day, a *French* man to-morrow; unleſs he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud.

Claud. If he be not in love with ſome woman, there is no believing old ſigns; he bruſhes his hat a-mornings: what ſhould that bode?

Pedro. Hath any man ſeen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been ſeen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already ſtuft tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed he looks younger than he did by the loſs of a beard.

Pedro. Nay, he rubs himſelf with civet; can you ſmell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to ſay, the ſweet youth's in love.

Pedro. The greateſt note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to waſh his face?

Pedro. Yea, or to paint himſelf? for the which I hear what they ſay of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jeſting ſpirit, which is now crept into a lute-ſtring, and now govern'd by ſtops ----

Pedro. Indeed that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in deſpight of all, dies for him.

Pedro. She ſhall be bury'd with her heels upwards. [a]

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach. Old Signior, walk aſide with me, I have ſtudy'd eight or nine wiſe words to ſpeak to you which theſe hobby-horſes muſt not hear.

[*Exeunt* Bene. *and* Leon.

Pedro. For my life, to break with him about *Beatrice.*

Claud. 'Tis even ſo. *Hero* and *Margaret* have by this play'd their parts with *Beatrice*, and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

(a) They ſhould be buried with their heels upwards *was a proverbial ſaying heretofore in uſe and applied to thoſe who had met with any piece of fortune very ſurprizing and very rare.*

SCENE III.

Enter Don John.

John. My Lord and brother, God ſave you.

Pedro. Good den, brother.

John. If your leiſure ſerv'd, I would ſpeak with you.

Pedro. In private?

John. If it pleaſe you; yet Count *Claudio* may hear, for what I would ſpeak of concerns him.

Pedro. What's the matter?

John. Means your Lordſhip to be marry'd to-morrow? [*To* Claudio.

Pedro. You know he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, diſcover it.

John. You may think I love you not, let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifeſt; for my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearneſs of heart hath holp to effect your enſuing marriage; ſurely, ſuit ill ſpent, and labour ill beſtow'd.

Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you, and circumſtances ſhorten'd, (for ſhe hath been too long a talking of) the Lady is diſloyal.

Claud. Who? *Hero?*

John. Even ſhe, *Leonato*'s *Hero*, your *Hero*, every man's *Hero*.

Claud. Diſloyal?

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedneſs; I could ſay ſhe were worſe; think you of a worſe title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not 'till further warrant; go but with me to-night, you ſhall ſee her chamber-window enter'd, even the night before her wedding-day; if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be ſo?

Pedro. I will not think it.

John. If you dare not truſt that you ſee, confeſs not that you know;

know; if you will follow me, I will ſhew you enough; and when you have ſeen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I ſee any thing to-night why I ſhould not marry her to-morrow; in the congregation where I ſhould wed, there will I ſhame her.

Pedro. And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to diſgrace her.

John. I will diſparage her no farther, 'till you are my witneſſes; bear it coldly but 'till night, and let the iſſue ſhew it ſelf.

Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O miſchief ſtrangely thwarting!

John. O plague right well prevented!

So will you ſay when you have ſeen the ſequel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The STREET.

Enter Dogberry *and* Verges, *with the Watch.*

Dogb. ARE you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or elſe it were pity but they ſhould ſuffer ſalvation, body and ſoul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a puniſhment too good for them, if they ſhould have any allegiance in them, being choſen for the Prince's Watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour *Dogberry*.

Dogb. Firſt, who think you the moſt diſartleſs man to be conſtable?

1 *Watch.* *Hugh Oatecake*, Sir, or *George Seacole*; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour *Seacole*: God hath bleſt you with a good name; to be a well-favour'd man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, maſter conſtable ----

Dogb. You have: I knew it would be your anſwer. Well, for your favour, Sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boaſt of it;

and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of ſuch vanity: you are thought here to be the moſt ſenſeleſs and fit man for the Conſtable of the Watch, therefore bear you the lanthorn; this is your charge: you ſhall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bid any man ſtand in the Prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How if he will not ſtand?

Dogb. Why then take no note of him, but let him go, and preſently call the reſt of the Watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not ſtand when he is bidden, he is none of the Prince's ſubjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Prince's ſubjects: you ſhall alſo make no noiſe in the ſtreets; for, for the Watch to babble and talk, is moſt tolerable, and not to be endur'd.

2 *Watch.* We will rather ſleep than talk; we know what belongs to a Watch.

Dogb. Why, you ſpeak like an ancient and moſt quiet Watchman, for I cannot ſee how ſleeping ſhould offend; only have a care that your bills be not ſtolen: well, you are to call at all the ale-houſes, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch.* How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then let them alone 'till they are ſober; if they make you not then the better anſwer, you may ſay they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch.* Well, Sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may ſuſpect him by virtue of your office to be no true man; and for ſuch kind of men, the leſs you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honeſty.

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, ſhall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly by your office you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the moſt peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him ſhew himſelf what he is, and ſteal out of your company.

Verg.

Verg. You have been always call'd a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honeſty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you muſt call to the nurſe and bid her ſtill it.

2 *Watch.* How if the nurſe be aſleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never anſwer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge: you, conſtable, are to preſent the Prince's own perſon; if you meet the Prince in the night, you may ſtay him.

Verg. Nay, birlady, that I think he cannot.

Dogb. Five ſhillings to one on't with any man that knows the Statues, he may ſtay him; marry, not without the Prince be willing: for indeed the Watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to ſtay a man againſt his will.

Verg. Birlady, I think it be ſo.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! well, maſters, good night; an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me; keep your fellows' counſel and your own, and good night; come, neighbour.

2 *Watch.* Well, maſters, we hear our charge; let us go ſit here upon the church-bench 'till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honeſt neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior *Leonato*'s door, for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night; adieu; be vigilant, I beſeech you. [*Exeunt* Dogb. *and* Verg.

SCENE V.

Enter Borachio *and* Conrade.

Bora. What, *Conrade!*

Watch. Peace, ſtir not. [*Aſide.*

Bora. *Conrade*, I ſay.

Conr. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora.

Bora. Mafs, and my elbow itch'd, I thought there would a fcab follow.

Conr. I will owe thee an anfwer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee clofe then under this pent-houfe, for it drizles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. Some treafon, maflers; yet ftand clofe.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don *John* a thoufand ducats.

Conr. Is it poffible that any villainy fhould be fo dear?

Bora. Thou fhould'ft rather afk if it were poffible any villainy fhould be fo rich? for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Conr. I wonder at it.

Bora. That fhews thou art unconfirm'd; thou knoweft that the fafhion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak is nothing to a man.

Conr. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean the fafhion.

Conr. Yes, the fafhion is the fafhion.

Bora. Tufh, I may as well fay the fool's the fool; but feeft thou not what a deformed thief this fafhion is?

Watch. I know that *Deformed*; he has been a vile thief this feven years; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didft thou not hear fome body?

Conr. No, 'twas the vane on the houfe.

Bora. Seeft thou not, I fay, what a deformed thief this fafhion is, how giddily he turns about all the hot-bloods between fourteen and five and thirty, fometimes fafhioning them like *Pharao*'s foldiers in the reechy painting, fometimes like the God *Bel*'s prieffs in the old church-window, fometimes like the fhaven *Hercules* [a] in the fmirch'd worm-eaten tapeftry, where his codpiece feems as maffie as his club?

Conr. All this I fee, and fee that the fafhion wears out more apparel than the man; but art not thou thy felf giddy with the

(a) *Meaning* Sampfon.

fafhion,

faſhion, that thou haſt ſhifted out of thy tale into telling me of the faſhion?

Bora. Not ſo neither; but know that I have to-night wooed *Margaret*, the Lady *Hero*'s gentlewoman, by the name of *Hero*; ſhe leans me out at her miſtreſs's chamber-window, bids me a thouſand times good night ---- I tell this tale vilely ---- I ſhould firſt tell thee how the Prince, *Claudio*, and my maſter planted and plac'd, and poſſeſſed by my maſter Don *John*, ſaw far off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Conr. And thought thy *Margaret* was *Hero*?

Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*, but the devil my maſter knew ſhe was *Margaret*; and partly by his oaths which firſt poſſeſt them, partly by the dark night which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any ſlander that Don *John* had made, away went *Claudio* enraged, ſwore he would meet her as he was appointed next morning at the temple, and there before the whole congregation ſhame her with what he ſaw o'er night, and ſend her home again without a huſband.

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the Prince's name ſtand.

2 *Watch.* Call up the right maſter conſtable, we have here recovered the moſt dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the common-wealth.

1 *Watch.* And one *Deformed* is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

Conr. Maſters, maſters, ----

2 *Watch.* You'll be made bring *Deformed* forth, I warrant you.

Conr. Maſters, ----

1 *Watch.* Never ſpeak, we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of theſe mens bills.

Conr. A commodity in queſtion, I warrant you: come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Hero, Margaret *and* Urſula.

Hero. GOod *Urſula*, wake my couſin *Beatrice*, and deſire her to riſe.

Urſ. I will, Lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urſ. Well. [*Exit.*

Marg. Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good *Meg*, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not ſo good, and I warrant your couſin will ſay ſo.

Hero. My couſin's a fool, and thou art another. I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a moſt rare faſhion, i' faith. I ſaw the Dutcheſs of *Milan*'s gown that they praiſe ſo.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they ſay.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in reſpect of yours; cloth of gold and cuts, and lac'd with ſilver, ſet with pearls down-ſleeves, ſide-ſleeves, and ſkirts round, underborn with a bleuiſh tinſel; but for a fine, queint, graceful and excellent faſhion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier ſoon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee, art not aſham'd?

Marg. Of what, Lady? of ſpeaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me ſay (ſaving your reverence) a huſband. If bad thinking do not wreſt true ſpeaking, I'll offend no body; is there any harm in the heavier for a huſband?

none

none I think, if it be the right huſband, and the right wife, otherwiſe 'tis light and not heavy; aſk my Lady *Beatrice* elſe, here ſhe comes.

SCENE VII.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, ſweet *Hero.*

Hero. Why, how now? do you ſpeak in the ſick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into *Light o' love*; that goes without a burden; do you ſing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yes, *Light o' love* with your heels; then if your huſband have ſtables enough, you'll look he ſhall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate conſtruction! I ſcorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almoſt five a clock, couſin; 'tis time you were ready: by my troth, I am exceeding ill; hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horſe, or a huſband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, if you be not turn'd *Turk*, there's no more ſailing by the ſtar.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I, but God ſend every one their heart's deſire!

Hero. Theſe gloves the Count ſent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am ſtuft, couſin, I cannot ſmell.

Marg. A maid and ſtuft! there's a goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me, God help me, how long have you profeſt apprehenſion?

Marg. Ever ſince you left it; doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not ſeen enough, you ſhould wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am ſick.

Marg. Get you ſome of this diſtill'd *Carduus Benedictus*, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'ſt her with a thiſtle.

Beat. Benedictus? why *Benedictus?* you have ſome moral in this *Benedictus.*

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning, I meant plain holy-thiſtle; you may think perchance that I think you are in love; nay, birlady, I am not ſuch a fool to think what I liſt; nor I liſt not to think what I can, nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my heart out with thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet *Benedick* was ſuch another, and now is he become a man; he ſwore he would never marry, and yet now in deſpight of his heart he eats his meat without grudging; and how you may be converted I know not, but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a falſe gallop.

Enter Urſula.

Urſ. Madam, withdraw; the Prince, the Count, Signior *Benedick*, Don *John*, and all the gallants of the town are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dreſs me, good coz, good *Meg*, good *Urſula*.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Leonato, *with* Dogberry *and* Verges.

Leon. WHat would you with me, honeſt neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, I would have ſome confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you, for you ſee 'tis a buſy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, Sir.

Verg. Yes in truth it is, Sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman *Verges*, Sir, ſpeaks a little of the matter, an old man, Sir, and his wits are not ſo blunt, as God help I would deſire they were, but, in faith, as honeſt as the ſkin between his brows.

Verg.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honeſt as any man living, that is an old man and no honeſter than I.

Dogb. Compariſons are odorous, *palabras*, neighbour *Verges.*

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleaſes your Worſhip to ſay ſo, but we are the poor Duke's officers; but truly for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a King, I could find in my heart to beſtow it all of your Worſhip.

Leon. All thy tedioufneſs on me, ha?

Dogb. Yea, and twice a thouſand times more than 'tis, for I hear as good exclamation on your Worſhip as of any man in the city; and tho' I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And ſo am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to ſay.

Verg. Marry, Sir, our Watch to-night, excepting your Worſhip's preſence, hath ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in *Meſſina.*

Dogb. A good old man, Sir, he will be talking as they ſay; when the age is in, the wit is out, God help us, it is a world to ſee: well ſaid, i' faith, neighbour *Verges*, well, he's a good man; an two men ride an horſe, one muſt ride behind; an honeſt ſoul, i' faith, Sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread, but God is to be worſhip'd; all men are not alike, alas good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too ſhort of you.

Dogb. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I muſt leave you.

Dogb. One word, Sir; our Watch have indeed comprehended two auſpicious perſons, and we would have them this morning examin'd before your Worſhip.

Leon. Take their examination your ſelf, and bring it me; I am now in great haſte, as may appear unto you.

Dogb. It ſhall be ſuffigance.

Leon. Drink ſome wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, they ſtay for you to give your daughter to her huſband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them. I am ready. [*Exit* Leon.

Dogb. Go, good partner, go get you to *Francis Seacole*, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail; we are now to examine thoſe men.

Verg. And we muſt do it wiſely.

Dogb. We will ſpare for no wit, I warrant; here's that ſhall drive ſome of them to a non-come. Only get the learned writer to ſet down our excommunication, and meet me at the Jail. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A CHURCH.

Enter D. Pedro, *D.* John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, *and* Beatrice.

LEONATO.

COme, friar *Francis*, be brief, only to the plain form of marriage, and you ſhall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be marry'd to her, Friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this Count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you ſhould not be conjoin'd, I charge you on your ſouls to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, *Hero?*

Hero. None, my Lord.

Friar. Know you any, Count?

Leon. I dare make his anſwer, none.

Claud. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? why then, ſome be of laughing, as ha, ha, he!

Claud. Stand thee by, Friar: father, by your leave.
Will you with free and unconſtrained ſoul
Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely, ſon, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whoſe worth
May counterpoiſe this rich and precious gift?

Pedro. Nothing, unleſs you render her again.

Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulneſs:
There, *Leonato*, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend.
She's but the ſign and ſemblance of her honour:
Behold how like a maid ſhe bluſhes here!
O, what authority and ſhew of truth
Can cunning ſin cover it ſelf withal!
Comes not that blood, as modeſt evidence,
To witneſs ſimple virtue? would you not ſwear,
All you that ſee her, that ſhe were a maid,
By theſe exterior ſhews? but ſhe is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her bluſh is guiltineſs not modeſty.

Leon. What do you mean, my Lord?

Claud. Not to be marry'd,
Not knit my ſoul to an approved Wanton.

Leon. Dear my Lord, if you in your own approof
Have vanquiſh'd the reſiſtance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity ----

Claud. I know what you would ſay: if I have known her,
You'll ſay, ſhe did embrace me as a huſband,
And ſo extenuate the forehand ſin.
No, *Leonato*,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his ſiſter, ſhew'd
Baſhful ſincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And ſeem'd I ever otherwiſe to you?

Claud. Out on thy ſeeming! I will write againſt it;
You ſeem'd to me as *Dian* in her orb,
As chaſte as is the bud ere it be blown:
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than *Venus*, or thoſe pamper'd animals
That rage in ſavage ſenſuality.

Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth ſpeak ſo wide?

Leon. Sweet Prince, why ſpeak not you?

Pedro. What ſhould I ſpeak?
I ſtand diſhonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common Stale.

Leon. Are theſe things ſpoken, or do I but dream?

John. Sir, they are ſpoken, and theſe things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True! O God!

Claud. Leonato, ſtand I here?
Is this the Prince? Is this the Prince's brother?
Is this face *Hero*'s? are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is ſo; but what of this, my Lord?

Claud. Let me but move one queſtion to your daughter,
And by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her anſwer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do ſo, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me, how am I beſet!
What kind of catechizing call you this?

Leon. To make you anſwer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not *Hero?* who can blot that name
With any juſt reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can *Hero*;
Hero her ſelf can blot out *Hero*'s virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yeſternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now if you are a maid anſwer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my Lord.

Pedro. Why then you are no maiden. *Leonato*,
I am ſorry you muſt hear; upon mine honour,

My

My ſelf, my brother, and this grieved Count
Did ſee her, hear her, at that hour laſt night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window,
Who hath, indeed like an illiberal villain,
Confeſs'd the vile encounters they have had
A thouſand times in ſecret.

John. Fie, they are
Not to be nam'd, my Lord, not to be ſpoken of;
There is not chaſtity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: thus, pretty Lady,
I am ſorry for thy much miſgovernment.

Claud. O *Hero!* what a *Hero* hadſt thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and counſels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, moſt foul, moſt fair! farewel,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids ſhall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never ſhall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me? [Hero *ſwoons.*

Beat. Why, how now, couſin, wherefore ſink you down?

John. Come, let us go; theſe things come thus to light
Smother her ſpirits up. [*Exe. D.* Pedro, *D.* John *and* Claud.

SCENE II.

Bene. How doth the Lady?

Beat. Dead I think; help, uncle.
Hero! why, *Hero!* uncle! Signior *Benedick!* Friar!

Leon. O fate! take not away thy heavy hand;
Death is the faireſt cover for her ſhame,
That may be wiſh'd for.

Beat. How now, couſin *Hero?*

Friar. Have comfort, Lady.

Leon. Doſt thou look up?

Friar.

Friar. Yea, wherefore ſhould ſhe not?
Leon. Wherefore? why doth not every earthly thing
Cry ſhame upon her? could ſhe here deny
The ſtory that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou wouldſt not quickly die,
Thought I thy ſpirits were ſtronger than thy ſhames,
My ſelf would on the rereward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's hand?
I've one too much by thee. Why had I one?
Why ever waſt thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had not I, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's iſſue at my gates?
Who ſmeered thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have ſaid, no part of it is mine,
This ſhame derives it ſelf from unknown loins:
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on, mine ſo much,
That I my ſelf was to my ſelf not mine,
Valuing of her; why, ſhe, Oh! ſhe is fall'n
Into a pit of ink, that the wide ſea
Hath drops too few to waſh her clean again,
And ſalt too little which may ſeaſon give
To her foul tainted fleſh.
Bene. Sir, Sir, be patient;
For my part, I am ſo attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to ſay.
Beat. O, on my ſoul, my couſin is bely'd.
Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow laſt night?
Beat. No truly, not; altho' until laſt night
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is ſtronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron.
Would the Prince lie? and *Claudio* would he lie,
Who lov'd her ſo, that ſpeaking of her foulneſs,

Waſh'd

Waſh'd it with tears? hence from her, let her die.
Friar. Hear me a little,
For I have only been ſilent ſo long,
And given way unto this courſe of fortune,
By noting of the Lady. I have mark'd
A thouſand bluſhing apparitions
To ſtart into her face, a thouſand innocent ſhames
In angel whiteneſs bear away thoſe bluſhes,
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire
To burn the errors that theſe Princes hold
Againſt her maiden truth. Call me a fool,
Truſt not my reading, nor my obſervation,
Which with experimental ſeal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; truſt not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this ſweet Lady lye not guiltleſs here
Under ſome biting error.
Leon. It cannot be;
Thou ſeeſt that all the grace that ſhe hath left,
Is, that ſhe will not add to her damnation
A ſin of perjury; ſhe not denies it:
Why ſeek'ſt thou then to cover with excuſe
That which appears in proper nakedneſs?
Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?
Hero. They know that do accuſe me, I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modeſty doth warrant,
Let all my ſins lack mercy! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yeſternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuſe me, hate me, torture me to death.
Friar. There is ſome ſtrange miſpriſion in the Princes.
Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour,
And if their wiſdoms be miſ-led in this,
The practice of it lives in *John* the baſtard,

Whoſe ſpirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not: if they ſpeak but truth of her,
Theſe hands ſhall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudeſt of them ſhall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet ſo dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age ſo eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made ſuch havock of my means,
Nor my bad life 'reft me ſo much of friends,
But they ſhall find awak'd in ſuch a kind,
Both ſtrength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Friar. Pauſe a while,
And let my counſel ſway you in this caſe.
Your daughter here the Princes left for dead;
Let her a while be ſecretly kept in,
And publiſh it that ſhe is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning oſtentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful Epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What ſhall become of this? what will this do?

Friar. Marry, this well carry'd, ſhall on her behalf
Change ſlander to remorſe; that is ſome good:
But not for that dream I on this ſtrange courſe,
But on this travel look for greater birth:
She dying, as it muſt be ſo maintain'd,
Upon the inſtant that ſhe was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,
Of every hearer: for it ſo falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and loſt,
Why then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that poſſeſſion would not ſhew us
Whilſt it was ours; ſo will it fare with *Claudio*:
When he ſhall hear ſhe dy'd upon his words,

Th' idea of her love ſhall ſweetly creep
Into his ſtudy of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit;
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and proſpect of his ſoul,
Than when ſhe liv'd indeed. Then ſhall he mourn,
If ever love had intereſt in his liver,
And wiſh he had not ſo accuſed her;
No, tho' he thought his accuſation true:
Let this be ſo, and doubt not but ſucceſs
Will faſhion the event in better ſhape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd falſe,
The ſuppoſition of the Lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy.
And if it ſort not well, you may conceal her,
As beſt befits her wounded reputation,
In ſome recluſive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior *Leonato*, let the Friar adviſe you:
And tho' you know my inwardneſs and love
Is very much unto the Prince and *Claudio*,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As ſecretly and juſtly, as your ſoul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow
In grief, alas! the ſmalleſt twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well conſented, preſently away,
For to ſtrange ſores, ſtrangely they ſtrain the cure.
Come, Lady, die to live; this wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience and endure.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Manent Benedick *and* Beatrice.

Bene. Lady *Beatrice*, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you; is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not; it were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you; but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, *Beatrice*, thou lov'st me.

Beat. Do not swear by it and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devis'd to it; I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why then God forgive me.

Bene. What offence, sweet *Beatrice?*

Beat. You have stay'd me in a happy hour; I was about to protest I lov'd you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat.

Beat. Kill *Claudio.*

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny; farewel.

Bene. Tarry, ſweet *Beatrice.*

Beat. I am gone, tho' I am here; there is no love in you; nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice!

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends firſt.

Beat. You dare eaſier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is *Claudio* thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath ſlander'd, ſcorn'd, diſhonour'd my kinſwoman? O that I were a man! what, bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with publick accuſation, uncover'd ſlander, unmitigated rancour ---- O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, *Beatrice.*

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window? ---- a proper ſaying!

Bene. Nay but, *Beatrice!*

Beat. Sweet *Hero!* ſhe is wrong'd, ſhe is ſlander'd, ſhe is undone.

Bene. But ----

Beat. Princes and Counts! ſurely a princely teſtimony, a goodly count-comfect, a ſweet gallant ſurely! O that I were a man for his ſake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my ſake! but manhood is melted into courteſies, valour into compliment, and men are only turn'd into tongues, and trim ones too; he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lie, and ſwears it; I cannot be a man with wiſhing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good *Beatrice*; by this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Uſe it for my love ſome other way than ſwearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your ſoul the Count *Claudio* hath wrong'd *Hero?*

Beat.

Beat. Yea, as ſure as I have a thought or a ſoul.

Bene. Enough, I am engag'd, I will challenge him. I will kiſs your hand, and ſo leave you; by this hand, *Claudio* ſhall render me dear account; as you hear of me, ſo think of me; go comfort your couſin, I muſt ſay ſhe is dead, and ſo farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Priſon.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Borachio, Conrade, *the Town-Clerk and Sexton in Gowns.*

To. Cl. IS our whole diſſembly appear'd?

Dogb. O, a ſtool and cuſhion for the Sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Verg. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Dogb. Nay, that's certain, we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before maſter Conſtable.

To. Cl. Yea marry, let them come before me; what is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

To. Cl. Pray write down *Borachio.* Yours, Sirrah?

Conr. I am a gentleman, Sir, and my name is *Conrade.*

To. Cl. Write down maſter gentleman *Conrade*; maſters, do you ſerve God?

Both. Yea, Sir, we hope.

To. Cl. Write down that they hope they ſerve God: and write God firſt; for God defend but God ſhould go before ſuch villains. ---- Maſters, it is proved already that you are little better than falſe knaves, and it will go near to be thought ſo ſhortly; how anſwer you for your ſelves?

Conr. Marry, Sir, we ſay we are none.

To. Cl. A marvellous witty fellow I aſſure you, but I will go about with him. Come you hither, Sirrah, a word in your ear, Sir;

Sir; I ſay to you, it is thought you are falſe knaves.

Bora. Sir, I ſay to you, we are none.

To. Cl. Well, ſtand aſide; 'fore God they are both in a tale; have you writ down that they are none?

Sexton. Maſter Town-clerk, you go not the way to examine, you muſt call the Watch that are their accuſers.

To. Cl. Yea marry, that's the deſteſt way, let the Watch come forth; maſters, I charge you in the Prince's name accuſe theſe men.

Enter Watchmen.

1 *Watch.* This man ſaid, Sir, that Don *John* the Prince's brother was a villain.

To. Cl. Write down, Prince *John* a villain; why, this is flat perjury, to call a Prince's brother villain.

Bora. Maſter Town-clerk!

To. Cl. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promiſe thee.

Sexton. What heard you him ſay elſe?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had receiv'd a thouſand ducats of Don *John*, for accuſing the Lady *Hero* wrongfully.

To. Cl. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Dogb. Yea, by th' Maſs, that it is.

Sexton. What elſe, fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that Count *Claudio* did mean, upon his words, to diſgrace *Hero* before the whole aſſembly, and not marry her.

To. Cl. O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlaſting redemption for this.

Sexton. What elſe?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, maſters, than you can deny. Prince *John* is this morning ſecretly ſtol'n away: *Hero* was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this ſuddenly dy'd. Maſter Conſtable, let theſe men be bound and brought to *Leonato*; I will go before, and ſhew him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dogb. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Conr.

Conr. Let us be in the hands of *Coxcomb.*

Dogb. God's my life, where's the Sexton? let him write down the Prince's officer *Coxcomb:* come, bind them; thou naughty varlet!

Conr. Away! you are an aſs, you are an aſs.

Dogb. Doſt thou not ſuſpect my place? doſt thou not ſuſpect my years? O that he were here to write me down an aſs! but, maſters, remember that I am an aſs, though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an aſs; no, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as ſhall be prov'd upon thee by good witneſs; I am a wiſe fellow, and which is more, an officer; and which is more, an houſhoulder; and which is more, as pretty a piece of fleſh as any in *Meſſina*, and one that knows the law, go to, and a rich fellow enough, go to, and a fellow that hath had loſſes, and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handſome about him; bring him away; O that I had been writ down an aſs! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato *and* Antonio.

ANTONIO.

IF you go on thus, you will kill your ſelf,
And 'tis not wiſdom thus to ſecond grief
Againſt your ſelf.

Leon. I pray thee, ceaſe thy counſel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitleſs
As water in a ſieve; give not me counſel,
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But ſuch a one whoſe wrongs do ſuite with mine;
Bring me a father that ſo lov'd his child,
Whoſe joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him ſpeak to me of patience;

Meaſure

Meaſure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it anſwer every ſtrain for ſtrain:
As thus for thus, and ſuch a grief for ſuch,
In every lineament, branch, ſhape and form;
If ſuch a one will ſmile and ſtroke his beard,
And ſorrow waive, cry hem, when he ſhould groan,
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
With candle-waſters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no ſuch man; for, brother, men
Can counſel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themſelves not feel; but taſting it,
Their counſel turns to paſſion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter ſtrong madneſs in a ſilken thread,
Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
No, no, 'tis all mens office to ſpeak patience
To thoſe that wring under the load of ſorrow;
But no man's virtue nor ſufficiency
To be ſo moral, when he ſhall endure
The like himſelf; therefore give me no counſel,
My griefs cry louder than advertiſement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be fleſh and blood;
For there was never yet philoſopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
However they have writ the ſtyle of Gods,
And made a piſh at chance and ſufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon your ſelf.
Make thoſe that do offend you ſuffer too.

Leon. There thou ſpeak'ſt reaſon; nay, I will do ſo.
My ſoul doth tell me *Hero* is bely'd,
And that ſhall *Claudio* know, ſo ſhall the Prince,
And all of them that thus diſhonour her.

SCENE II.

Enter Don Pedro *and* Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the Prince and *Claudio* haſtily.
Pedro. Good den, good den.
Claud. Good day to both of you.
Leon. Hear you, my Lords?
Pedro. We have ſome haſte, *Leonato.*
Leon. Some haſte, my Lord! well, fare you well, my Lord.
Are you ſo haſty now? well, all is one.
Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.
Ant. If he could right himſelf with quarrelling,
Some of us would lye low.
Claud. Who wrongeth him?
Leon. Marry, thou doſt wrong me, thou diſſembler thou!
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy ſword,
I fear thee not.
Claud. Marry, beſhrew my hand,
If it ſhould give your age ſuch cauſe of fear;
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my ſword.
Leon. Tuſh, tuſh, man, never fleer and jeſt at me;
I ſpeak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As under privilege of age to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old: know, *Claudio*, to thy head,
Thou haſt ſo wrong'd my innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by,
And with grey hairs and bruiſe of many days
Do challenge thee to tryal of a man;
I ſay, thou haſt bely'd my innocent child,
Thy ſlander hath gone through and through her heart,
And ſhe lyes bury'd with her anceſtors,
O, in a tomb where never ſcandal ſlept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy!
Claud. My villainy?

Leon.

Leon. Thine, *Claudio*, thine I ſay.
Pedro. You ſay not right, old man.
Leon. My Lord, my Lord,
I'll prove it on his body if he dare;
Deſpight his nice fence and his active practice,
His *May* of youth and bloom of luſtyhood.
Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.
Leon. Canſt thou ſo daffe me? thou haſt kill'd my child;
If thou kill'ſt me, boy, thou ſhalt kill a man.
Ant. He ſhall kill two of us, and men indeed;
But that's no matter, let him kill one firſt;
Win me and wear me, let him anſwer me;
Come, follow me, boy, come, boy, follow me,
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.
Leon. Brother!
Ant. Content your ſelf; God knows I lov'd my neice.
And ſhe is dead, ſlander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well anſwer a man indeed,
As I dare take a ſerpent by the tongue.
Boys, apes, jacks, braggarts, milkſops!
Leon. Brother *Anthony!*
Ant. Hold you content; what, man? I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmoſt ſcruple:
Scambling, out-facing, faſhion-mongring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and ſlander,
Go antickly, and ſhow an outward hideouſneſs,
And ſpeak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies if they durſt;
And this is all.
Leon. But, brother *Anthony!*
Ant. Come, 'tis no matter,
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.
Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not rack your patience.
My heart is ſorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, ſhe was charg'd with nothing

But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord ——

Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No!

Come, brother, away, I will be heard.

Ant. And ſhall,

Or ſome of us will ſmart for it. [*Exeunt ambo.*

SCENE III.

Enter Benedick.

Pedro. See, ſee, here comes the man we went to ſeek.

Claud. Now, Signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my Lord.

Pedro. Welcome, Signior; you are almoſt come to part almoſt a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noſes ſnapt off with two old men without teeth.

Pedro. *Leonato* and his brother; what think'ſt thou? had we fought, I doubt we ſhould have been too young for them.

Bene. In a falſe quarrel there is no true valour: I came to ſeek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to ſeek thee; for we are high proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: wilt thou uſe thy wit?

Bene. It is in my ſcabbard; ſhall I draw it?

Pedro. Doſt thou wear thy wit by thy ſide?

Claud. Never any did ſo, though very many have been beſide their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minſtrels; draw to pleaſure us.

Pedro. As I am an honeſt man he looks pale: art thou ſick or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man: what tho' care kill'd a cat, thou haſt mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I ſhall meet your wit in the career, if you charge it againſt me. I pray you, chuſe another ſubject.

Claud.

Claud. Nay, then give him another ſtaff; this laſt was broke croſs.

Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I ſpeak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bleſs me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain; I jeſt not. I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will proteſt your cowardiſe. You have kill'd a ſweet Lady, and her death ſhall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, ſo I may have good cheer.

Pedro. What, a feaſt?

Claud. I' faith, I thank him, he hath bid me to a calves-head and a capon, the which if I do not carve moſt curiouſly, ſay my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes eaſily.

Pedro. I'll tell thee how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the other day: I ſaid thou hadſt a fine wit; right, ſays ſhe, a fine little one; no, ſaid I, a great wit; juſt, ſaid ſhe, a great groſs one; nay, ſaid I, a good wit; juſt, ſaid ſhe, it hurts no body; nay, ſaid I, the gentleman is wiſe; certain, ſaid ſhe, a wiſe gentleman; nay, ſaid I, he hath the tongues; that I believe, ſaid ſhe, for he ſwore a thing to me on *Monday* night which he forſwore on *Tueſday* morning; there's a double tongue, there's two tongues. Thus did ſhe an hour together tranſ-ſhape thy particular virtues, yet at laſt ſhe concluded with a ſigh, thou waſt the propereſt man in *Italy*.

Claud. For the which ſhe wept heartily, and ſaid ſhe car'd not.

Pedro. Yea, that ſhe did; but yet for all that, an if ſhe did not hate him deadly, ſhe would love him dearly; the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, *God ſaw him when he was hid in the garden.*

Pedro. But when ſhall we ſet the ſalvage bull's horns on the ſenſible *Benedick*'s head?

Claud.

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, Here dwells *Benedick* the married man.

Bene. Fare you well, boy, you know my mind; I will leave you now to your goſſip-like humour; you break jeſts as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thank'd, hurt not. My Lord, for your many courteſies I thank you; I muſt diſcontinue your company; your brother the baſtard is fled from *Meſſina*; you have among you killed a ſweet and innocent Lady. For my Lord lack-beard there, he and I ſhall meet, and 'till then peace be with him! [*Exit* Benedick.

Pedro. He is in earneſt.

Claud. In moſt profound earneſt, and, I'll warrant you, for the love of *Beatrice*.

Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Moſt ſincerely.

Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hoſe, and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape, but then is an ape a doctor to ſuch a man.

Pedro. But ſoft you, let me ſee, pluck up my heart and be ſad; did he not ſay my brother was fled?

SCENE IV.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Conrade *and* Borachio *guarded.*

Dogb. Come you, Sir, if juſtice cannot tame you, ſhe ſhall ne'er weigh more reaſons in her balance; nay, if you be a curſing hypocrite once, you muſt be look'd to.

Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound? *Borachio* one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my Lord.

Pedro. Officers, what offence have theſe men done?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, they have committed falſe report, moreover they have ſpoken untruths; ſecondarily, they are ſlanders; ſixth and laſtly, they have bely'd a Lady; thirdly, they have verify'd unjuſt things; and to conclude, they are lying knaves.

Pedro.

Pedro. Firſt, I aſk thee what they have done; thirdly, I aſk thee what's their offence; ſixth and laſtly, why they are committed; and to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reaſon'd, and in his own diviſion; and by my troth, there's one meaning well ſuited.

Pedro. Whom have you offended, maſters, that you are thus bound to your anſwer? This learned Conſtable is too cunning to be underſtood. What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet Prince, let me go no further to mine anſwer; do you hear me, and let this Count kill me: I have deceiv'd even your very eyes; what your wiſdoms could not diſcover, theſe ſhallow fools have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confeſſing to this man, how Don *John* your brother incens'd me to ſlander the Lady *Hero*, how you were brought into the orchard, and ſaw me court *Margaret* in *Hero*'s garments, how you diſgrac'd her when you ſhould marry her; my villainy they have upon record, which I had rather ſeal with my death, than repeat over to my ſhame; the Lady is dead upon mine and my maſter's falſe accuſation; and briefly, I deſire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Pedro. Runs not this ſpeech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poiſon while he utter'd it.

Pedro. But did my brother ſet thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, paid me richly for the practice of it.

Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery,
And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet *Hero!* now thy image doth appear
In the rare ſemblance that I lov'd it firſt.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs, by this time our Sexton hath reform'd Signior *Leonato* of the matter; and, maſters, do not forget to ſpecifie, when time and place ſhall ſerve, that I am an aſs.

Verg. Here, here comes maſter Signior *Leonato*, and the Sexton too.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Leonato, *and Sexton.*

Leon. Which is the villain? let me ſee his eyes,
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him; which of theſe is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou, art thou the ſlave that with thy breath
Haſt kill'd mine innocent child?

Bora. Even I alone.

Leon. No, not ſo, villain, thou bely'ſt thy ſelf;
Here ſtand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:
I thank you, Princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds,
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I muſt ſpeak: chuſe your revenge your ſelf,
Expoſe me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my ſin; yet ſinn'd I not,
But in miſtaking.

Pedro. By my ſoul, nor I;
And yet to ſatisfie this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoyn me to.

Leon. You cannot bid my daughter live again,
That were impoſſible; but I pray you both,
Poſſeſs the people in *Meſſina* here
How innocent ſhe dy'd; and if your love
Can labour ought in ſad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And ſing it to her bones, ſing it to-night:
To-morrow morning come you to my houſe,
And ſince you could not be my ſon-in-law,
Be yet my nephew; my brother hath a daughter

Almoſt

Almoſt the copy of my child that's dead,
And ſhe alone is heir to both of us,
Give her the right you ſhould have given her couſin,
And ſo dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble Sir!
Your over-kindneſs doth wring tears from me:
I do embrace your offer, and diſpoſe
For henceforth of poor *Claudio.*

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming,
To-night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret*,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my ſoul, ſhe was not;
Nor knew not what ſhe did when ſhe ſpoke to me.
But always hath been juſt and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, Sir, which indeed is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me aſs; I beſeech you, let it be remembred in his puniſhment; and alſo the Watch heard them talk of one *Deformed:* they ſay he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath us'd ſo long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's ſake. Pray you examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honeſt pains.

Dogb. Your Worſhip ſpeaks like a moſt thankful and reverend youth; and I praiſe God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God ſave the foundation!

Leon. Go, I diſcharge thee of thy priſoner; and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an errant knave with your Worſhip, which I beſeech your Worſhip to correct your ſelf, for the example of others. God keep your Worſhip; I wiſh your Worſhip well: God reſtore you to health; I humbly give you leave to depart; and if

a merry meeting may be wiſh'd, God prohibit it. Come, neighbour. [*Exeunt.*

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, Lords, farewel.

Ant. Farewel, my Lords, we look for you to-morrow.

Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with *Hero.*

Leon. Bring you theſe fellows on, we'll talk with *Margaret*, How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE VI.

Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Benedick *and* Margaret.

Bene. PRay thee, ſweet miſtreſs *Margaret*, deſerve well at my hands, by helping me to the ſpeech of *Beatrice.*

Marg. Will you then write me a ſonnet in praiſe of my beauty?

Bene. In ſo high a ſtyle, *Margaret*, that no man living ſhall come over it; for in moſt comely truth thou deſerveſt it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why, ſhall I always keep above ſtairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A moſt manly wit, *Margaret*, it will not hurt a woman; and ſo, I pray thee, call *Beatrice*; I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the ſwords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you uſe them, *Margaret*, you muſt put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit* Margaret.

Bene. And therefore will come. [*Sings.*] *The God of love that ſits above, and knows me, and knows me, how pitiful I deſerve*, I mean in ſinging; but in loving, *Leander* the good ſwimmer,

Troilus

Troilus the firſt employer of pandars, and a whole book full of theſe *quondam* carpet-mongers whoſe names yet run ſmoothly in the even road of a blank verſe, why, they were never ſo truly turn'd over and over, as my poor ſelf in love; marry, I cannot ſhew it in rhime; I have try'd, I can find out no rhime to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhime; for *ſcorn*, *horn*, a hard rhime; for *ſchool*, *fool*, a babling rhime; very ominous endings; no, I was not born under a rhiming planet, for I cannot woo in feſtival terms.

SCENE VII.

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet *Beatrice*, would'ſt thou come when I call thee?

Beat. Yea, Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, ſtay but 'till then.

Beat. Then is ſpoken; fare you well now; and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath paſt between you and *Claudio*.

Bene. Only foul words, and thereupon I will kiſs thee.

Beat. Foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noiſome; therefore I will depart unkiſt.

Bene. Thou haſt frighted the word out of its right ſenſe, ſo forcible is thy wit; but I muſt tell thee plainly, *Claudio* undergoes my challenge, and either I muſt ſhortly hear from him or I will ſubſcribe him a coward; and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didſt thou firſt fall in love with me?

Beat. For them altogether, which maintain'd ſo politick a ſtate of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you firſt ſuffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithet; I do ſuffer love indeed, for I love thee againſt my will.

Beat. In ſpight of your heart, I think; alas poor heart, if you ſpight it for my ſake, I will ſpight it for yours, for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wiſe to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in that confeſſion; there's not one wiſe man among twenty that will praiſe himſelf.

Bene. An old, an old inſtance, *Beatrice*, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours; if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he ſhall live no longer in monuments, than the bells ring, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum; therefore it is moſt expedient for the wife, if Don worm (his conſcience) find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to my ſelf; ſo much for praiſing my ſelf; who I my ſelf will bear witneſs is praiſe-worthy; and now tell me how doth your couſin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Enter Urſula.

Bene. Serve God, love me and mend; there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haſte.

Urſ. Madam, you muſt come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home; it is proved my Lady *Hero* hath been falſely accus'd, the Prince and *Claudio* mightily abus'd, and Don *John* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come preſently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, Signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

A CHURCH.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, *and Attendants with tapers.*

Claud. IS this the monument of *Leonato?*

Atten. It is, my Lord.

EPI-

EPITAPH.

Done to death by ſlanderous tongues,
Was the Hero *that here lyes:*
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that dy'd with ſhame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praiſing her when I am dumb.

Claud. Now muſick ſound, and ſing your ſolemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, Goddeſs of the night,
Thoſe that ſlew thy virgin knight;
For the which with ſongs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, thou aſſiſt our moan,
Help us thou to ſigh and groan
Heavily, heavily.
Graves, oh, yawn and yield your dead!
Until death be uttered
Heavily, heavily!

Claud. Now unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.
Pedro. Good morrow, maſters, put your torches out,
The wolves have prey'd; and look the gentle day,
Before the wheels of *Phœbus*, round about
Dapples the drowſie eaſt with ſpots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.
Claud. Good morrow, maſters; each his ſeveral way.
Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds,
And then to *Leonato*'s we will go.

Claud.

Claud. And *Hymen* now with luckier iſſue ſpeed's
Than this, for which we render'd up this woe! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret, Urſula, Antonio, Friar, *and* Hero.

Friar. DID I not tell you ſhe was innocent?
Leon. So are the Prince and *Claudio* who accus'd her,
Upon the error that you heard debated.
But *Margaret* was in ſome fault for this;
Although againſt her will as it appears,
In the true courſe of all the queſtion.
Ant. Well, I am glad that all things ſort ſo well.
Bene. And ſo am I, being elſe by faith enforc'd
To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.
Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by your ſelves,
And when I ſend for you come hither maſk'd:
The Prince and *Claudio* promis'd by this hour
To viſit me; you know your office, brother,
You muſt be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young *Claudio.* [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
Bene. Friar, I muſt intreat your pains, I think.
Friar. To do what, Signior?
Bene. To bind me or undo me, one of them:
Signior *Leonato*, truth it is, good Signior,
Your neice regards me with an eye of favour.
Leon. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis moſt true.
Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leon. The ſight whereof I think you had from me,

From

From *Claudio* and the Prince; but what's your will?
Bene. Your anſwer, Sir, is enigmatical;
But for my will, my will is, your good will
May ſtand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
I' th' ſtate of honourable marriage,
In which, good Friar, I ſhall deſire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Friar. And my help.

SCENE X.

Enter Don Pedro *and* Claudio *with Attendants.*

Pedro. Good morrow to this fair aſſembly.
Leon. Good morrow, Prince, good morrow, *Claudio*,
We here attend you; are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?
Claud. I'll hold my mind, were ſhe an *Ethiope.*
Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the Friar ready. [*Ex.* Ant.
Pedro. Good morrow, *Benedick*; why, what's the matter,
That you have ſuch a *February* face,
So full of froſt, of ſtorm and cloudineſs?
Claud. I think he thinks upon the ſavage bull:
Tuſh, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And ſo all *Europe* ſhall rejoice at thee,
As once *Europa* did at luſty *Jove*,
When he would play the noble beaſt in love.
Bene. Bull *Jove*, Sir, had an amiable low,
And ſome ſuch ſtrange bull leapt your father's cow,
And got a calf in that ſame noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have juſt his bleat.

SCENE XI.

Enter Antonio *with* Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, *and* Urſula, *maſk'd.*

Claud. For this I owe you; here come other recknings.
Which is the Lady I muſt ſeize upon?

Leon.

Leon. This ſame is ſhe, and I do give you her.
Claud. Why then ſhe's mine; ſweet, let me ſee your face.
Leon. No, that you ſhall not, 'till you take her hand
Before this Friar, and ſwear to marry her.
Claud. Give me your hand; before this holy Friar,
I am your huſband if you like of me.
Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife. [*Unmaſking.*
And when you lov'd, you were my other huſband.
Claud. Another *Hero?*
Hero. Nothing certainer.
One *Hero* dy'd defil'd, but I do live;
And ſurely as I live I am a maid.
Pedro. The former *Hero! Hero* that is dead!
Leon. She dy'd, my Lord, but whiles her ſlander liv'd.
Friar. All this amazement can I qualifie.
When after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair *Hero*'s death:
Mean time let wonder ſeem familiar,
And to the chappel let us preſently.
Bene. Soft and fair, Friar. Which is *Beatrice?*
Beat. I anſwer to that name; what is your will?
Bene. Do not you love me?
Beat. Why, no; no more than reaſon.
Bene. Why then your uncle and the Prince, and *Claudio*
Have been deceiv'd; for they did ſwear you did.
Beat. Do not you love me?
Bene. Troth, no, no more than reaſon.
Beat. Why, then my couſin, *Margaret* and *Urſula*
Are much deceiv'd; for they did ſwear you did.
Bene. They ſwore you were almoſt ſick for me.
Beat. They ſwore you were well-nigh dead for me.
Bene. 'Tis no matter; then you do not love me?
Beat. No truly, but in friendly recompence.
Leon. Come, couſin, I am ſure you love the gentleman.
Claud. And I'll be ſworn upon't that he loves her,

For

For here's a paper written in his hand,
A halting ſonnet of his own pure brain,
Faſhion'd to *Beatrice*.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my couſin's hand, ſtolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto *Benedick*.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands againſt our hearts; come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would now deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great perſuaſion, and partly to ſave your life; for as I was told, you were in a conſumption.

Bene. Peace, I will ſtop your mouth. [*Kiſſes her.*

Pedro. How doſt thou, *Benedick*, the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, Prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: doſt thou think I care for a ſatyr, or an epigram? no: if a man will be beaten with brains, he ſhall wear nothing handſome about him; in brief, ſince I do purpoſe to marry, I will think nothing to any purpoſe that the world can ſay againſt it; and therefore never flout at me, for what I have ſaid againſt it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my concluſion; for thy part, *Claudio*, I did think to have beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinſman, live unbruis'd, and love my couſin.

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldſt have denied *Beatrice*, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy ſingle life, to make thee a double dealer, which out of queſtion thou wilt be, if my couſin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends; let's have a dance ere we are marry'd, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. Firſt, o' my word; therefore play, muſick. Prince, thou art ſad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife; there is no ſtaff more reverend than one tipt with horn.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, your brother *John* is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to *Meſſina.*

Bene. Think not on him 'till to-morrow: I'll deviſe thee brave puniſhments for him. Strike up, Pipers. [*Dance.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the FIRST VOLUME.